THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° [illegible] Franklin

DECEMBER 21, 1912 — 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Beginning

THE FLIRT—By Booth Tarkington

Old Santa knows
what's good to eat
He always chooses

Cream of Wheat

Painted by E. B. Bird for Cream of Wheat Co.

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Engineer Tom Cushing, of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad's fast train, the "Denver Limited." On one division of this road out of 211 watches in service 150 are Hamiltons.

Engineer J. Hanavan, of Lehigh Valley, the "Black Diamond" road.

Conductor F. P. Fox, of the "Alton Limited," Chicago & Alton R. R.

Engineer George Cooper, of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R.

Conductor Ed. Barber, of "Overland Limited," Chicago & N. W.

Engineer Mike Hines, of the "Colorado Flyer," Rock Island Lines.

Conductor D. Kelly, of the "Commercial Limited," Burlington Route.

Conductor S. L. Cowie "Pennsylvania Special"

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Conductor Jacob Deill, of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, "Pioneer Limited." On one division of this road, out of 115 watches inspected 85 were Hamiltons. Cases like this are numerous.

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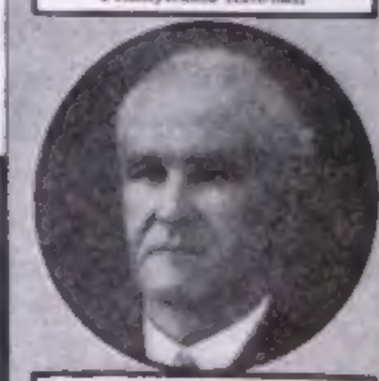
Conductor F. M. Kelley, of "Southwest Limited," C. M. & St. P. Ry.

Engineer F. E. Wood, of "Gulf Coast Special," Frisco Lines.

Train Dispatcher J. W. Leaman, Pennsylvania Railroad.



Engineer J. B. Royce, of "Twin City Limited," Chicago & N. W.

Engineer Rush A. Eddy, of "Black Hills Limited," C. M. & St. P. Ry.

Try these Christmas goodies and learn the superiority and economy of Crisco for cake making

Crisco Chocolate Fudge Cake

½ cupful Crisco melted
1 cupful granulated sugar
3 squares unsweetened chocolate or 3 ounces by weight
2 eggs well beaten
½ cupful flour
¼ teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 cupful chopped nut meats
(Use level measurements)

Put ingredients together in order mentioned and beat very thoroughly before adding the chopped nut meats. Spread about ¼-inch thick on a shallow pan which has been greased with Crisco. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Cut into squares while warm.

Crisco Hermits

1½ cupfuls sugar
1 cupful Crisco
2½ cupfuls flour
3 eggs
1 teaspoonful soda
¾ lb. chopped raisins
1 lb. chopped nuts, not too fine
2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon
½ teaspoonful salt
(Use level measurements)

Cream Crisco, add sugar, and cream. Add eggs and beat well. Dissolve soda in 1 tablespoonful hot water, add to mixture. Sift dry ingredients together and stir in, and lastly, add the fruit. Grease cake tin well with Crisco, and drop mixture on by teaspoonfuls. Bake in a moderate oven.

Crisco English Fruit Cake

¾ lb. Crisco
¾ lb. brown sugar
2 tablespoonfuls molasses
6 eggs
½ pint milk
1 lb. flour
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 lb. seeded raisins
1 lb. currants
½ lb. citron
½ lb. glace cherries
½ lb. almonds
½ a nutmeg
2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon
½ teaspoonful mace
¼ cupful brandy or grape juice, if liked
(Use level measurements)

Beat the Crisco and sugar to a cream. Add the eggs, one at a time, with some of the flour. Stir in the molasses and milk. Cut into small bits the fruit and nuts and dredge in one-half of the flour. Add the spices which have been steeped in the brandy or grape juice, if used. Stir in the spices, fruit and the rest of the flour. Pour into a lined cake tin greased with Crisco. Bake in a slow oven for four hours or longer. This rich cake should be made several months before it is required for use.

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 5, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1912,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 185 *PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 21, 1912* *Number 25*

THE FLIRT By BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

VALENTINE CORLISS walked up Corliss Street the hottest afternoon of that hot August, a year ago, wearing a suit of white serge which attracted a little attention from those observers who were able to observe anything except the heat. The coat was shaped delicately; it outlined the wearer and, fitting him as women's clothes fit women, suggested an effeminacy not an attribute of the tall Corliss. The effeminacy belonged all to the tailor, an artist plying far from Corliss Street, for the coat would have encountered a hundred of its fellows at Trouville or Ostend this very day. Corliss Street is the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, the Park Lane, the Fifth Avenue, of Capitol City, that smoky illuminant of our great central levels; but, though it esteems itself an established cosmopolitan thoroughfare, it is still provincial enough to note the alien garment.

Mr. Corliss, treading for the first time in seventeen years the pavements of this namesake of his grandfather, mildly repaid its interest in himself. The street, once the most peaceful in the world, he thought, had changed. It was still long and straight, still shaded by trees so noble that they were betrothed, here and there, high over the wide white roadway, the shimmering tunnels thus contrived shot with gold and blue; but its pristine complete restfulness was departed—gasoline had arrived; and a pedestrian, even this August day of heat, must glance two ways before crossing.

Architectural transformations, as vital, staggered the returned native. In his boyhood that posthumously libeled sovereign lady, Anne, had terribly prevailed among the dwellings on this highway; now, however, there was little left of the jigsaw's harebrained ministrations; but the growing-pains of the adolescent city had wrought some madness here. There had been a revolution which was a riot; and, plainly incited by a new outbreak of the colonies, the Goth, the Tudor and the Tuscan had harried the upper reaches to a turmoil attaining its climax in a howl or two from the Spanish Moor.

"Yes! One Has Moods," She Said Dreamily. "I Am All Moods. I Think You are, Too, Mr. Corliss. You Look Moody. Aren't You?"

Yet it was a pleasant street in spite of its improvements; in spite, too, of a long, gray smoke-plume crossing the summer sky and dropping an occasional atom of coal upon Mr. Corliss' white coat. The green continuous masses of tree foliage, lawn and shrubbery were splendidly asserted; there was a faint, wholesome odor from the fine block pavement of the roadway, white save where the snailish waterwagon laid its long strips of steaming brown; locusts, serenaders of the heat, invisible among the branches, rasped their interminable cadences, competing bitterly with the monotonous chattering of lawnmowers propelled by glistening black men over the level swards beneath. And, though porch and terrace were left to vacant wicker chairs and swinging seats, and to flowers and plants in jars and green boxes, and the people sat unseen—and, it might be guessed, not clad for exhibition—in the dimmer recesses of their houses, nevertheless a summery girl under an alluring parasol now and then prettily trod the sidewalks, and did not altogether suppress an ample consciousness of the white pedestrian's stalwart grace; nor was his quick glance too distressingly modest to be aware of these faint but attractive perturbations.

A few of the oldest houses remained as he remembered them, and there were two or three relics of mansard and cupola days; but the herd of cast-iron deer that once guarded these lawns, standing sentinel to all true gentry—whither were they fled? In his boyhood one specimen betokened a family of position and affluence; two, one on each side of the front walk, spoke of a noble opulence; two and a fountain were overwhelming. He wondered in what obscure thickets that once proud herd now grazed; and then he smiled, as through a leafy opening of shrubbery he caught a glimpse of a last survivor, still loyally alert, the haughty head thrown back in everlasting challenge and one foreleg lifted, standing in a vast and shadowy back yard, with a clothesline fastened to its antlers.

Mr. Corliss remembered that back yard very well: it was an old battlefield whereon he had conquered; and he wondered if "the Lindley boys" still lived there and if Richard Lindley would hate him now as implacably as then.

A hundred yards farther on he paused before a house more familiar to him than any other, and he gave it a moment's whimsical attention, without emotion.

It was a shabby old brick structure, and it stood among the gayest, the most flamboyant dwellings of all Corliss Street, like a bewildered tramp surrounded by carnival maskers. It held place full in the course of the fury for demolition and rebuilding, but remained unaltered—even unrepaired, one might have thought—since the early seventies, when it was built. There was a sagging cornice, and the nauseous brown with which the walls had years ago been painted was sooted to a repellent dinge, so cracked and peeled that the haggard red bricks were exposed, like a beggar through the holes in his coat. It was one of those houses which are large without being commodious—its very tall, very narrow windows, with their attenuated, rusty inside shutters, boasting to the passer-by of high ceilings, but betraying the miserly floorspaces. At each side of the front door was a high and cramped bay window, one of them insanely culminating in a little six-sided tower of slate, and both of them girdled above the basement windows by a narrow porch which ran across the front of the house and gave access to the shallow vestibule. However a pleasant circumstance modified the gloom of this edifice and assured it a remnant of reserve and dignity in its ill-considered old age—it stood back a fine hundred feet from the highway and was shielded in part by a friendly group of maple trees and one glorious elm, hoary, robust and majestic, a veteran of the days when this was forest ground.

Mr. Corliss concluded his momentary pause by walking up the broken cement path, which was hard beset by plantain weed and the long grass of the ill-kept lawn. Ascending the steps, he was assailed by an odor as of vehement bananas, a diffusion from some painful little chairs standing in the long, high, dim, rather sorrowful hall disclosed beyond the open double doors. They were stiff little chairs of an inconsequent, mongrel pattern—armless, with perforated wooden seats, and with legs tortured by the lathe to a semblance of buttons strung on a rod—and they had that day received a streaky coat of a gilding preparation which exhaled the olfactory vehemence mentioned. Their present station was temporary; their purpose, as obviously, to dry; and they were doing some incidental gilding on their own account, leaving blots and splashes and sporadic little round footprints on the hardwood floor.

The old-fashioned brass bell-handle, on the caller's right, drooped from its socket in a dead fag; but, after comprehensive manipulation on the part of the young man and equal complaint on its own, it was constrained to permit a dim tinkle remotely. Somewhere in the interior a woman's voice, not young, sang a repeated fragment of Lead, Kindly Light, to the accompaniment of a flapping dustcloth, sounds which ceased upon a second successful encounter with the bell. Ensued a silence, probably to be interpreted as a period of whispered consultation out of range; a younger voice called softly and urgently—"Laura!"—and a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl of something over twenty made her appearance to Mr. Corliss.

At sight of her he instantly restored a thin gold cardcase to the pocket whence he was in the act of removing it. She looked at him with only grave, impersonal inquiry—no appreciative invoice of him was to be detected in her quiet eyes; which may have surprised him, possibly the more because he was aware there was plenty of appreciation in his

own kindling glance. She was very white and black, this lady. Tall, trim, clear, she looked cool in spite of the black winter skirt she wore—an effect helped somewhat, perhaps, by the crisp freshness of her white waist with its masculine collar and slim black tie, and undoubtedly by the even and lusterless light ivory of her skin, against which the strong black eyebrows and undulated black hair were lined with attractive precision; but, most of all, that coolness was the emanation of her undisturbed and tranquil eyes. They were not phlegmatic; a continuing spark glowed far within them—not ardently, but steadily and inscrutably, like the fixed stars in winter.

Mr. Valentine Corliss, of Paris and Naples, removed his white-ribboned straw hat and bowed as no one had ever bowed in that doorway. This most vivid salutation—accomplished by adding something to a rather quick inclination of the body from the hips, with the back and neck held straight—expressed deference, without affecting or inviting cordiality. It was an elaborate little formality of a kind fancifully called "foreign," and evidently habitual to the performer. It produced no outward effect upon the recipient. Such self-control is unusual.

"Is Mr. Madison at home? My name is Valentine Corliss."

"He is at home." She indicated an open doorway upon her right. "Will you wait in there?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Corliss, passing within. "I shall be ——" He left the sentence unfinished, for he was already alone, and at liberty to reflect upon the extraordinary coolness of this cool young woman.

The room with its closed blinds was soothingly dark after the riotous sun without—a grateful obscurity which was one of two attractions discovered in it by Mr. Corliss while he waited. It was a depressing little chamber, disproportionately high, uncheered by seven chairs—each of a different family, but all belonging to the same knobby species and all upholstered a repellent blue—a scratched inlaid table, likewise knobby, and a dangerous-looking small sofa: turbulent furniture, warmly harmonious, however, in a common challenge to the visitor to take comfort in any of it. A once-gilt gas chandelier hung from the distant ceiling, with three globes of frosted glass, but undeniable evidence that five were intended; and two of the three had been severely bitten. There was a hostile little coal-grate, making a mouth under a mantel of imitation black marble, behind an old blue-satin fire-screen upon which red cattails and an owl over a pond had been roughly embroidered in high relief—this owl motive being the inspiration of innumerable other owls, reflected in innumerable other ponds in the formerly silver moonlight with which the walls were papered. Corliss thought he remembered that in his boyhood, when it was known as "the parlor"—though he guessed that the Madison family called it "the reception room" now—this was the place where his aunt received callers whom she justifiably hoped would not linger. Altogether it struck him that it would be a good testroom for an alienist—no incipient lunacy would remain incipient here.

There was one incongruity which surprised him—an old wicker waste-paper basket, so nonsensically out of place in this arid cell, where not the wildest harebrain could picture any one coming to read or write, that he bestowed upon it a particular, frowning attention, and so discovered the second attractive possession of the room. A fresh and lovely pink rose, just opening full from the bud, lay in the bottom of the basket.

There was a rustling somewhere in the house and a murmur, above which a boy's voice became audible in emphatic but indefinite complaint. A whispering followed, and a woman exclaimed protestingly: "Cora!" And then a startlingly pretty girl came carelessly into the room through the open door.

She was humming *Quand l'Amour Meurt* in a gay preoccupation, and evidently sought something upon the table in the center of the room, for she continued her progress toward it several steps before realizing the presence of a visitor. She was a year or so younger than the girl who had admitted him, fairer and obviously more plastic, more expressive, more perishable, a great deal more insistently feminine; though it was to be seen that they were sisters. This one had eyes almost as dark as the other's, but these were not cool—they were sweet, unrestful and seeking; brilliant with a vivacious hunger—and not Dianas, but huntresses more ardent, have such eyes. Her hair was much lighter than her sister's—it was the color of dry cornsilk in the sun; and she was the shorter by a head, rounder everywhere and not so slender—but no dumpling; she was exquisitely made. There was a softness about her—something of velvet, nothing of mush. She diffused with her entrance a radiance of gaiety and of gentleness; sunlight ran with her. She seemed the incarnation of a caressing smile.

She was point-device. Her close, white skirt hung from a plainly embroidered white waist to a silken instep; and from the crown of her charming head to the tall heels of her graceful white suède slippers, heels of a sweeter curve than the waist of a violin, she was as modern and lovely as this dingy old house was belated and hideous.

Mr. Valentine Corliss spared the fraction of a second for another glance at the rose in the waste-basket.

The girl saw him before she reached the table, gave a little gasp of surprise, and halted, with one hand carried prettily to her breast.

"Oh!" she said impulsively, "I *beg* your pardon! I didn't know there was —— I was looking for a book I thought I ——"

She stopped, whelmed with a breath-taking shyness; her eyes, after one quick but condensed encounter with those of Mr. Corliss, falling beneath exquisite lashes. Her voice was one to stir all men; it needs not many words for a supremely beautiful "speaking voice" to be recognized for what it is, and this girl's was like herself, hauntingly lovely. The intelligent young man immediately realized that no one who heard it could ever forget it.

"I see," she faltered, turning to leave the room, "it isn't here—the book."

"There's something else of yours here," said Corliss.

"Is there?" She paused, hesitating at the door, looking at him over her shoulder uncertainly.

"You dropped this rose." He lifted the rose from the waste-basket and repeated the bow he had made at the front door. This time it was not altogether wasted.

"I?"

"Yes. You lost it. It belongs to you."

"Yes—it does. How curious!" she said slowly. "How curious it happened to be *there!*" She stepped to take it from him, her eyes upon his in charming astonishment. "And how odd that ——" She stopped, then asked quickly: "How did you know it was *my* rose?"

"Any one would know!"

Her expression of surprise was instantaneously merged in a flash of honest pleasure and admiration, such as only an artist may feel in the presence of a little masterpiece by a fellow craftsman.

Happily, anticlimax was spared them by the arrival of the person for whom the visitor had asked at the door, and the young man retained the rose in his hand.

Mr. Madison, a shapeless hillock, with a large, harassed red face, evidently suffered from the heat; his gray hair was rumpled back from a damp forehead; the sleeves of his black alpaca coat were pulled up to the elbow, above his uncuffed white shirt-sleeves; and he carried in one mottled hand the ruins of a palmleaf fan, in the other a balled wet handkerchief which released an aroma of camphor upon the banana-burdened air. He bore evidences of inadequate adjustment after a disturbed siesta, but, exercising a mechanical cordiality, preceded himself into the room by a genial half-cough and a hearty "Well-well-well!" as if wishing to indicate a spirit of polite, even excited, hospitality.

"I expected you might be turning up, after your letter," he said, shaking hands. "Well-well-well! I remember you as a boy. Wouldn't have known you, of course; but I expect you'll find the town about as much changed as you are." With a father's blindness to all that is really vital he concluded his greeting inconsequently: "Oh, this is my little girl, Cora."

"Run along, little girl!" said the fat father.

His little girl's radiant glance at the alert visitor imparted her thorough comprehension of all the old man's absurdities, which had reached their climax in her dismissal. Her parting look, falling from Corliss' face to the waste-basket at his feet, just touched the rose in his hand as she passed through the door.

II

CORA paused in the hall at a point about twenty feet from the door, a girlish stratagem frequently of surprising advantage to the practitioner—but the two men had begun to speak of the weather. Suffering a momentary disappointment, she went on, stepping silently, and passed through a door at the end of the hall into a large and barren-looking dining room, stiffly and skimpily furnished, but well lighted, owing to the fact that one end of it had been transformed into a narrow conservatory—a glass alcove now tenanted by two dried palms and a number of vacant jars and earthen crocks.

Here her sister sat by an open window, repairing masculine underwear; and a handsome, shabby, dirty boy of about thirteen sprawled on the floor of the conservatory, unloosing upon its innocent, cracked old black and white tiles a ghastly family of snakes, owls and visaged crescent moons, in orange, green and other loathsome chalks. As Cora entered from the hall a woman of fifty came in at a door opposite and, a dust-cloth retained under her left arm, an unsheathed weapon ready for emergency, leaned sociably against the door-casing and continued to polish a tablespoon with a bit of powdered chamois skin. She was tall and slightly bent and, like the flat old silver spoon in her hand, seemed to have been worn thin by use; yet it was plain that the three young people in the room "got their looks" from her. Her eyes, if tired, were tolerant and fond, and her voice held its youth and something of the music of Cora's.

"What is he like?" She addressed the daughter by the window.

"Why don't you ask Coralie?" suggested the sprawling artist, relaxing his hideous labor. He pronounced his sister's name with intense bitterness. He called it Cora-*lee*, with an implication far from subtle that his sister had at some time thus Gallicized herself, presumably for masculine favor; and he was pleased to receive tribute to his satire in a flash of dislike from her lovely eyes.

"I ask Laura because it was Laura who went to the door," Mrs. Madison answered. "I do not ask Cora because Cora hasn't seen him. Do I satisfy you, Hedrick?"

"Cora hasn't seen him!" the boy hooted mockingly. "She hasn't? She was peeking out of the library shutters when he came up the front walk, and she wouldn't let me go to the door—she told Laura to go; but first she took the library waste-basket and laid one o' them roses ——"

"*Those* roses," said Cora sharply. "He *will* hang round the neighbors' stables! I think you ought to do something about it, mother."

"*Them* roses!" repeated Hedrick fiercely. "One o' them roses Dick Lindley sent her this morning. Laid it in the waste-basket and sneaked it into the reception room for an excuse to go galloping in and ——"

"Galloping?" said Mrs. Madison gravely.

"It was a pretty bum excuse," continued the unaffected youth; "but you bet your life you'll never beat your Cora-lee when there's a person in pants on the premises! It's sickening!" He rose and performed something like a toe-dance—a supposed imitation of his sister's mincing approach to the visitor. "Oh, dear! I am such a little sweety! Here I am all alone, just reeking with Browning and Tennyson and thinking to myself about such lovely things, and walking round looking for my nice pretty rose! Where can it be? Oh, Heavens, mister, are you here? Oh, my! I never, never thought there was a man here! How you frighten me! See what a shy little thing I am? You do see, don't you, old sweeticums! Ta-ta; here's papa. Remember me by that rose, 'cause it's just like me. Me and it's twins, you see, cutie-sugar!" The diabolical boy then concluded with a reversion to the severity of his own manner: "If she was my daughter I'd whip her!"

His indignation was left in the air, for the three ladies had instinctively united against him, treacherously including his private feud in the sex-war of the ages: Cora jumped lightly upon the table and sat, whistling and polishing the nails of one hand upon the palm of the other; Laura continued to sew without looking up, and Mrs. Madison, conquering a tendency to laugh, preserved a serene countenance and said ruminatively:

"They were all rather queer—the Corlisses."

Hedrick stared incredulously, baffled; but men must expect these things, and this was no doubt a helpful item in his education.

"I wonder if he wants to sell the house!" said Mrs. Madison.

"I wish he would. Anything that would make father get out of it!" Cora exclaimed. "I hope Mr. Corliss will burn it if he doesn't sell it."

"He might want to live here himself."

"He!" Cora emitted a derisive outcry.

Her mother gave her a quick, odd look, in which there was a real alarm.

"What is he like, Cora?"

"Awfully foreign and distinguished!"

This brought Hedrick to confront her with a leap as of some animal wild indeed. He landed close to her, his face awful.

"Princely, I should call him," said Cora, her enthusiasm undaunted. "Distinctly princely!"

"Princely!" moaned Hedrick. "Pe-rin-sley!"

"Hedrick!" Mrs. Madison reproved him automatically. "In what way is he foreign, Cora?"

"Oh, every way." Cora let her glance rest dreamily upon the goaded boy. "He has a splendid head set upon a magnificent torso ——"

"*Torso?*" Hedrick whispered hoarsely.

"Tall; a glorious figure—like a young guardsman's." Madness was gathering in her brother's eyes; and, observing it with quiet pleasure, she added: "One sees immediately he has the grand manner, the *bel air*."

Hedrick exploded.

"*Bel air!*" he screamed, and began to jump up and down, tossing his arms frantically and gasping with emotion. "Oh, *bel air!* Oh, blah! Henry Esmond! Been readin' Henry Esmond! Oh, you be-yoo-tiful Cora-Beatrix-a-*lee!* Magganifisunt torso! Gullo-rious figgiyour! *Bel air!* Oh, slush! Oh, luv-a-ly slush!" He cast himself convulsively upon the floor, full length. "Luv-a-ly, *luv*-a-ly slush!"

"He is thirty, I should say," continued Cora thoughtfully. "Yes—about thirty. A strong, keen face; rather tanned. He's between fair and dark ——"

Hedrick raised himself to the attitude of the Dying Gaul.

"And with 'hair slightly silvered at the temples'! *Ain't* his hair slightly silvered at the temples?" he cried imploringly. "Oh, sister, in pity's name let his hair be slightly silvered at the temples! Only three grains of corn, your grace; my children are starving!"

Hedrick collapsed again, laid his face upon his extended arms and writhed.

"He has rather wonderful eyes," said Cora. "They seem to look right through you."

"Slush, slush, luv-a-ly slush!" came in muffled tones from the floor.

"And he wears his clothes so well—so differently! You feel at once that he's not a person, but a personage."

Hedrick sat up, his eyes closed, his features contorted as with agony, and chanted, impromptu:

"Slush, slush, luv-a-ly slush!
Let's all go a-swimmin' in a dollar's worth o' mush.
Slush in the morning, slush at night,
If I don't get my slush I'm bound to get tight!"

"Hedrick!" said his mother.

"Altogether, I should say that Mr. Valentine Corliss looks as if he lived up to his name," Cora went on tranquilly. "Valentine Corliss, of Corliss Street—I think I rather like the sound of that name." She let her beautiful voice linger upon it caressingly: "Valentine Corliss!"

Hedrick opened his eyes, allowed his countenance to resume its ordinary proportions, and spoke another name slowly and with honeyed thoughtfulness:

"Ray Vilas."

This was the shot that told. Cora sprang down from the table with an exclamation.

Hedrick, subduing elation, added gently in a mournful whisper:

"*Poor* old Dick Lindley!"

His efforts to sting his sister were completely successful at last; Cora was visibly agitated and appealed hotly to her mother.

"Am I to bear this kind of thing all my life? Aren't you *ever* going to punish his insolence?"

"Hedrick! Hedrick!" said Mrs. Madison sadly.

Cora turned to the girl by the window with a pathetic gesture. "Laura——" she said, and hesitated.

Laura Madison looked up into her sister's troubled eyes.

"I feel so morbid," said Cora, flushing a little and glancing away. "I wish——" She stopped.

The silent Laura set aside her work, rose and went out of the room. Her cheeks, too, had reddened faintly—a circumstance sharply noted by the terrible boy. He sat where he was, asprawl, propped by his arms behind him, watching with acute concentration the injured departure of Cora, following her sister. At the door Cora, without pausing, threw him a look over her shoulder—a full-eyed shot of frankest hatred.

A few moments later magnificent chords sounded through the house. The piano was old, but tuned to the middle of the note, and the keys were swept by a master hand. The wires were not hammered—they were touched knowingly, as by the player's own fingers, and so they sang; and from out among the chords there stole an errant melody. This was not piano playing and not a pianist's triumphant nimbleness—it was music. Art is the language of a heart that knows how to speak, and a heart that knew how was speaking here. What it told was something immeasurably wistful, something that might have welled up in the breast of a young girl standing at twilight in an April orchard. It was the inexpressible made into sound, an improvisation by a master player.

"You hear what she's up to?" said Hedrick, turning his head at last. But his mother had departed.

He again extended himself flat upon the floor, face downward; this time as a necessary preliminary to rising after a manner of his own invention. Mysteriously he became higher in the middle, his body slowly forming first a round and then a pointed arch, with forehead, knees and elbows touching the floor. A brilliantly executed maneuver closed his Gothic period, set him upright and upon his feet; then, without ostentation, he proceeded to the kitchen, where he found his mother polishing a sugarbowl.

He challenged her with a damnatory gesture in the direction of the music:

"You hear what Cora's up to?"

Mrs. Madison's expression was disturbed; she gave her son a look almost of appeal, and said gently:

"I believe there's nothing precisely criminal in her getting Laura to play for her. Laura's playing always soothes her when she feels out of sorts—and—you weren't very considerate of her, Hedrick. You upset her."

"Mentioning Ray Vilas, you mean?" he demanded.

"You weren't kind."

"She deserves it. Look at her! *You* know, mother, why she's got Laura at the piano this minute."

"I Never, Never Thought There Was a Man Here! How You Frighten Me!"

"It's—it's because you worried her," his mother faltered evasively. "Besides, it is very hot, and Cora isn't so strong as she looks. She said she felt morbid, and——"

"Morbid? Blah!" interrupted the direct boy. "She's started after this Corliss man just like she did for Vilas. If I was Dick Lindley I wouldn't stand for Cora's——"

"Hedrick!" His mother checked his outburst pleadingly. "Cora has a so much harder time than the other girls; they're all so much better off. They seem to get everything they want just by asking—nice clothes and jewelry—and automobiles. That seems to make a great difference nowadays. We're so dreadfully poor and Cora has to struggle so for what good times she——"

"Her?" the boy gibed bitterly. "I don't see her doing any particular struggling." He waved his hand in a wide gesture. "She takes it *all!*"

"There, there!" the mother said and, as if feeling the need of placating this harsh judge, continued gently: "Cora isn't strong, Hedrick, and she does have a hard time. Almost every one of the other girls in her set is at the seashore, or somewhere, having a gay summer. You don't realize, but it's mortifying to have to be the only one to stay at home, with everybody knowing it's because your father can't afford to send her. And this house is such a trial!" Mrs. Madison went on, extending her plea hopefully. "It's impossible to make it attractive; but Cora keeps trying and trying—she was all morning on her knees, gilding those chairs for the music-room, poor child; and——"

"Music-room!" sneered the boy. "Gilt chairs! All show-off! That's all she ever thinks about. It's all there is to Cora—just show-off—so she'll get a string o' fellows chasin' after her. She's started for this Corliss just exactly the way she did for Ray Vilas!"

"Hedrick!"

"Just look at her!" he cried vehemently. "Don't you know she's tryin' to make this Corliss think it's *her* playin' the piano right now?"

"Oh, no——"

"Didn't she do that with Ray Vilas?" he demanded quickly. "Wasn't that exactly what she did the first time he ever came here—got Laura to play and made him think it was *her?* Didn't she?"

"Oh—just in fun." Mrs. Madison's tone lacked conviction; she turned, a little confusedly, from the glaring boy and fumbled among the silver on the table. "Besides—she told him afterward that it was Laura."

"He walked in on her one day when she was battin' away at the piano herself with her back to the door. Then she pretended it had been a joke, and he was so far gone by that time he didn't care. He's crazy anyway," added the youth casually. "Who is this Corliss?"

"He owns this house. His family were early settlers and used to be very prominent, but they're all dead except this one. His mother was a widow; she went abroad to live and took him with her when he was about your age, and I don't think he's ever been back since."

"Did he use to live in this house?"

"No; an aunt of his did. She left it to him when she died, two years ago. Your father was agent for her."

"You think this Corliss wants to sell it?"

"It's been for sale all the time he's owned it. That's why we moved here; it made the rent low."

"Is he rich?"

"They used to have money, but maybe it's all spent. It seems to me he might want to raise money on the house, because I don't see any other reason that could bring him back here. He's already mortgaged it pretty heavily, your father told me. I don't——" Mrs. Madison paused abruptly, her eyes widening at a dismaying thought. "Oh, I do hope your father will know better than to ask him to stay to dinner!"

Hedrick's expression became cryptic.

"Father won't ask him," he said, "but I'll bet you a thousand dollars he stays!"

The mother followed her son's thought and did not seek to elicit verbal explanation of the certainty which justified so large a venture.

"Oh, I hope not," she said. "Sarah's threatening to leave anyway, and she gets so cross if there's extra cooking on washdays."

(Continued on Page 36)

How the World Contributes to the American Stage—By Henry W. Savage

PHOTO. BY WHITE, N. Y.

Managers Have Taught the Public to Look for the Real Thing in Every Sense

WE GO abroad for plays for several reasons, but not because there is a dearth of material here. On an average six manuscripts a day are submitted to my office alone for reading. And the large percentage of productions last year shows that managers favor the home-grown article, especially in drama. We go abroad because there we find a larger selection. The American public, being a composite of all nations, requires a broader range of plays. To those of Latin blood a play written in the pure Latin spirit will appeal; the same is true of the Saxons—and so on.

Again, the decades of experience in Europe have produced in playwriting, as in other arts, a finish that many of our young, full-blooded American authors have not yet acquired. Also it is much easier to decide on the merits of a play if you see it thrown upon the stage than from reading the manuscript.

In the matter of the spectacular play, the musical comedy, and even the extravaganza, foreign atmosphere seems quite essential. Centuries of tradition have given the older nations a picturesque uniformity of color and costume that our people lack. One could not make up a chorus of American peasants with varicolored dresses, simply because we haven't any peasants. The farmer, with his traditional chin whiskers, one suspender and jean trousers, does not lend himself to delightful musical effect. Our own Indian, or our neighbor the French Canadian, or the Mexican, is all right as atmosphere, but we can't make him unbend and do the wonderful things to music the Tyrolese does.

Adapting Foreign Plays for Domestic Audiences

AS A MATTER of fact, that wonderfully popular opera, The Prince of Pilsen, was made into a French story from an American for the sake of atmosphere. Originally it was called The Barbarians, and was different in many details from the French version. It dealt with the attempts of a Kansas City porkpacker to break into the fashionable Newport set. The packer attended a prizefight, was made referee and stakeholder and was arrested. His son, who had been in college and was an amateur boxer, was one of the contestants on this particular occasion—the father, of course, not knowing that the boy was to participate. When the play was made over into French the porkpacker became a brewer and the scene of operations was shifted from Newport to Nice. The whole thing was given the frivolous, joyous atmosphere of the Riviera, the dramatic abandon of Monte Carlo—something quite unknown on the western side of the Atlantic. Musical comedy is like coffee and whipped cream, you see. It must have not only native strength but a quality more frothy and at the same time sophisticated.

The foreign comedy or farce must, as a rule, be rewritten or adapted to give it local color. This depends largely on the land of its birth. Sometimes it is too *risqué* for an American audience; again, the types or situations might not be understood by us. In The Million, for instance, a whole act of the original, dealing with a scene in the police department, was taken out bodily and a new act, giving the local color necessary for Americans, was written and put in. But dramas can often "get over" from a straight translation if the theme is big enough, though they may need curtailing like Madame X, where the entire last act in the French version was condensed into a short death scene lasting not over four minutes.

Musical plays from England usually can be presented as written, except that the comedy must be vivified to suit the quicker appreciation of the American for wit and humor. On the other hand, Continental musical plays are subjected to almost the same treatment as the farces. Their scenic and costume effects must be immensely developed and the stage management broadened to give scope to the action and dancing qualities of the American chorus, which are practically unknown on the Continent. In the case of The Merry Widow the last act, in Germany, was simply a fête, a "vision" effect, produced in one corner of the second-act garden scene. In the American production we transferred the action back to the real Maxim's. To do this with proper color we got photographs of the entire interior, duplicated the marble floors, chairs, tables and tableware, had a thousand menus sent over, and even duplicated the head waiter, so that any American who had ever visited the famous restaurant would, the minute the curtain went up, recognize it and exclaim: "This is Maxim's!"

We go abroad for plays because from the annual crop of foreign productions we usually are able to cull or gather some novelty. With our home-made productions we are familiar, but with the foreign pieces there is usually promised the sensation of discovering something new. As it is with the managers, so it is with the public. That's why the whole American people took to the novelty of The Merry Widow and The Arcadians.

It makes no difference to the box office—that sole arbiter of the destiny of plays—whether the house be packed by an American or a Viennese novelty; but it makes a heap of difference to the manager—a difference that inclines him to favor the home-made product. As a rule, the producer is obliged to pay not only the usual royalties to a foreign composer or dramatist but an extra fee to the American who translates or adapts the work. To the musical piece of foreign birth certain numbers must usually be added. The musical numbers in the second act of a new Viennese piece submitted to me consisted of three duets and a finale. Our public would never stand for that sort of thing, but would require the musical sequence to be varied by a solo, quartet or dancing number.

On the other hand, the American piece usually lives longer. The Prince of Pilsen has started out on its ninth season and has never had a losing year. Occasionally a dramatic piece like The Sign of the Cross is revived year after year. Gilbert and Sullivan's Mikado and Pinafore are perennially popular, but beneath the froth is a substantial body of satire and common-sense, which accounts for it.

American productions are keeping pace in number with the growth of our dramatists, librettists and composers, while the foreign output is decreasing. During my last visit to London, in May, only four big successes were running, while there were nearly twice as many revivals, which showed the dearth of successes. In Paris, where Offenbach and Audran reign, there has not been a legitimate operetta or opera-bouffe success for fourteen years. Berlin itself borrows almost all of its successes from Vienna. Hungary occasionally produces a brilliant piece, but there is no copyright agreement between that country and America, and so the manager may make a success of a Hungarian production in America only to have it "borrowed" by whosoever will. This was my experience with The Devil and that of Mr. Walker Whiteside last winter with The Typhoon. But measures are in hand for remedying this state of affairs.

The Theatrical Buyer Abroad

CURIOUSLY enough, a copyright agreement with Austria does exist, though the other half of the dual empire is unprotected—and for an equally curious reason. In striving to arrange for a copyright agreement I found that the chief opposition came from the newspapers in Hungary. These papers print on their front pages continuous novels, in most cases after the fashion of the Nick Carter stories. In the event of a copyright agreement being signed they fear they will have to pay royalties on this class of stories borrowed from America. Of course the influence of the newspapers naturally outweighs that of the authors and composers, and the latter are left unprotected.

The manager who goes abroad for theater material is like any other specialist. He proceeds at once to the locality where the best goods are made, guided by the advice of his agents. We maintain, for example, two representatives in London, one musical and one dramatic; another in Paris; one in Vienna; and one in Berlin. These representatives attend all the premières and usually all the dress rehearsals even. They report to us in advance the style and plot of the piece and cable the result of the first night, following it up with the newspaper criticisms and personal comments.

There are also numerous play brokers over there who are continually exploiting new plays; but their tips, like those of the racetrack, are subject largely to discount. This is especially the case since the cycle of Viennese operettas has come into full swing; in fact, some of the Viennese theaters are leased to managers on condition that at least one new musical or dramatic piece be produced every

month, the purpose of this being to prevent constant repetition of old material. The performances are supported, as a matter of local pride, by a number of citizens in a certain quarter of the city. Consequently the ambitious young author or composer has a chance to see his work produced on the stage, even if it be in a very commonplace way, since, under the system there, a piece is usually produced as we would do it in the stock houses. For example, The Merry Widow production in Vienna cost about four hundred dollars. Not until the one hundredth performance did it receive the compliment of new costumes and scenery, which amounted to three thousand dollars. Compare this with the first production of The Merry Widow in America, which cost over forty-eight thousand dollars to raise the curtain!

Even when a manager is satisfied with the piece, his troubles are only beginning. He has probably secured an option by paying a lump sum down, another amount to be paid within a certain number of days before the first performance. In this way he will be let in for a nice little sum of five thousand or ten thousand dollars before he gets a public verdict on the piece, for the *réclame* of a first performance is practically the same in Europe as it is on this side; in fact, the house is usually so largely composed of friends of the various people interested that it is extremely difficult to get an accurate line on what the paying public thinks of the piece.

Suppose a manager takes a piece on such conditions. If it be done in a foreign tongue he must have it made into English; he must decide whether to transfer the locale to suit the American taste; what scenes must be preserved and what modified; what musical numbers are to be retained and what replaced.

The Race for The Merry Widow

THE star system not being so much in vogue on the other side, a piece must often be entirely rewritten in order to revolve, so to speak, round a central figure or star. The manager must agree to produce the play or opera within a certain number of weeks and for a certain number of performances, or pay still more on it. America has for a long time been regarded—by authors and composers as it is by grand-opera singers—as a kind of Golconda, which means that their demands are sometimes prohibitive. Richard Strauss quoted me for Salome, for the purposes of a touring production, such as we made of Madama Butterfly, an advance payment of twenty-six thousand dollars, and ten thousand dollars in addition for the material—meaning by this the orchestra parts, scores, and so on, which are absolute necessities. It is fair to state, however, that these amounts are placed as an offset against accruing royalties.

Another American manager, it is claimed, paid twenty thousand dollars for an option on three light operas by a certain composer, not one note of which had been written, and every one of which proved a failure when finally turned out. A London manager paid almost as much for the English rights.

The various Continental houses, especially in Germany, in their eagerness to secure novelty frequently bid against one another to frightful amounts. These amounts are usually paid to a person called an editor, who is practically the wholesaler. He guarantees the author a fixed sum in advance, then parcels out the rights to cities on the Continent as well as to America and England.

It is not an overestimate to say that sufficient advance royalties can thus be collected to make a sum aggregating forty thousand or fifty thousand dollars before the composer has touched his pen to paper.

Consider the risk in this method of business. An unscrupulous composer might play me a melody as the air of the soprano's entrance song. Then he puts it back into the pigeonhole. A few days later along comes another manager looking for material, and this same melody is played to him as the tenor's song in the second act of another piece. In other words, an enormous amount of money can be gathered in two or three times for a title, a rough scenario and half a dozen melodies—and sometimes not even so much. The only safe way, so far as anything in this business can be safe, is to wait until the production has actually been made, then see it after two or three weeks, when it has settled down and the first-night hysteria is over.

In the olden days royalties were usually paid at a fixed price—so much for a city like New York or London; so much for Boston or Liverpool, and so on down the line of smaller cities. Now it is based on a sliding scale, under which the returns are enormous. Up to the first of last June I had paid as royalties on The Merry Widow over four hundred and sixteen thousand dollars, which, I think, is the record for any piece whatever, dramatic or musical.

On the Continent options are sold as first, second and third. If the first option is not taken up by the first man on the first night, the second man has an option for the next twenty-four hours, and the third man for a week.

I was in Hamburg one night in 1905, and having heard that a summer opera company was in town I went over to see the performance. At the end of the first act of *Die Lustige Witwe*—to give The Merry Widow its German title—I hustled to the telegraph station and wired my agent for information as to the rights of the piece. The answer came back: "Not yet sold; though George Edwardes, of London, is in negotiation." I thereupon took the first train for London, saw Edwardes, and pointed out to him that, instead of entering into competition, it was better for us to buy the piece together and divide the rights, he taking England and I America. He agreed—and I kept my contract in the safe for nearly two years. Meanwhile every American returning from the Continent advertised the piece. I waited for the English production, secured all possible points from that, and then made my own. The result is a matter of light-opera history!

One very annoying practice to which the manager in search of European novelties must submit is the constant postponement of first performances or opening nights. With us, if we announce an opening for Labor Day the piece must be opened according to schedule, though the heavens fall! In Europe, if the tenor's grandmother is ill, or for any other excuse quite as trivial, the production is postponed for a day or two, or even a week. On one occasion I had my trunks put ashore at Gibraltar, intending to make a tour of Spain, when I received a wire that Madama Butterfly was to be produced in Naples the following Thursday. I left my luggage, hired a launch to overtake the steamer and went to Naples post-haste, only to cool my heels there three solid weeks, as the opening of the opera was put off from day to day; in fact, the piece was not produced for a year. But the result justified my waiting.

Though the advantage to a manager producing a foreign piece is that he runs less initial risk—seeing the play produced and simply having to cut and fit—still, if a play in manuscript has an international appeal it may be safely judged from the reading, as was the case with Madame X.

Just as I was about to leave Paris on one of my trips, an editor asked me if I would consider a melodrama by Alexandre Bisson.

"Certainly! Why not?" said I.

"Why, he has written only farces!" said he.

To this I replied that, as a farce was the most difficult kind of piece both to construct and play, if a man could do a good one it was all the more reason why he could do a good melodrama. I received the manuscript at Cherbourg and sent back a wireless: "Will do the piece." That melodrama was Madame X.

Managers seeking to outdo one another in the creation of illusion have taught the public to look for the real thing in every sense. Not only must the acting be convincing, but all surroundings must be designed with a view to promoting the illusion. The paper door no longer obtains in well-regulated theaters. Battlements that shake and threaten to fall whenever a thoughtless supernumerary leans up against them are no longer in vogue. Not only must the manager have as near the real thing as possible in scenes with which his audiences are familiar, but when he presents a strange people or a strange land he must live up to it in every respect. He would not think of introducing Hindu properties into a Burmese play, or Chinese costumes into a Japanese picture.

Costuming Our Invented People

IN GATHERING material for The Shogun, for a scene in Korea we had one man go through the Smithsonian Institution and make sketches and duplicate models. We sent another to the Marshall Field collection for the same purpose, and got Burton Holmes to talk and to run his views especially for the benefit of the company that was to play the piece. We had five hundred and twenty-nine different articles on the property list. Even the proclamations on the city walls—one for a burglar, another for a river pirate—were exact copies of the real things.

The title of the new Luders-Hopwood piece, Somewhere Else, at once suggests foreign lands, tropical islands, waving palms, Oriental effects. Therefore last winter, accompanied by my general stage director, I made a tour of the entire East, exploring especially such places as Java and Ceylon, taking photographs, securing samples of the costumes and native ornaments, all to blend into a composite that would justify the title.

The scene of this piece is laid in an imaginary island in the South Seas. The population will be a mixture of the East. Parties from Ceylon, Hawaii, Japan, Java, China and India had landed there some two hundred years ago; but, though becoming fused, these peoples have retained their dominant characteristics. The blend shows in both customs and costumes. Of course the title, Somewhere Else, gives us a good deal of license in the qualities we have to show.

We first speculated as to what kind of looking persons such a fusion would produce in a couple of centuries, and arrived at a broad-shouldered man of medium height. As to the features, they will be those of the dominant races participating in the fusion. Naturally there will be persons of high and low degree, and these we figured must be provided for becomingly. To do this we used a number of designs from Java and Ceylon for holiday costumes; we

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PHOTO. BY WHITE, N. Y.

The Banquet Scene in "Everywoman." This Went Begging Among New York Managers for Two Years

WITH RAJAH UNWILLING

A Circus Elephant Story—By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

There Was Something Homeric, Something Epic, About That Chase

ROSIE was weeping again! And when Rosie surrendered to tears the whole "lot" soon knew of it. From the big-top to the cook-tent, from the door-spieler's box to the ticket-wagon's step, all Cooney's Mammoth Circus became aware of the calamitous moment when Rosie did the cry act.

A tumult so vast could not be dissembled. A phenomenon so cataclysmic could not be hidden away. An inundation so expansive could not be lightly ignored. And Rosie—baby-skinned, blue-eyed, ample-bosomed Rosie—was weeping. She had forgotten about the heat and her diminutive palmleaf fan, and the fact that her talcum was washing off and her photographs were getting splashed. Even Georgina, the Bearded Lady, paused a moment in her assiduous activities and fixed a studious eye on the Niobe at her side.

"Yuh better cut out them weeps, Rosie, or the Major'll be puttin' you out on that mermaid stunt!"

Rosie continued to lave in the abandoned luxury of tears.

"I jus' can' help it!" she acknowledged a little thickly. And the Niagaras of grief were again unloosed.

The Bearded Lady calmly closed her "turkey," a receptacle known to the outer world as a suitcase.

"What's wrong wit' yuh?" she as calmly inquired as she returned to the professional adjustment of her hirsute appendage; for Rosie's tears, of late, had been a thing of almost daily occurrence. "What's wrong wit' yuh now?"

Rosie choked back a sob.

"Turk's put it off again!" she acknowledged in the midst of a lachrymose gurgle. This was followed by a throaty struggle, in which tears and articulation fiercely contended for final supremacy. The battalions of speech seemed to win the day.

"My Gawd! Georgie, ain't I got a soul? Ain't I got human feelin's, even though I am a freak? Ain't you've always had to acknowledge I showed a genteel bringin' up? Ain't the Major always said I was too sensitive for any tin-horn kid show like this?"

Rosie, pausing for breath, again released the pent-up reservoirs of sorrow. Georgina watched her with a disapproving eye. Georgina's first thought was always for the business side of life—she had no use for a freak who "stalled."

"How're they goin' to shill a bunch o' simps in here wit' yuh washin' the dyestuff out o' that cheesecloth? And how's a barker goin' to make hisself heard out there wit' yuh carryin' on like that?"

But Rosie was indifferent. She was not to be diverted from her sorrows by the materialities of life. Her thoughts were far from shillabers and blue-slat seats, and sawdust and doortalks, and muscle-dances and ginger-spiels.

"Ain't I lavished on him?" went on the inconsequential Rosie. "Ain't I indulged his ev'ry whim? Ain't I rooted for him with the G. M. and helped him along from the first day he joined out? Ain't I swallowed his slurs, and him tellin' the Snake Dame I used more water'n a bull?* And endoored his insults about my extra scoffin? And stood for his tankin' up and leavin' me for two hours without a crumb t'eat? And mended his underwear's neat as his own mother'd do it?"

Georgina was still busy with her beard.

"What's that guy been doin' this time?" she half wearily inquired.

"I don't mind his knockin' me when my back's turned, sayin' I oughtta understudy the hyena, and all that!" went on the raptly morose Rosie. "I c'd overlook what he said about me havin' a porterhouse steak for a soul! I jus' don't mind what he says! But when he humiliates me b'fore the whole lot, with the Major gettin' out handbills for the weddin' again, I jus' can't help givin' way!"

Georgina looked up quickly.

"Yuh mean that wasn't to be a shill hitch?" she demanded. "Yuh sure wanted t'marry that bull guy?"

"O' course I did!" sobbed Rosie.

"And he ain't comin' up to the scratch?"

"No-o-o-o!" quaveringly admitted Rosie.

"Why won't he?"

Rosie dolorously mopped her baby-blue eyes with a quite inadequate handkerchief. "He says he ain't able to."

"But why ain't he able?"

Rosie's body stiffened a little on the diminutive chair between the enfilading cambric screens.

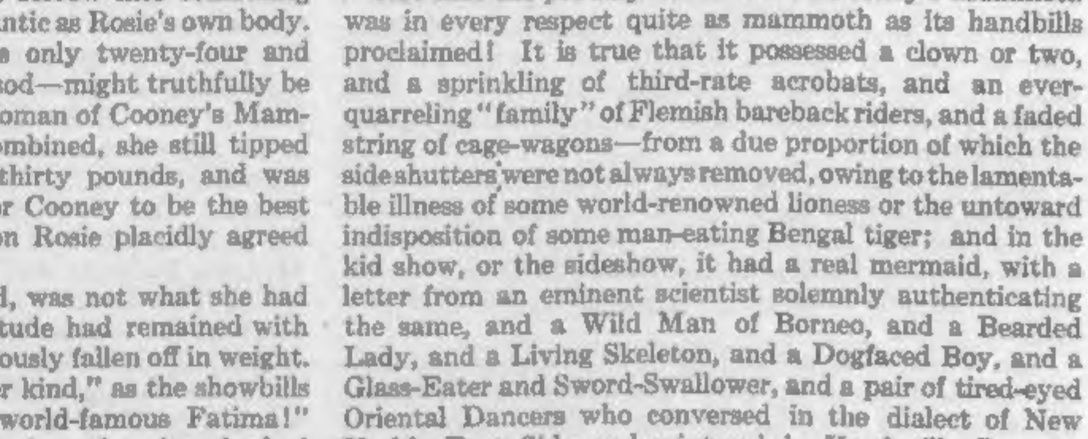
"He says Rajah won't stan' for it!" she wailed. Again she mopped her eyes and inconsequentially went on: "Oh, how I hate that bull!" And again she fell to weeping.

Two wayward rivers of tears once more flowed down her two Atlantean cheeks. The dimpled and deeply terraced neck—so lavishly displayed by the open-throated baby frock—shook with heaving strangulations. Seismic gasps caused her opulent and billowy bosom to heave and subside and heave again.

There was now, as there always had been, something compelling, something arresting, about Rosie's weeping. It was so elemental, so Gargantuan, so complete and all-embracing. It translated mortal sorrow into something stupendous, into something as gigantic as Rosie's own body.

That body—though Rosie was only twenty-four and several times a widow, grass and sod—might truthfully be called gigantic; for, as the Fat Woman of Cooney's Mammoth Circuses and Sideshows Combined, she still tipped the scales at five hundred and thirty pounds, and was discreetly acknowledged by Major Cooney to be the best freak on the lot—a point whereon Rosie placidly agreed with the G. M.

But Rosie, it must be confessed, was not what she had been. Though her blond pulchritude had remained with her undiminished, she had calamitously fallen off in weight. She was no longer "the peer of her kind," as the showbills put it, "outweighing even the world-famous Fatima!" Enthroned in immensity, assured of ponderosity, she had once scoffed at the subterfuges of her more fragile sisters.



"Did Youse Cop That Name? Turk MacGurk MacGee!"

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Now it was different. The Major had been compelled to supply her with the traditional stage setting once so scorned—the craftily dwarfed chair and table, the infantile gown of Mother Hubbard lines. Her points had to be brought out by artifice. They now had to make her up as determinedly and sadly as any faded stage beauty is made up. Her fatness could no longer speak for itself. It had to be accentuated. It became an effort to live up to the handbills which so airily and alliteratively announced her as "The Largest Lump of Loveliness that ever Lived!"

"If you'd jus' try to get away from bein' so all-fired unctuous!" the astute Major had lamented. "Most o' my Fat Women 've lived jus' like a oyster—eatin' and sleepin' and ignorin' the ways of us humans. That's the one trouble with you, Rosie—you've got too much soul! That's just it—too dam' much soul! And soul ain't bringin' any long green into Cooney's Mammoth!"

Not that the proudly denominated Cooney's Mammoth was in every respect quite as mammoth as its handbills proclaimed! It is true that it possessed a clown or two, and a sprinkling of third-rate acrobats, and an ever-quarreling "family" of Flemish bareback riders, and a faded string of cage-wagons—from a due proportion of which the sideshutters were not always removed, owing to the lamentable illness of some world-renowned lioness or the untoward indisposition of some man-eating Bengal tiger; and in the kid show, or the sideshow, it had a real mermaid, with a letter from an eminent scientist solemnly authenticating the same, and a Wild Man of Borneo, and a Bearded Lady, and a Living Skeleton, and a Dogfaced Boy, and a Glass-Eater and Sword-Swallower, and a pair of tired-eyed Oriental Dancers who conversed in the dialect of New York's East Side and wintered in Vaudeville Row on Fourteenth Street. And it had Rosie!

Yet it was equally true that Cooney's Mammoth was a circus of only one ring—of one ring and no more. And the fact must also be faced that this one-ring circus could lay claim to only one elephant. And that elephant was Rajah, the source and root of Rosie's present sorrow.

Rajah, the solitary "bull" of Cooney's Mammoth, was the idol of his keeper, Turk MacGurk. And as Turk barked out his pidgin-Cingalese of *Tutt!* and *Mail!* and *Tutt cum min!* it was plain to see that Rajah, as he stopped or hurried or swung about in his path, as these words ordained, duly loved his master. He loved that master with the placid and undeviating constancy of which the dumb animal alone is capable. He made Turk the apple of his shrewd little elephantine eye. So deep was this attachment, indeed, that Rajah moved only when Turk moved. No other voice could stir him, no other voice lure him from his appointed tracks. On the lot stayed Rajah until Turk came along to lead him to the yellow-painted showcars on the sidetrack. On his car remained Rajah, a statue of quadruped inexorability, until the Pygmalionlike call of Turk released him from his marbled immobility. It was as futile for the outsider to coax with endearing words as it was useless for the enemy to prod with four-tined pitchforks. The loyal Rajah would budge not an inch without Turk at his side and the voice of Turk in his gently flapping ear. From the summer that Hagab, alias Pluto, the mendaciously proclaimed brother of the one and only Jumbo, had come to an untimely end through an encounter with a shunting yard engine, and a discreet railway

*An elephant, with circus people, is always known as a "bull." The keeper, accordingly, is the "bull man."

company had settled with a cash payment, and the Major had opportunely purchased Rajah for a mere song from an exasperated traveling hippodrome manager who had failed to win the good offices of one Sahib Turk MacGurk—from that memorable season every one in Cooney's Mammoth realized that Rajah and his keeper were one and indivisible.

Their love for each other was even as the love of Damon for Pythias, of David for Absalom, and Ruth for Naomi, of Castor for Pollux, of Euryalus for Nisus, and Pylades for Orestes. Whither Turk went, thither went Rajah. Where tarried Turk, there also tarried his fourfooted friend of the mastodonic outlines. More than once, indeed, a gently impatient trunk had insinuated itself into a crowded café and firmly but affectionately removed Turk from the bosom of his too boon companions—an intervention that invariably led to divers solemn pledges on the part of certain of the aforementioned boon companions.

Once and once only, in the peregrinations of Cooney's Mammoth, both Turk and Rajah had been left inconsiderately behind; for even a one-ring circus has to keep to its dates—bulls or no bulls! So the intrepid Turk and Rajah made the next "jump" on foot, forty-nine miles across country—a gayly caroling Irishman on the back of an ornately caparisoned elephant, breaking the speed laws along sequestered highways and rail fences about misty farmlands, much to the bewilderment of several half-incredulous husbandmen engaged in their frugal morning chores; to the delight of round-eyed small boys; to the terror of unbelieving bucolic steeds, that straightway assumed rampant postures and made for the nearest side roads; and to the expense of a harried G. M., who found himself involved in a sudden swarm of claims for damage and trespass.

The Figure Rosie Could Write on a Check Became Quite as Imposing as the Figure She Could Make on a Platform

Those had been happy days for Turk; but Turk even then was being ensnared in a net of which he was blithely unconscious. Minute filaments were weaving silently about him. Insidious tentacles were reaching out and surrounding him, even as the fowler's net surrounds the unsuspecting bird.

The fowler in this case was Rosie; for, from the first, by some strange law of opposites Rosie had taken to the diminutive Turk. From the initial week of his advent with Cooney's Mammoth her melting eye had lingered on his lean and wiry figure, her daydreams had clustered about his indifferent Celtic head. She even became his tacit champion, his coyly courageous advocate.

"Turk MacGurk!" scoffed the Cooney muscle-dancer, straight from the Court of the Ameer of Siam. "Did youse cop that name? Sounds t'muh like a bullfrog in a tank-town cistern! Turk MacGurk MacGoo!"

Rosie straightway turned a rounded but wrathful front to that overfacetious exile from far Siam.

"You cut out them slurs about our new bull man, Mamie Finnegan, or maybe some one'll be rememberin' sumpin about swipin' joolry off a soiten snake-charmer!"

The thrust went home. Mamie fixed Rosie with a cold and studious eye of hate. She uttered but one word as she strode out of the tent. That one word was the significant expletive of "Pudding!" Into it she threw a world of contempt, stellar constellations of rancorous scorn.

But Mamie's slurs did not divert the current of Turk's doom. Defamation only seemed to add to the flame of Rosie's newly formed passion; for, if Rosie's skin was tender, her emotions were even more so. If her body was large, her heart was larger still. Its appetite for affection was as enormous as Rosie's appetite for beef and potatoes and chocolate creams. Her soul had always been consumed by a fierce necessity to love somebody, to love somehow, to love something! The Major himself was apprehensive from the first.

"Now look here, little one," wheedled that worldly-wise functionary, "I want you t'promise me there ain't goin' to be no meltin' over this guy you call Turk!"

Rosie let her baby-blue eyes meet those of the Major. She was a figure of much weight to him in more ways than one. In an earlier lean year the frugal Rosie had advanced certain moneys toward the maintenance of the then tottering Cooney's Mammoth.

"Major, ain't I always acted like a puffict lady?" she indignantly demanded. "Ain't I?"

"Sure you have!" promptly agreed the ever-conciliatory Major.

"Ain't I always showed the finest o' feelin's since I joined out with this show?"

"That's just it, Rosie; you've showed too much feelin's! And I ain't disputin' they weren't fine. But you know what feelin's always do to fat! You jus' can't afford to have feelin's!"

That was the cue for Rosie to utter her oft-repeated cry of protest against a misunderstanding world.

"My Gawd, Major! Ain't I got a soul?"

"O' course you have, Rosie," agreed the Major; "but you've also got a figger. And that figger's worth four thousand a year to me. So I nat'rally don't want you runnin' yourself down again. I've got you in fine shape this season. I ain't skimped you none in your scoffin. You know that's well as I do. So what's the use o' spoilin' everything by institootin' a frettin'-bee over that new bull man?"

"Who said I was frettin'?" demanded Rosie.

"You're losin', Rosie—losin' a little!" sadly confessed the Major. "And six weeks ago I had you right up in G. I had you filled out something great!"

Rosie's lips quivered.

"Major Cooney, I ain't no gasbag!" she averred slowly and with much hauteur. "I ain't no balloon that you or any other guy's goin' to fill out when he happens to feel like it! 'Filled out something great'! Huh! I'm a lady, I am—or I'd 'a' let out on soiten potties long b'fore this!"

"Now, Rosie!" cooingly placated the Major.

"And I guess my affections ain't brought no stain on this shell-game imitation of a one-ring show!"

"They was all reg'lar enough, Rosie. I'll allow that; but they've been so goldarned noomerous!"

The Major was not altogether wrong. Rosie's love affairs had indeed been numerous. The first season she had joined out she had become the plump and blushing bride of an acrobat who, because of strange vocal abilities, secretly "doubled" in the closely shuttered hyena cage. She had later formed alliances with a ticket taker and a tank diver, and had known one brief summer of connubial bliss with a Swedish tumbler—a tumbler whose first wife inopportunely turned up and carried her spouse beyond the sight of Rosie's useless marriage certificate and the area of Rosie's advances. At still another time she had married an aeronaut—a craven spirit who, certain envious tongues insinuated when his parachute had refused to open, preferred quick death to prolonged immolation on the fires of a too ardent affection.

Yet, mate by mate, for some mysterious reason, they had all faded away—vanished like snow under a too fervid April sun. The ardor of Rosie's devotion had been more than mere flesh could stand. One by one each soul-mate had thrown up the sponge and his job with Cooney's Mammoth, intimating that adoration itself could sometimes be too complete. One by one they had sought liberty and less unctuous endearments, leaving the wistful-eyed Rosie still sighing for the absolute.

But sorrow had brought discretion to Rosie's spirit. She became more circuitous, less swayed by the immediacy of her sex. In the case of Turk MacGurk she studied the new bull man from afar. He beheld none of her tempestuous sighs. Her plump fingers never strayed beleagueringly along the lapel of his parade coat. Her confiding blond head never leaned unexpectedly against his startled shoulder. But Rosie approached the Major himself warily and intimated that Turk would make a good "attendant."

So in due time Turk became her watercarrier and scoff-rotor. Day by day he brought steaming roast beef and boiled potatoes to her turkey-red platform, where she ate in solitary grandeur, lingering over her suet pudding, toying with a pound or two of chocolate creams, and breathing audibly with repletion before she dozed off for what she coyly called her "little catnap." And one reckless day Turk, sadly on the verge of menopause, had touched the dimple in the middle of her bullowy chin and facetiously murmured: "Oh, you little cutey!" Whereupon Rosie had straightway wakened and imprisoned those errant fingers in her own warm clasp.

She had hung on to those weakly protesting fingers for several moments as she gazed into the bull man's apprehensive yet fascinated eyes. With that gaze some vague secret seemed to be established between them. From that day onward they stood on a more personal basis. Rosie fell into the habit of asking Turk for advice; of intimating she was not any too well treated by the rest of the freaks, who were jealous of her superior drawing powers and sometimes made it hard for her to remember that she was a perfect lady. She also let escape certain veiled and perfectly genteel intimations as to her worldly riches.

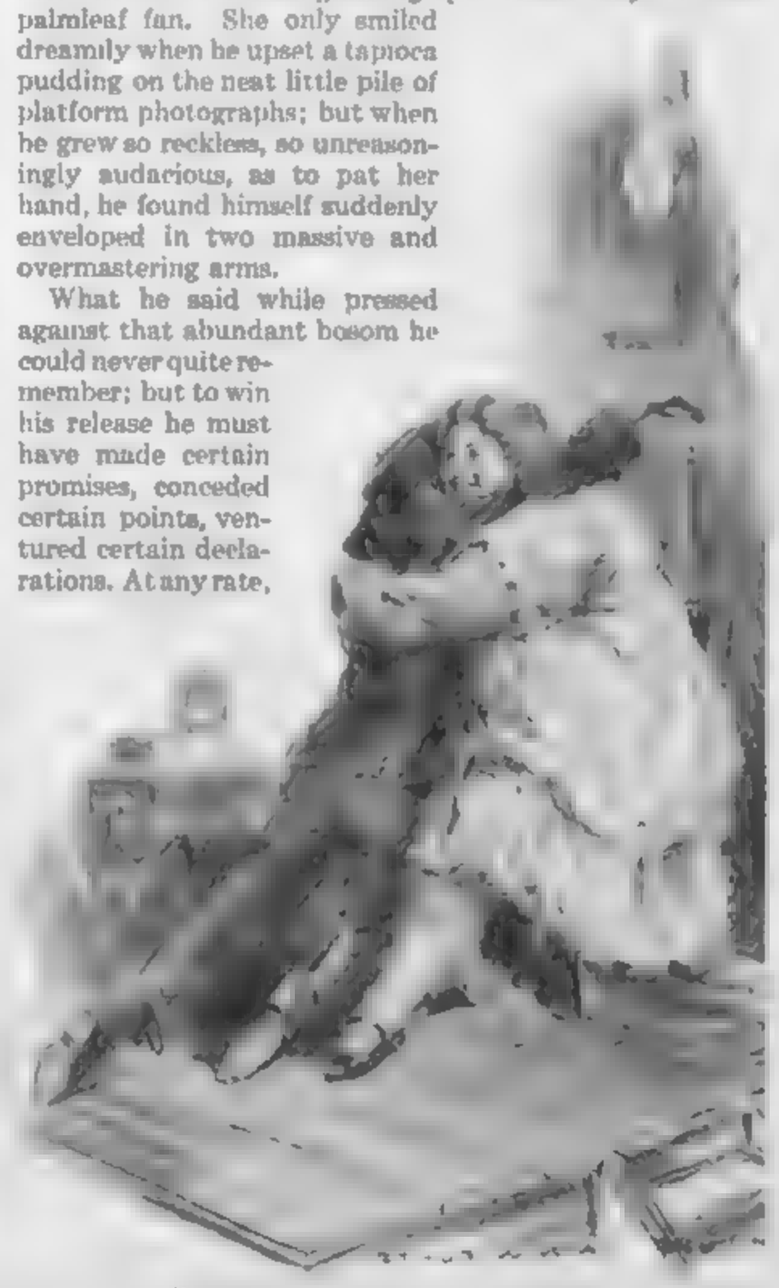
For during seven long years Rosie had sat on her turkey-red platform in her low-necked baby dress, surrounded by her cambric screen and her diminutive furniture and her sister freaks, placidly receiving admiration and disposing of her photograph at ten cents a copy. And when not otherwise engaged she had as placidly done fancy-work, forever marshaling a countless army of pansies and sweet peas across an arena of unbleached linen. And when not blinking serenely down at the wide-eyed rustic, the jay-town ginks, the simps, the hay-tossers and zobs, the back-township boobs, the corn-rustlers, as they were variously and contemptuously denominated by the inner circle of Cooney's Mammoth—when not engrossed in her lucrative professional duties of dwarfing everything in her immediate neighborhood—Rosie had one other gentle pastime. And that was investing in Long Island real estate. To acquire shore land and suburban lots became an obsession with Rosie. In this she ached for immensity, as though subliminally intent on a background consistent with her own generous proportions. So the figure Rosie could write on a check became quite as imposing as the figure she could make on a platform.

These things, however, did not appear greatly to impress the improvident and world-roving Turk. He seemed satisfied with the blind devotion of Rajah, of the wrinkled-headed and wise-eyed Rajah, who was forever investigating Turk's coat pockets, and jocularly taking off Turk's hat, and insinuating an affectionate trunk about Turk's waistline and lifting him up to the top of cage-wagons, like a chemist stowing away an acid bottle.

Rosie, from the first, held that this was actually something in Turk's favor. There could be no going back on the instincts of an animal. That all-knowing exile from Mysore could not and would not have stuck by Turk if there had not been something noble about the man. And Turk had stuck by Rajah, and a man who could stick by a dumb elephant would be the man to stick by that frail and tender blossom, a woman's affection. Another point worth remembering, Rosie often ruminated, was that Turk, being small, would always serve to show off her own ample proportions. And having been a bull man for so many years, he was unmatched and unmatchable as a carrier of water—for Rosie, it must be confessed, used almost as much water as Rajah himself.

So Rosie, grown wily, had bided her time. And her hour arrived on a hot August afternoon when Turk, departing from the paths of sobriety, had hesitated for one perilous moment before the languishing eyes of the lady with the palmleaf fan. She only smiled dreamily when he upset a tapioca pudding on the neat little pile of platform photographs; but when he grew so reckless, so unreasoningly audacious, as to pat her hand, he found himself suddenly enveloped in two massive and overmastering arms.

What he said while pressed against that abundant bosom he could never quite remember; but to win his release he must have made certain promises, conceded certain points, ventured certain declarations. At any rate,



"My King!" She Raptly Repeated

Rosie quaveringly admitted that she knew he had loved her all along. "My king!" she raptly repeated, again enveloping his vainly protesting body. And the whole lot, from the Missing Link to the Major himself, looked upon Rosie and Turk as duly affianced; while the latter, in the dull gray light of the morning after, vainly raked his brain for some inkling of what precise word or movement had committed him for life to the ardent and inexorable Rosie.

Committed for life he felt he was; and, like many another in a like predicament, once the daze of first discovery passed away he began looking about his immuring walls for some loophole, for some possible avenue of escape; but, as with many another life prisoner, no actual loophole presented itself.

It was the same morning in the cook-tent that the Glass-Eater, unprofessionally but eagerly regaling himself on mere ham and eggs, discreetly brought up the point of Rosie's wealth.

"She's rollin' in money, that woman!" he passionately avowed. The Glass-Eater himself had once been the object of Rosie's advances, and there was relief in the thought of a buffer between him and fires so imminent and at the same time so volcanic.

"Simply rollin' in money!" he repeated.

"Must be some money if she can roll in it!" retorted the unmoved bull man, going on with his ham and eggs.

"I s'pose you two'll settle down—little place in the country—chickens—radish-beds!"

"I ain't thought much about it," responded Turk, savagely spearing a hot biscuit.

It was the same day, too, that the Major, having schooled himself to facing the inevitable, gently approached Turk on the subject of Rosie.

"It's great, Turk—simply great!" he gayly announced.

"What's great?" snorted Turk.

"You landin' Rosie that way," was the urbane reply.

"Me landin' Rosie!"

Turk closed his eyes as though inwardly struggling to picture an achievement at once so redundant and so miraculous.

"Well, I s'pose you could put it the other way; but it all sizes up to the same thing—same thing in the end!" The Major had a habit of unctuously echoing his own ultimate phrases.

"Sizes up is good!"

"I saw what was comin'," went on the undisturbed Major—"saw it all along. And, straight, Turk, I can't help envyin' you a little!"

"I wish you'd envy me a lot!" retorted Turk.

The Major sadly shook his head.

"She'd only think I was after her long green. And worryin' over it'd always keep her down. No, Turk; I seen you was the man from the first. That's why I did what I could to help things along!"

"Did what you could to help things along!" reiterated Turk with a dangerous light in his eyes.

"Sure!" said the Major. "Threw you two together, got you to tote her coffin in, and all that. Knew it'd fix things!"

"You knew that?" demanded the irate Turk.

"Sure! It's great! And the first big town we hit I'll pull off a lot weddin'—paper the whole county; make it a big thing! It's great! And you gettin' that woman and about forty thousan' dollars' worth o' high grade real estate—some o' the best view lots on the whole Island! Think of it, man!"

"I can't!" admitted Turk. Yet he sat silent for a moment or two. Then he turned back to the Major. "That straight goods—about Rosie bein' worth all that money?" With all his years on the road, Turk had never once been known to have a "pork-chop fund" to tide him over a winter.

"Straight goods!" responded the Major. "You're fixed for life, Turk—fixed for life!"

"Yes, I'm fixed for life!" admitted the one-time wandering Ulysses of the elephant herds.

"We c'n make it a great thing—that lot weddin'!"

Turk became visibly nervous. Like the caged hyena, like the barred-in big cats, he was again worrying round and round the immuring walls of destiny, looking for hope's elusive loophole. And suddenly it came to him, unexpected and unheralded, as so many of life's great discoveries come.

"Major, I don't believe we can carry it through!" he solemnly asseverated.

"Carry what through?" demanded the Major.

"That weddin'!" Turk nodded a head toward the kid show's tent-top. "I don't believe it can be done!"

"Why can't it?" asked the Major. They stood man to man, eying each other.

"How about Rajah?" quietly asked the bull man.

The Major started. Then he pulled himself together.

"What about Rajah?" he somewhat weakly inquired.

"Will he stand for it?" was Turk's significant question.

This shaft seemed to stagger the Major—but only for a moment. He slowly turned the matter over in his mind.

"Rosie'll never give you up, Turk," he finally declared. "She ain't that kind!"

"But will Rajah stand for it?"

"Jus' leave that to Rosie!" was the G. M.'s final and none too tranquilizing dictum.

And Rosie, from that day forward, took things pretty well in her own plump hands. She was never a Laodicean. From Turk she exacted those endearments that were her due. The floodgates of sorrow ever threatened to swing wide at her guerdon knight's first show of reluctance.

"Why're you so cold to me, Turk?" she would tragically complain. And Turk would see that telltale tear slowly coursing down her cheek, and his heart would go down with the tear.

"Why, I'm bugs about you, Rosie!" he would valiantly protest. Yet he was canny in the moderation of his antiphonal movements of affection, for he had long since learned what a shower of kisses a mere pat on the wrist might elicit, and what an all-infolding embrace a mere sigh of simulated emotion might awaken.

"You haven't kissed me today, honey," the soul-hungry Rosie said a few days later. There was a quaver in her voice as she spoke.

Turk edged away. Then he glanced about with an apprehensive eye.

"Dolling!" murmured Rosie.

"Dolling!" echoed the obedient Turk.

That endearing word drew Rosie toward the bull man as a magnet draws steel.

"Don't make him jealous!" murmured the retreating Turk.

"Who?" demanded Rosie.

"Rajah!" whispered the crouching Turk.

"What do I care for that old bull!" cried the contemptuous and lovelorn Rosie. "Come kiss me, dolling!"

Turk was obdurate. He backed discreetly away.

"Rosie, you know what a elephant is! They never forget and they never forgive! Once you git their goat, once you git 'em stirred up, there's no knowin' what ends they'll go to!"

"Well?" asked the uncomprehending and still expectant Rosie.

"I'm all Rajah has," explained the sad-eyed bull man. "Nothin's ever come between us! For years now we've been all in all to each other. And sumpin tells me he's gittin' wise to certain things!"

"To what things?" demanded Rosie.

"To us bein' so fond o' each other," murmured Turk with a gulp. Rosie's ample bosom heaved with sudden indignation.

"Then this show'd better can that old bull—if he's goin' to try mixin' up in any o' my love affairs!"

Turk shook a sad and knowing head.

"They couldn't if they wanted to. He'd follow me to the ends of the earth—old Rajah would!"

And, to emphasize the importance of that declaration, Turk left Rajah unwatered and unfed for a day or two, gallantly and innocently sojourning in the presence of Rosie and her turkey-red platform most of that time. The result of this unparalleled neglect was soon manifest in the actions of Rajah. It was apparent even as far as the kid show, where the sound of his rattling chains and the roar of his indignant trumpetings could plainly be heard.

"You see, Rosie!" said the sorrowing Turk. "He knows I'm here! He's ragin' again!"

"The jealous-minded old thing!" cried Rosie, with her day spoiled. Then came a louder and longer roar of pachyderm anger. Rosie stirred a little uneasily. "Oh, Turk, what'd happen to me, anyway, if he got loose?"

Again Turk shook a sorrowful but secretly triumphant head.

"There's no knowin' what he'd stop at!" he reluctantly admitted.

Rosie stood up. To stand up, with Rosie, was always a movement of vast finality.

"Then the only thing f'r you and me to do, Turk, is to get right out o' this Cooney's Circus!"

"How d'you mean git out?" inquired the amazed Turk, stunned by the relentlessness of true love when threatened by the trivialities of life.

"I mean you'll have t'elope with me! You'll have to take me away, dolling—away somewhere, where love can be all in all!"

Turk for a moment stood doubly confounded.

"We couldn't make it go, Rosie! Rajah'd only seek us out! He'd seek us out in our happiness, dolling, and jus' make all kinds o' trouble. He'd follow us till he dropped!"

"Not if we traveled by train!" said the determined and for once practical-minded Rosie.

"He'd keep on after us, no matter how we traveled. And then the Major'd make his fuss—a fine old fuss about our breakin' contracks!"

Rosie's lips quivered.

"Are you puttin' the Major an' his contracks before our love for each other?" she tremulously demanded.

"Of course I ain't, Rosie. Why, ain't I always been bugs about you?"

Rosie sat down with decision.

"Then you and me's goin' to beat it out o' this tin-horn aggregation o' cheap freaks!"

"I tell you, dolling, we can't do it!" protested the all but helpless Turk.

Rosie, too, could be obdurate; for that night, when the gasoline torches were flaring across the lot, and the evening performance was under way, and the band was braying beneath the big-top, and the freaks from the kid show, which always closed early, returned to the freak car on the siding, a hired coal-wagon, well bedded down with oat straw and pulled by a spavined but eminently reliable Percheron, wound its cautious way out through the back streets of the town. It crept secretively off into the unbroken gloom of the country highway; and, as Turk listlessly rattled the reins against the unresponding Percheron's ribs, a plump and perfectly contented arm clung about the bull man's waist. This coal-wagon, two hours later, stopped at a fork in the road, that the travelers might determine which route to take.

"The die is cast, dolling—ain't it?" Rosie was murmuring as she drew the puzzled Turk a little deeper into the ample folds of her shielding body. "We're goin' to live all for love now—ain't we?"

Turk both heard and did not hear; for, as he sat there struggling forlornly against that too ardent embrace, another sound smote on his ears!

It was the sound of splintering rail fences; and above that sound of scattering timbers rose a tremulous and low-noted trumpeting—a trumpeting of mingled anxiety and relief.

Turk had been waiting for that sound. He knew it would come. He had banked on it, had prayed for it again and again. And now that it had come his flickering courage returned to him.

"Yes, Rosie, we'll live all f'r love," he recklessly protested. "We'll seek out some lonely corner o' the world, dolling, and watch summer come and winter go; and——"

"Oh, Turk, you're so grand! You can talk so deep

(Concluded on Page 30)

"It Ain't No Use, Turk! He Jus' Hates Me!" Quavered the Despondent Rosie

The Autobiography of a Chief of Police

III

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

IN LATER years I have been caught in many tight corners, once or twice unarmed, when my vigilant guardian angel wouldn't have given a flap of her wings for my life; but never have I had so many close calls in such quick and staggering succession as when I stood out single handed against Donnovan's murderers, who proved to be Squinty and Baldy who had recently finished their terms in the penitentiary. In them Buck had found very willing accomplices for his plans against Donnovan. Yet it well may be, inasmuch as this was the first time I had been under fire, that the encounter looms forth more awesome in retrospect than it actually was. They wounded me in the left shoulder—I wasn't aware of it at the moment, so terrific was the excitement, although the blood streamed from the wound through my heavy coat—but in the end I got them—I got them!—and sent them sprawling, faint and spent, into a ditch. When it was all over I had just enough energy and vitality left to stop a carriage that was bringing a party of roisterers to the roadhouse, take command of the vehicle and its driver in the name of the law, and so carry my prisoners and the dead body of that poor creature, Charlie Donnovan, to the station. I fainted dead away a few minutes after we reached that haven, partly from weakness and the loss of blood, more as a result of the reaction of nerves too tensely strung and the realization of what I had been through.

"Stow the Makings, Gourlay," I Said Sternly

The ambulance doctor cared for my wounds, which proved to be slight after all, and for the numerous more or less minor injuries I had inflicted on the persons of my would-be assassins. After tossing Squinty and Baldy in the "can," without preferring charges against them or booking them, Lieutenant Cannon sent me home in the care of a brother officer, instructing me first not to talk until the right time came. He had happened to learn that Buck Randall was at the botton of Donnovan's transfer, and he suspected, as it developed, that Buck's fine hand was responsible for his tool's slaughter. Moreover, knowing myself that the same active Buck had exiled Timothy Cannon to that same God-forsaken wilderness, I presumed that the lieutenant didn't intend to miss the chance of sending Buck to a region still more unpleasant if he could make those two crooks talk.

Trouble in Devil's Center

CANNON'S remedy for dumbness, I needed none to tell me, would cure the most chronic and stubborn case. For the first day or two after their arrest Squinty and Baldy were as coy of speech as a couple of maidens, but before they took the third degree with high honors they gave up all they knew. Many persons who have merely read about the third degree in the newspapers doubtless think it consists in extracting information from criminals by extracting all but their teeth. This is a mistake. Such methods are obsolete. The wise officer leaves no marks on the bodies of his victims to tell in court of the treatment they received. He handles them more subtly, and the tortures he applies are exquisite.

For instance, Squinty and Baldy, when on the point of falling asleep, were kept wakeful by untimely strolls along the cement corridor of the cellhouse, or when, deluding themselves with the notion that their jailer had relented at last, they shut their weary eyes in blissful slumber they were rudely disillusioned by a bucket of cold water. When famished they were given the indescribable pleasure of seeing, through their bars, some officer or prisoner eating a sumptuous meal and hearing him smack his lips with tremendous relish. When they were about ready to bargain their lives away for a solacing cigarette their craving for the narcotic was tantalized by puffs of smoke sent floating through their cells. At various intervals during the course of their cure they were jerked upstairs and confronted by a circle of officers who hurled a running fire of questions at them, by a stenographer who jotted down every word that passed their lips, and by a trained stool-pigeon who insisted volubly that they had "declared him in" with them on that fatal job.

Such treatment is calculated to make even a Diogenes consent to giving an hour-and-a-half's speech on the tariff for all three political parties in turn, and a final outburst of eloquence from Messrs. Squinty and Baldy made it necessary for Buck Randall's fluent and brilliant criminal lawyer to orate overtime to save his client from the penitentiary.

It is curious, when you pause to think about it, what a complicated set of circumstances it may take to promote an honest policeman in an honest way to the position of sergeant.

I am going to drop out of my life's story the host of comparatively trivial things that befell me since the adventures just narrated and ask the reader to rejoin me after I was made lieutenant and shifted from High Plains to a district that I shall call Devil's Center. The name describes the spot with reasonable accuracy. Vice and crime seethed there as in few other holes on this side of the Atlantic, and of course graft kept the pot boiling.

The politicians, gamblers and panderers of High Plains, which had become a big manufacturing center in less than five years, had joined hands to get me transferred to Devil's Center where, it was hoped, the powerful bosses of that quarter would break me or, the bosses failing, that one of the thugs with which that black hole swarmed would kill me. And developments were faster than even these good friends of mine anticipated.

I was no more than fairly well launched in Devil's Center when John Crary, a committeeman of the ward, who was contesting more or less successfully for Boss Luke Keenan's job as chairman of the state central committee, was waylaid and shot dead on the streets just a few blocks away from the station. Shortly after the tragedy, at nine in the evening, two of my patrolmen dragged into my office a big brute by the name of Peter Gourlay, *alias* Sandbag Pete. Over all the mere outlaws of Devil's Center Gourlay was the undisputed leader, by reason of his massive physical strength, his passion for slugging, stabbing or killing, whichever happened to suit his fancy at the moment, and his pull with the politicians, who needed men of his profession to keep their machine in smooth running order. I knew Gourlay by reputation, but this was the first time I had had the pleasure of meeting him face to face. I would have been satisfied, too, if our acquaintanceship had been postponed until I could drive through Devil's Center without the uncomfortable sensation of hearing imaginary bullets whiz past my ear. The man looked like a composite photograph of the rogues' gallery.

When the door of my office slammed behind him, Gourlay lolled back in a chair, not only apparently but actually unconcerned, and, taking his book of papers and his bag of tobacco out of his pocket, started to roll a cigarette.

"Stow the makings, Gourlay," I said sternly.

His small piggish eyes snapped with a challenge, his massive shoulders lurched as if he would spring for my throat, and as he put away the stuff he growled: "I lights a stem afore I'm in dis place long and blows de smoke in yer mug."

"You may," I replied, "but it will cure you of the cigarette habit for the rest of your life." Then, disregarding him, I turned to the officers and asked for the details of the fatality. They furnished them, but reluctantly, as a bottle gives up its cork, with the air of wanting to protect their prisoner rather than to enlighten me. It was plain, however, from what few clues I could gather, that Gourlay was one of Boss Luke Keenan's creatures and had been hired to get Keenan's rival, Crary, out of the way.

The Men Behind the Gunman

"DID you bring in any of the witnesses?" I asked of the officers after I had pieced together the disconnected fragments of their story.

"No, sir," they answered in turn, "we thought the testimony wouldn't be material."

"You did, eh!" I exclaimed. "Well, so far as I know I ought to be the judge of what's material and what isn't. You took the names and addresses of witnesses?"

"No, sir," they replied.

"That's a fine bit of police work to be marked against the record of you two peelers," I admonished. "Slam the prisoner in the can downstairs."

Gourlay muttered a mouthful of curses, but none the less he went with the officers, just as he had come to the station, without putting up any show of resistance. Those who have read between the lines may have seen why. He was no sooner whisked away than dapper little Paul McIntyre, the desk-sergeant, entered my office and said with an insinuating smirk: "Lieutenant Callahan, Walt Rittenhouse just telephoned to ask me to inform you that he would go bail for Gourlay for any amount."

This was the sergeant's suave way of dropping the hint that the big political influence of Rittenhouse, the professional bailer, stood back of Gourlay and wanted him "used right." He suppressed the fact, however, that Walt always split and gave him thirty per cent of his fees. Moreover, it lay in McIntyre's province, while exercising his nocturnal duties, to cap Walt's game by rejecting as worthless the bonds offered by any other would-be bailer. He had thwarted my will and purpose on several occasions by playing me the trick, and thinking that tonight if ever was the time to let him know where he stood, I said quietly

"Sergeant McIntyre, you might as well cut out that 'con.' Walt didn't telephone to you, you telephoned to him. Now let us understand each other. I may have to leave my office for half an hour on business, and if while I'm gone you let a 'mouthpiece' or any other outsider get in touch with Gourlay, when I come back I'll rip the star off your coat. Send Pat Carroll in to me and be quick about it. If he's out on duty it's up to you to have him in this office within the next fifteen minutes."

When faithful, honest Pat Carroll—his devotion to me dated back to our boyhood in Ireland—appeared in answer to my summons I told him in few words what had happened and ordered: "You go downstairs and plant yourself at Gourlay's cell. Don't leave, no matter from whom you get the command. If the lockup interferes you can go the limit."

No sooner had Pat wheeled, touching his helmet, than I telephoned to Nora Gibbons, my wife's sister, who was an expert stenographer, and asked her to jump in a cab and drive to the station with her notebooks and pencils. I did not want to risk having some police stenographer who might be in on the game and therefore play at sixes and sevens with my evidence while transcribing it. There are tricks in every trade under the sun, but there isn't one of them that isn't used somewhere along the line in the police game.

This done I ordered out the patrol, and whirled away with the three men in attendance to the scene of Crary's assassination, where I rounded up a host of competent witnesses, all of whom had volunteered to testify on the promise that I would protect their lives against those who had threatened to kill any one who "squawked." The desk-sergeant looked nonplused, as if he didn't know what to do to thwart me next, when on my return he watched my prizes step out of the wagon and move through the hallway toward the anteroom next to my office.

A Clash With the Gang

"SERGEANT McINTYRE," said I, wishing to save him from moroseness by keeping him busy, "these witnesses tell me they will fear for their lives when they leave here for home. Throw out your dragnet and pull in everybody that can't account for his being out on the streets at this hour. If witnesses are intimidated in this district it won't be to our credit on the records. A word to the wise'"

"Yes, sir," he answered meekly enough, though he turned round and whispered to a plainclothes man who told me about it later: "We'll trim that fresh Dick's whiskers before morning; watch us."

When the evidence was taken, and while Nora was busying herself elsewhere with making a transcription of it, I sent word to Pat Carroll to bring Gourlay up to my office. The thug was more surly and sulky than he had been at our first encounter. I dismissed Pat, not wishing to let Sandbag hug the delusion that I was the least bit afraid of him, and said:

"Gourlay, my evidence against you is complete, and you might just as well save yourself time and trouble by making a complete confession, for all your pull won't count a straw against it. What I'm after is to put men of your kind out of business in Devil's Center. I'll do it before another year is over, or my name isn't John Callahan."

"Yer will, will yer!" he sneered, humping his massive shoulders. "You won't last here no year. We'll sink yer so deep in de suburbs dat dey'll have ter build a new station ter hold yer. See? Just start ter rap me an' see what happens."

I knew positively by this time, as will the shrewd reader, that this threat had more than a bluff to back it. None the less I answered without hesitation or concern:

"They thought they would break me when they sent me to High Plains, Gourlay; but I went there a patrolman and left a lieutenant. That's what they handed me for doing my duty, and there isn't enough pull in Devil's Center to drag me off this case either. Now you go back to the can and think it over."

"To hell with yer an' de can," blustered Gourlay. "I'll be out afore mornin' ter git yer star."

"Good night, I'll see you about ten in the morning," I answered curtly, turning him over to Pat Carroll's attentions once more. I had no time for the bandying of words that would lead nowhere. Other and more purposeful work remained, and I set about the doing of it by bundling my witnesses into the wagon for their second trip and driving them as fast as the good horses could trot in the direction of Magistrate Delaney's night court. The politicians hated Delaney and swore they'd get him, which was my reason for choosing him. It certainly proved a wise choice, for when there was a lull in the case he was trying, and I stepped forward, introduced myself, and asked that my intimidated witnesses be sworn under oath to verify the typewritten testimony, he replied at once:

"I approve of your work in this case, Lieutenant Callahan. Other business now before this court can wait until your witnesses are sworn."

It was while my crowd of ladies and gentlemen were going through those perfunctory proceedings that Luke Keenan, the boss of Devil's Center, rushed into the courtroom, his coarse red face covered with sweat. Luke had slugged his way up in Devil's Center, which presumes a fair amount of viciousness on which to start, to say nothing of the interest accumulated on the capital. His voice, even when he turned it down as low as it would go, sounded like a steam whistle out of repair and, my ears on the alert, I overheard him say as he sidled up to the policeman who was detailed to preserve order in the courtroom:

"Be sure you git th' names an' the addresses of all the witnesses."

Fearing the officer's nod in the affirmative would prove as good as his word, I leaned over to Magistrate Delaney and whispered in my turn: "Your honor, the disappearance of these witnesses would make it impossible to convict. I ask, therefore, that they be put under bond."

Smiling approvingly, he complied with my request, and I released my charges and left the courtroom for the station, carrying in my memory a look from Boss Keenan that was pressed into service as the temporary substitute for the dagger he wouldn't have hesitated to use if the moment had been opportune.

Gordon R. Ashley was seated in my office when I entered it, twirling his gold-headed cane in an impatient disapproval of my absence. I presume Mr. Ashley, of whom I had heard much, may pass for a gentleman. At least he looked, dressed and could on occasion act like one. He belonged to those clubs of the city which manufactured gentlemen in large quantities at reduced rates, and what is still more important to these chronicles, he belonged to the well-known law firm of Dudley & Ashley. A year ago the firm had entitled itself Bostrom, Dudley & Ashley, but Bostrom had dropped out of it when he was elected state's attorney. The drop, like that through a stage trap, was more apparent than hazardous; for Bostrom, able now secretly to swing the firm more business than he brought to it openly before, got a lion's share of the profits. Gordon R. Ashley was Bostrom's official fixer. The job paid all out of proportion to the efforts it entailed.

"Lieutenant Callahan," said Ashley, rising, drawing off his suède gloves and extending his carefully manicured hand, "my firm is representing the interests of Peter Gourlay. I called to have a preliminary talk with him, but in view of your absence Desk-Sergeant McIntyre refused me permission. I know, of course, you will be pleased to grant it."

"You know more than I do then," I answered. "Gourlay isn't booked, and neither you nor anybody else sees him until I prefer charges against him." While I spoke I was reflecting that one of the officers who made the arrest must have located Ashley by telephone in order "to be declared in" for a small slice of a prospective big fee.

"Is that so?" he screeched, growing red in the face with the excitement a gentleman may feel but ought not to show. "You'll come off your high horse before we're through with you. If you don't believe it stir up a muss and see if we don't break you. I'm going to see my former partner, State's Attorney Bostrom, about the deal you're giving me."

"You have my consent; and when you do see him," I retorted, "you can tell him you bumped up against one peeler in this town that influence can't reach. If he doubts you take your oath on it. Good night to you."

"You're as good as broke now," he hissed, departing; and there was in his light blue eyes a look of vengeance.

Getting Ahead of Ashley

IT WAS almost midnight when Ashley ridded my office of his scented, well-groomed presence. Hungry and mentally tired, I was about to pick up my hat and go forth for food and a respite, when it occurred to me that I had sent Pat Carroll home to rest, and that it would be no safer to trust Sergeant McIntyre alone with the station than with my pocketbook. Less so in fact, for there could be nothing in my pocketbook he wanted particularly. Accordingly I ordered a plate of sandwiches and a pot of coffee to be brought to me, and stuck to my post. And then it was, as I sat poring over what had already happened that night and what was likely to happen before the break of day, that it flashed over my mind that Ashley would be sure to get a writ of habeas corpus for Gourlay on the morrow and serve it when I was in bed and dreaming over my triumph. If he succeeded in thus snatching Gourlay out of my reach both the case and my future would be ruined. There was but one loophole for escape left open to me—I must hide Gourlay where neither Ashley nor his writ of habeas corpus could find him.

When my refreshments came I gulped down my coffee, made short work of my sandwiches, telephoned for a cab, and then went downstairs to see how Gourlay was behaving in his cell. His conduct left nothing to be desired, for, sprawled out at full length on his bench in the corner, he was fast asleep. He woke up with a start when I opened the steel door and shut myself inside of it with a slam that made its stout bars quiver.

"Huh!" he crowed as he sat up to take in the situation; "I said yer couldn't can me for overnight, didn't I? Come down to let me out yerself to square it, eh?"

"You called it, Gourlay," I smiled grimly, holding out a pair of handcuffs. "Slip your right wrist in here."

"Me? I'll see yer hang first." His stalwart chest expanded. I could see and almost feel the contraction of his big muscles under his clothes.

"Look here, Gourlay," I said quietly, my eyes on his. "I could have snapped a slang on your wrist while you were sleeping, or I could have come in here with two Dicks and pounded you into jelly; but that isn't my style. I'm giving you the chance to fight a bigger man than yourself, to see if you're fool enough to take it."

He stood irresolute for a second; then he let me close the manacle on his wrist. Snapping the other end of the handcuff on my left wrist I led him, thus chained to me, up the stairs, through the hall, and past the wire cage behind which the desk-sergeant sat. He was too astonished to speak, but he recovered himself just as we reached the door and

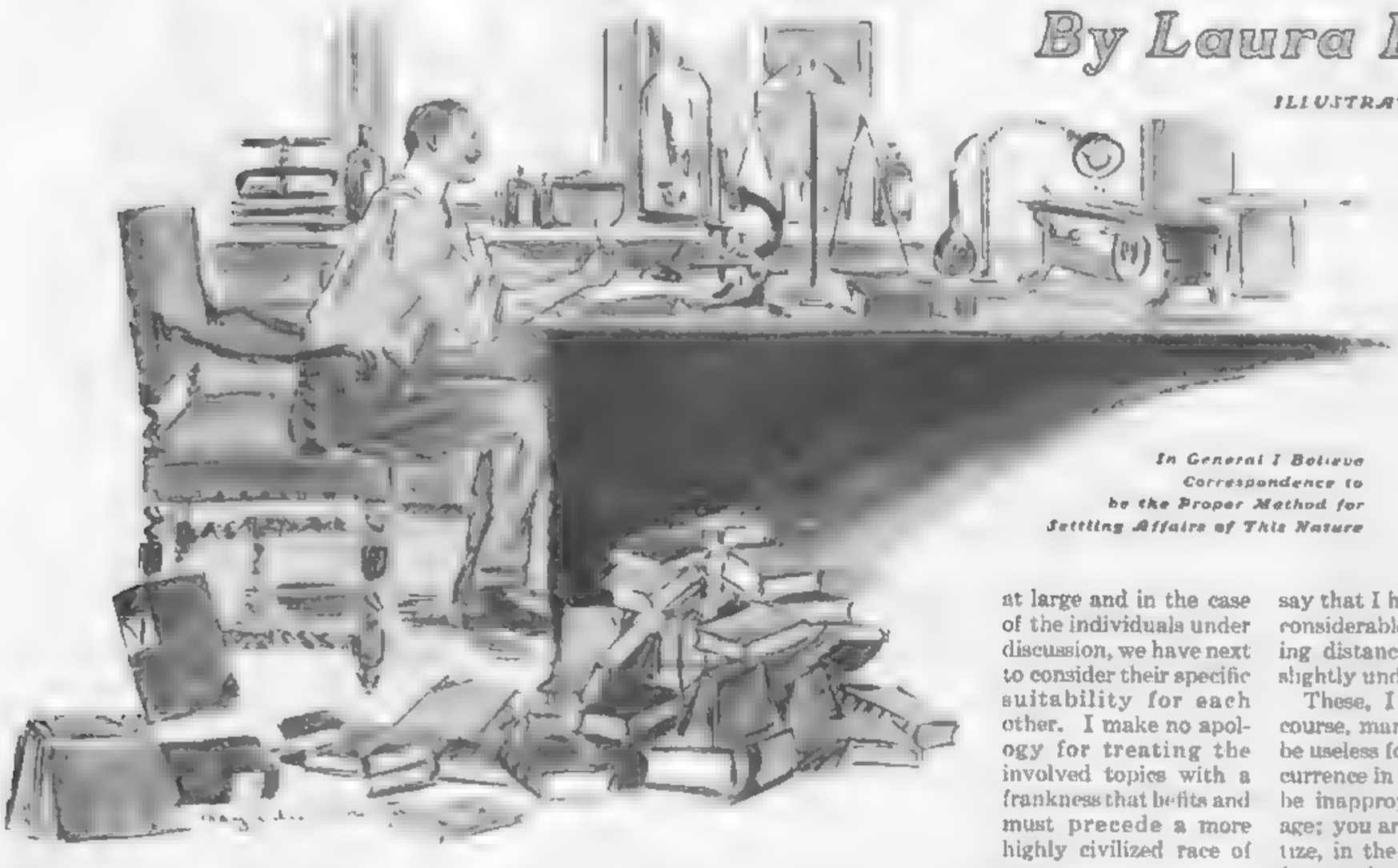
(Continued on Page 43)

"Did They Pinch Me on Your Orders?"

The Love Letters of a Scientist

By Laura L. Hinkley

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



In General I Believe Correspondence to be the Proper Method for Settling Affairs of This Nature

OAKHOLM UNIVERSITY, April 13, 1912.

MISS MABEL AMORY, 236 Eagle Street, Lakewood, Iowa.

MY Dear Miss Amory: In opening up the present communication I beg to deprecate the feeling of surprise you will undoubtedly experience in learning its subject. I am quite aware that I have not prefaced this declaration—or, more properly speaking, proposition—with those trivial social attentions which are supposed to prepare the object of them for the consideration of an infinitely grave and important matter. I had my purpose in omitting such trifling, as I shall presently explain. I am, in short, writing to ask you to become my wife.

It is the firmest of my convictions that questions of this nature should be settled with the fullest and most impartial deliberation. I cannot too much deplore the common prevalence in this matter of unguided instinct, crass suggestibility, social conformity, unreasoning urgence, fulsome personal flattery, and even, I blush to say, of caresses, in themselves hygienically objectionable. Why should man abandon the helm of reason at precisely the crucial point of his voyage? Why should he approach the vital moment of his career blindfolded and gagged by the idiotic conventions of society so called?

For this reason I withheld from you any hint of my purpose while it was in its formative stages. I wished to be able to set the whole argument before you clearly, calmly and judicially. Therefore I ask you to consider dispassionately the general principles and individual facts I shall set forth herein, all of which have, I believe, an essential bearing upon the case.

The ultimate object of human life is so enwrapped in obscurity and controversy that it is difficult to refer to it without logical error. However, disclaiming any intention to dogmatize, I should say that, for our present purpose, we shall not err greatly in assuming it to be the attainment of the highest individual happiness with a maximum contribution toward the general happiness. Granting this as the end of life, we pass to a consideration of appropriate means, of related methods of life. It is apparent to the most cursory observation that prominent among these means of happiness—that very nearly, if not altogether, first among the methods of life adapted to the pursuit of happiness—our fellowmen have established marriage. To be sure the prevalence of the institution does not prove its worth, as majorities are notoriously wrong; but when we perceive the incalculable practical value of marriage, especially in the supremely important matter of the continuance of the race, we are assured that in pointing toward it instinct does not err.

A discussion of other forms of marriage than monogamy is here distinctly beside the mark, except so far as to say that reputable science has no commendatory word for any of them.

Passing from the general to the particular, I may say that I have long since discarded the resolution of callow youth to devote my life exclusively to science, remaining free from personal ties. Granting the desirability of marriage at large and in the case of the individuals under discussion, we have next to consider their specific suitability for each other. I make no apology for treating the involved topics with a frankness that befits and must precede a more highly civilized race of men.

Ancestry, of course, is the first consideration. In my inclosure, marked number one, you will find a eugenic chart of my family, complete so far as I am aware of its ramifications. You will see that it is a thoroughly sound stock, with a high average of ability. Your own forebears, I have taken pains to ascertain, were of similar soundness and average capacity. Back of two American generations they were, I learn, Irish and Welsh, with a possible trace of Spanish; mine, more recently, were Scotch and English. This I consider an ideal racial blend.

The health of the individuals naturally comes up as the next essential. My inclosure number two is a physician's certificate made out in detail, accompanied by a personal physiological chart. I believe you took the course under Professor Bushnell, and hence should be able to understand the latter without difficulty. If any point is not clear I shall, of course, be happy to explain. As to yourself, I will frankly state that before entering upon the subject with you I had a full—and of course confidential—interview with your physician. It was in every respect satisfactory. He assured me that the headaches of which you sometimes complain were not, as I had feared, a symptom of some form of nervous exhaustion, but were, on the contrary, due to temporary digestive disturbances induced, in his opinion, by specific indiscretions of diet.

The question of personal appearance, though its importance is vastly overrated in popular estimation, may with propriety receive a few words here. I am six feet one inch and three-quarters in height; you are five feet three inches and one-half. My weight is one hundred and seventy-eight pounds; yours, one hundred and twenty-three. As these figures would indicate, I have a rather marked muscular structure, owing in part to vigorous fieldwork in the sciences and an enthusiasm for gymnasium practice. You, on the contrary, under a slight excess of fat, due to sedentary habits, are of a "stringy" build. I am a decided blond; you, a modified brunette. These differences, though apparently excessive, are in reality immaterial.

The physical, though essential in its place, still yields in importance to the mental. It is here that I discern a peculiarly rich adaptability. Our intellectual and moral qualities, though basically reënforcing each other, yet differ sufficiently to give ground for hope of the most happy variations. Though possessing an intellectual integrity that I have observed with satisfaction, you are, perhaps, too much given to practicing an easy conformity. I, on the contrary, have followed from childhood the native trend of my mind toward the scientist's stern stand for truth. My slower and more solid mental processes will be modified by your swift and subtle—if somewhat superficial—apprehension. Your slight excess of sentimentality will be corrected by my strong practical tendency; while your sense of humor is keen enough to make up for a possible deficiency in that quality, of which I have been accused.

Inclosure number three is a schedule of my sources of income, investments, and so on, with prospective increases, including an experimental budget of housekeeping expenses based on the experience of several of my married colleagues. These figures have been very carefully made, with due regard to the present cost of living. Please tell me if they accord with your observation. I have assumed that you would prefer an independent personal income, aside from the housekeeping account. Please tell me if the figure at which I have set this is adequate. I may say that I have in view a comfortable ten-room house, with considerable garden space about it, within pleasant walking distance of the university, the rent of which comes slightly under the sum allowed for house-rent in the budget.

These, I believe, are the main heads. There are, of course, many minor points of deep interest; but it would be useless for me to go into them until assured of your concurrence in the foregoing essentials. One point it may not be inappropriate to mention: I am thirty-four years of age; you are twenty-eight. Though it is unsafe to dogmatize, in the face of modern conditions, as to the best age for marriage, it is clear that neither of us has anything to gain by delay.

Please pardon the length of this letter. I have found it impossible to treat the subject, even thus cursorily, in smaller scope.

Please be entirely frank in your answer. If I have not made any point clear have no hesitation in asking for information.

I should perhaps add that I rarely taste alcoholic beverages. I smoke an occasional cigar, but am not wedded to the habit. In other respects my life has been as clean as I am assured your own has been.

Very truly yours,

Inclosures. JOHN K. HERRINTON.

OAKHOLM UNIVERSITY, April 21, 1912.

MISS MABEL AMORY, 236 Eagle Street, Lakewood, Iowa.

MY Dear Miss Amory: Yours of the twentieth, in answer to mine of the thirteenth, received this morning. I am, I may own, somewhat disappointed at the general atmosphere of indefiniteness in your letter and its tendency to ignore the main propositions of my own.

When I Mentioned Anne's Splendid Healthfulness He Talked of the Way Her Hair Curls About Her Ears

You say I am too utterly preposterous to be treated along the usual lines. I assure you I have no desire to be treated along the usual lines.

I cannot understand your indignation at Doctor Willoughby's conduct as unprofessional. Surely no inquiry could be more legitimate, where a marriage is contemplated, than the health of the individuals under discussion. As a man of science, though of regrettably narrow scope, he could not fail to respect my motive. No; I did not directly inform him of my purpose. It is probable he divined it.

Your family history I derived in part from yourself, in part from various records I was able to obtain, and in part from your aunt, Mrs. Drusilla Dawes, of West Bend. By-the-way, in connection with the latter I encountered a remarkable instance of so-called feminine intuition. I had avoided giving Mrs. Dawes any intimation of my real motive, conceiving it improper to do so in the then inchoate state of my intentions. Yet, as I was taking my leave, after an apparently casual conversation, she looked sharply at me over her spectacles and said abruptly: "Well, young man, I hope you get her; but I'm afraid you don't!" I was put quite out of countenance by this extraordinary insight into the roots of a resolution not even at that time definitely formed.

I wrote to you on the thirteenth because I finished my preliminary investigations and preparation of documents on the twelfth. Most certainly I am not superstitious.

You ask me what I should have done had Doctor Willoughby's report been unfavorable. Hypothetical questions are usually of doubtful utility, and this one seems to me singularly purposeless; but I may add that I did not entertain serious doubts of your fitness. However a shadow of doubt in undertakings of this nature is little less than criminal.

I note your intimation that some women might consider the manner of my proposal indelicate. Very possibly; I am not proposing to them. My dear young lady, I am proposing marriage; and in doing so I have no intention to shirk the contemplation of what marriage is—primarily an institution for the continuance and supremely for the betterment of the race.

Now, my dear Miss Amory, may I beg that in your answer you will state your views as to the main points I have urged upon your attention? There should be entire frankness between us. I have been frank, so far as my recollection serves me; but if I have omitted any item of information or overlooked any related line of thought, I shall be most grateful to have it brought to my attention.

I can, of course, make allowance for the surprise, the unpreparedness of mind, of which you speak; but surely this emotion must have abated in the eight days that have elapsed. Mere feminine coyness should not appreciably affect your action. Man is no longer a primitive savage to drag the woman unwilling to his cave; nor should any vestigial survivals of her unwillingness clog their united progress.

If, as I hope, you find yourself, after due consideration, in substantial agreement with my propositions, I see no reason why we should not enter upon our great joint enterprise early in the coming June.

May I beg the favor of an immediate reply?

Very sincerely yours, JOHN K. HERRINTON.

"Young Man, If You Were Asking My Advice I'd Say You're Just a Little Bit Slow!"

OAKHOLM UNIVERSITY, April 29, 1912.

MY Dear Miss Amory: Speaking of my reference to marriage by capture, you say: "It seems to me you are attempting something of very much the same sort."

Why, my dear Miss Amory!—absolutely—it is inconceivable! The idea of personal violence could never in the remotest manner—— But I understand you to be speaking metaphorically, of course.

Now if you have received any impression of masculine predominance from me—if you conceive me to be making any egotistical assertion of sex-superiority—do, pray, my dear friend, at once disabuse your mind of that impression. The exact contrary is my intention. I have meant at every step to mark my sense of your absolute equality with myself. I have no sympathy whatever with the doctrines of Weininger.

I am not ignorant of woman. Orphaned of my mother at an early age and sisterless, I was brought up principally with boys. In my case the preadolescent attitude toward the opposite sex—that of complete indifference—was unusually prolonged. Before I emerged into adolescent sex-consciousness I had become possessed and equipped with the scientific passion and the scientific viewpoint. My distaste for the inanities of society conserved my intellectual attitude. Hence I arrived at the capacity for a mature judgment of the sex with my mind unclouded by narrowing personal prepossessions. My acquaintance with women has been largely in professional and classroom associations, where I have found them truer to practically every established norm than their male associates. Among men I have, of course, listened to an enormous amount of discussion mostly very idle and unscientific—concerning women; for, as you must be aware, my sex finds the characteristics of yours an inexhaustible theme. Neither is it within the power of any man to refrain altogether from meditation, however profitless, upon the qualities of the complementary sex. Among these confusing and contradictory estimates the clear light of science has enabled me to discern the essential truths.

Leaving this topic, allow me to say, my dear Miss Amory, that you amaze me when you say that you were *not* surprised. I certainly had made no overt sign of my intention previous to my first letter. Neither can I reconcile the assertion with your own former statement. In your letter of the twentieth you alleged surprise as the reason for its hesitating and indefinite tone. Will you not have the goodness to explain this extraordinary discrepancy in your next letter?

And may I beg that you will reply with somewhat greater promptness than heretofore? I find the delayed expectation of your letters a serious hindrance to a proper concentration upon my work.

Can you not give me some assurance of a definite concurrence with the main argument of my first letter, which remains as yet unanswered? Though I heartily deprecate extensive and exhausting preparations in the nature of trousseaus, and so on, it is none too soon that we reach a positive understanding.

Most sincerely yours,
JOHN K. HERRINTON.

OAKHOLM UNIVERSITY,
May 5, 1912.

MY Dear Miss Amory: Passing over your Aunt Drusilla's writing to you three weeks before I did, to tell you to look out for me—an action, by-the-way, for which she had no warrant save an entirely unconfirmed conjecture—I come at once to our conversation beside the algæ pond to which you refer. Now it is certain that the topic of marriage was not at that time broached either directly or indirectly. We conversed, if my memory serves me, upon the structure and habits of the Chlorophyceæ. It is true, however, that my mind was then very strongly impressed—not for the first time—with your extreme suitability to myself. But since I did not betray this impression—which without

I Should Perhaps Add That I Rarely Taste Alcoholic Beverages

scientific investigation and verification would have been inexcusably premature—and since the hypothesis of telepathy has no sufficient standing to explain it, I am nonplused to account for the transference of the impression from my mind to your own; or, more accurately, the impression in your mind that the impression existed in mine. May I ask if my first inaccurate statement approximates the truth? Did you share my intuitional conviction of the desirability of our ultimate union?

You tell me you alleged surprise because "you didn't know what else to say." But, my dear Mabel—if I may call you so—why not say the truth? If you entertain any fears as to the results of our proposed union please state them with the utmost frankness. Complete provision for the future it is not possible for man to make, but that is no reason why he should not exercise to the full such foresight as he possesses.

I see no substantial validity in any of the other pretexts you offer as evasions of the main topic. You know me already as well as is prematrimonially possible. Had I not known you and been amply persuaded—as I have repeatedly asserted—of your supreme suitability, I should not have entered upon this correspondence. You have not alleged any idiosyncratic distaste for the state of marriage or for myself in that connection. Had such existed you would inevitably have mentioned it heretofore. You are certainly under no form of external compulsion either from or toward the state.

No, my dear Mabel; it is time you laid subterfuge aside. I must press you for a definite answer. So clear-cut a proposal as mine should elicit a clear-cut response. Dismiss this temporizing and vacillating spirit that has taken possession of you. Take your stand firmly between Reason and Nature and, clasping a hand of each, look boldly into the future.

Let me have in as brief a time as may be your unequivocal answer. Sincerely, JOHN K. HERRINTON.

OAKHOLM UNIVERSITY, May 8, 1912.

OH, My Dear Miss Amory: You utterly misunderstand the purport of my last letter! Should I by any misplaced urgency hasten you into a negative decision, I should, I am firmly persuaded, be ruinously injuring your life and mine and inexcusably defrauding posterity. I withdraw unconditionally whatever you may have interpreted as undue pressure for an immediate answer.

You are, in fact, entirely right and wise in wishing to give the maturest deliberation to a subject of such basic importance. I have been misled by the thorough and reasoned familiarity of my mind with the topic into overlooking its comparative newness, as a definitely outlined course of action, in yours.

I stand convicted of precipitance. In urging you to a premature decision I was untrue to my own principles; guilty of an action inconsiderate and boorish, inconsistent and unscientific. Assured of my genuine penitence, can you pardon an action so unworthy both of me and of yourself?

I shall not again offend in this manner. You will find me henceforth firm in that calm and controlled reasonableness which in this matter, above all others, should rule the soul of man. That you should excel me in the scientific attitude toward this subject, though profitably humiliating to my intellectual pride, is another proof of how right I was in my original selection of yourself as my mate.

I have accepted rebuke and shall profit by it. You need have no hesitation now in submitting to my judgment any problems involved in our discussion. You may rely upon my treating them as judicially, rationally and deliberately as if I were in no way personally concerned. I shall be henceforth unassailably impartial.

Will you not let me hear from you at once? I am in distress until assured of your pardon for my unaccountable lapse from the proper spirit of our inquiry. I remain, my dear Miss Amory, with the sincerest deference to your admirable scientific hesitation,

Very truly yours, JOHN K. HERRINTON.

TELEGRAM

OAKHOLM, ILLINOIS, May 12, 1912.

MISS MABEL AMORY, 236 Eagle Street, Lakewood, Iowa.

Positively, No! Take no action till you hear from me! Letter follows immediately. JOHN K. HERRINTON.

OAKHOLM UNIVERSITY, May 12, 1912.

CAN it be possible that you seriously contemplate an action of such monstrous import! I tell you it is an insult to every scientific principle; a murderous assault upon the evolutionary process of Nature; a treachery to your solemn responsibility to the race!

The bare cognition of such a possibility as you suggest fills me with indescribable pain and indignation—not, I beg you to believe, due to any narrow personal resentment, but to a scientific prevision of the fatal and horrible consequences.

As to Mr. Chester himself, I say nothing. Dignity forbids. Custom invariably prescribes that one man may not speak disparagingly of another to a woman when both aspire to become her husband. An evil custom, I perceive.

Of yourself I may speak, and I do. You are wickedly tampering with your destiny in allowing yourself an even momentary contemplation of such a hideous perversion of Nature's design for you. You are manifesting a frivolous disregard of those high principles I have been urging upon you, which merits the severest reproof.

You say that I ought to be able to consider the question dispassionately. I will not pretend that I am doing so. That man of science who can see the future of the race thrust into reckless jeopardy without grief and rage is unworthy of the name! That you should throw your rare and highwrought personal qualities into the melting pot, whence they may not emerge again for generations, if at all—oh, it sickens the soul!

You point out that Mr. Chester's ancestry is also English and Scotch, and ask if the racial blend should not be satisfactory. Surely you are aware that selection imperatively demands the choice individuals of the breed. Of Mr. Chester's defects I say nothing. The sole quality of his that I have heard extensively praised is a certain quickness in wit, repartee and humor; and this quality in yourself, you must recognize, needs no reënforcement.

In short I feel toward the bare conception of a step so fatal an aversion of no common intensity, accompanied by varying but heavily accented moods of anger, sorrow and disgust, which I must regard as of some evolutionary significance. I can comprehend, in some measure, crimes of violence against inconstant and frivolous women. I am no stranger to the Turk's impulse to veil and imprison his womankind. There is a certain wild justification in preventing by any means such racial crimes as you suggest. There would be a certain savage joy in punishing the perpetrator.

That the mere thought of this project should have moved me to such unethical and antisocial reactions is surely proof of its unevolutionary quality.

There is much more that should be said—that cries to be said; but I consider it of the first importance that you should have my views immediately. Were it not for an extraordinary pressure of unavoidable work just now I should have hastened at once to Lakewood to represent in person and with all the emphasis in my power the horrible nature of this design. JOHN K. HERRINTON.

OAKHOLM UNIVERSITY, May 16, 1912.

MY Dear Mabel: No; jealousy is hardly the correct word to describe my emotion. I will not deny that some sense of personal injury tinged my feeling, though, as you point out, I certainly had no right to assume any ownership over you; in fact the idea of ownership as between one human being and another, in whatever relation, is utterly repugnant to my convictions. No; my indignation arose from an enlightened prevision of the fatal consequences of the step. However it is over—let us dismiss it altogether.

My mind has been led of late to the serious contemplation of the strange power of natural impulses over women. Some disguised pressure of the maternal instinct, aided by mere propinquity, can carry them to such depths! Is it not the duty of man to protect his tender companion from the blind errancy of her strangely unreasoning instincts?

You say you fear you are too frivolous and light-minded to retain my regard. No, my dear Mabel; quite the contrary. I am, in fact, too unbending, lacking in the faculty of sufficiently quick readjustments, too dull and matter-of-fact, owing in part to the too early narrowing of my interests to the scientific cycle. I anticipate the most valuable and admirable tempering of my too serious and prosaic mind by your swift and poetic qualities. Science warns us that to look for any substantial modification of our own characters is vain; yet the hope is not illusory. It waits fulfillment in the succeeding generation.

What would you say to my coming out to Lakewood for a stay of some weeks? I find that I can arrange to take my vacation from the university now as well as later. It is likely we might get a firmer grip upon our argument in continuous conversation than is possible by epistolary communication.

In general I believe correspondence to be the proper method for settling affairs of this nature. One escapes the misleading prominence of merely physical and sensory attraction; one avoids the chance of those undesirable personal contacts which are said to affect injuriously the judgment; one is, in short, preserved perforce from the mad, instinctive hurry of blind natural forces. At a distance one retains the use of the logical faculty unimpaired, is free from merely physical solicitations, and naturally inclines to adequate deliberation. However, in cases like the present, where one party is of a cold and lingering temperament—at least, as regards myself—and the other of a solidly based rationality, the dangers of the experiment should be reduced to a minimum.

May I not know immediately your opinion upon this subject? With sincerest regards, JOHN K. HERRINTON.

P. S. As to Mr. Chester, of course I understand that you consulted me in regard to his offer under the seal of the most absolute confidence. J. K. H.

OAKHOLM UNIVERSITY, May 29, 1912.

MY Dear Mabel: I note with satisfaction the project of yourself and family to remove next week to the cottage at Riverdell, and accept with great pleasure your kind invitation to visit you there for such portion of the summer as I may think advisable.

You say that you will use your very best endeavor to spare me the undesirable features of personal interviews. That is a very proper resolution on your part, and if it were followed by more women some undesirable features of our sociology might be obviated. I shall, of course, be happy to meet the other guests of the family. I hope you will succeed in persuading Mrs. Dawes to join the party.

Is not Riverdell a very interesting region botanically? Yes; I anticipate considerable pleasure in the study of its flora with your cooperation therein.

I shall probably reach Riverdell on the evening of Saturday, June eighth, such being the earliest date at which I can free myself from my present obligations.

With leisure and the opportunity for continuous discussion we should be able to arrive at a speedy and satisfactory solution of our problem. I am confident that I shall be able to point out the wisdom of the course I propose in terms so unmistakable that you can no longer doubt it. Very sincerely, JOHN K. HERRINTON.

TELEGRAM

OAKHOLM, ILLINOIS, June 5, 1912.

MISS MABEL AMORY, Riverdell, Iowa.

Shall arrive Riverdell Friday afternoon—if not inconvenient.

JOHN K. HERRINTON.

OAKHOLM UNIVERSITY, July 2, 1912.

MISS MABEL AMORY, Riverdell, Iowa.

MY Dear Mabel: I find matters here in considerable confusion, as I anticipated from Professor Haskell's letter. Doctor Brooks' unexpected absence and Professor Haskell's own illness, which I am happy to say is turning out less seriously than feared, have thrown things decidedly out of gear. I am afraid it will be at least two weeks before I can get away.

It goes without saying that I shall avail myself of your mother's kind protest that I had not yet finished my visit, and return to Ivy Cottage at the first opportunity.

I am sorry that I was compelled to leave so abruptly, as there were a number of things I particularly wanted to talk over with you at once.

First, in regard to Arthur and Anne. I can really see no scientific objection to their very probable union, in spite of their utterly headlong and irrational manner of approaching it. That Arthur's intentions are serious I am positive; in fact he said as much in the long tramp we took Tuesday, relying upon my sympathy with a confidence I was at a loss to explain. None of the really important considerations involved seemed to have occurred to him, except that he would have to work several years before suggesting marriage. When I mentioned Anne's splendid healthfulness he talked of the way her hair curls about her ears. He seemed chiefly anxious to know what I thought Anne's attitude in the matter likely to be. I gave the subject my best consideration; but could only reply that, so far as I had ascertained, the mental processes of the Amory sisters were of a peculiar subtlety and uncertainty. Whereupon, to my great surprise, Arthur laughed. It is no laughing matter for either of us.

Neither have I yet had an opportunity to tell you of my conversation with your Aunt Drusilla on Monday afternoon.

"Young man," she remarked, with a significant accent, I immediately gave her my whole attention. "I ain't one to interfere with what's none of my business," she went on; "but if you were asking my advice I'd say you're just a little bit slow!"

She placed a peculiar biting emphasis on the last four words.

Under the circumstances I thought it not improper to take your Aunt Drusilla into my confidence. So I told her that the slowness was no fault of mine; that, in fact, I deprecated it and considered further delay unnecessary and unwise; that I had repeatedly urged an immediate settlement of the question. And I asked her what steps, in her opinion, I could take to hasten matters, bearing in mind the fact that excessive urgency invariably precipitated a negative answer.

Your Aunt Drusilla rubbed the back of her hand across her nose and looked at me with an expression that I can only interpret as one of scorn and despair. What she might have said I cannot say, for at that moment Arthur and Anne came up from the river and we had no further opportunity for confidential talk.

(Concluded on Page 31)

I Did Not Directly Inform Him of My Purpose. It Is Probable He Divined It

Of Course I Ran After Him to See What Was Doing

ON THE UPGRADE

Via the Courage Route

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

ONE night, when I was six years old, fire licked up the orphan asylum where I lived and destroyed the only record of my parentage. I have tried many times to discover my own identity, but to this day I don't know who I am.

I have a vague recollection of the fire; of awakening to find a Fourth of July illumination about my cot; of a terrifying flight through a crimson corridor in the arms of a nurse; of falling from a window into somebody's arms below. I have made repeated attempts to learn the name of the nurse who saved me at the cost of her life, but I know even less about her than I did then. I do know, however, that this woman's courage has never ceased to be an inspiration to me.

Today I am an executive in the employ of a leading express company. The path behind me is a rugged one, and as I look back over it I feel I am justified in attributing my success to one underlying quality—courage. By this I do not mean physical courage exclusively. There is another kind, you know. With me, courage is partly inherent, partly cultivated; and I mean to give you some concrete instances.

First, go back to the fire at the orphan asylum. I was placed in the home of a mechanic named Bulcher, in Boston, whose name I took. If I ever knew my real name I forgot it; and when I grew old enough to make inquiries nearly all the former employees of the asylum were dead or scattered. Jimmy Bulcher I was until my foster-father disappeared two years later and I was turned back on the authorities.

After a short time spent in some orphanage—which I have never been able to identify—I was again placed in a private family. Call the name Trueblood for convenience. It is the name I bear today.

My new foster-parents moved to a small city of the Middle West, taking me with them. Trueblood was a boilermaker by trade—a man of great muscle, as my back often attested. I don't think he knew how hard he thrashed me. One night he everlastingly whaled me on the false charge of appropriating a dollar intrusted to my care. I didn't know what became of the money, but I did know that I'd had enough of Trueblood. At five o'clock on a winter's morning I got out of a second-story window, slid off a shed and made my way to the railroad station. I was then twelve years old.

A Taste of Competition

I KNEW a "train butcher" who ran on the division which terminated at our town—a youth we called Figs—and I found him packing his wares preparatory to going out on Number Six at five-forty. He was sorry for me and offered to smuggle me out of town.

For eight hours I lay cramped up under the seat in the smoker where Figs stacked his train merchandise. It was freezing cold in my prison and I was half starved; but along in the afternoon I crawled out in Chicago.

I had made up my mind to be a train butcher; and, on the advice of Figs, I lied about my age and applied for a job. But falsehood doesn't avail much; my extreme youth was apparent, and the superintendent of the news agency declared he would turn me over to the police.

He didn't do it because he couldn't catch me. For hours I wandered about the streets of Chicago, and late in the evening I saw a comfortable newspaper office lobby with a number of big steam radiators in it. Several ragged urchins were huddled on the floor almost under them. I was desperate with fatigue, cold and hunger; so I went in. In about a minute I was curled up asleep, despite my empty stomach.

At four o'clock in the morning a man in a uniform roused me with his boot. "Time to get busy, sonny!" he said. I was grateful for being allowed to sleep as long as I had. I've always been a friend of the newspapers since. Of course they roast the express companies sometimes, but if it hadn't been for the newspapers I should not be where I am today.

I followed some boys into an alley, where I discovered a lunch counter.

"I'll trade you my knife for two sandwiches and ten newspapers," I said to a boy I met coming out of the place.

"I'll give you one sandwich and fifteen papers," he offered when he had inspected my property. "But you'll get your head broke if you try to sell 'em round here," he warned obligingly.

This was really the first time I was ever called upon to make a quick and nervy decision—the quality that has been the chief factor in my rise. I might have turned away in discouragement, and in that event my history would have been quite different, no doubt.

"I'll sell 'em somehow," said I.

I tried to find a desirable corner that was not already preëmpted by a newsboy; but, failing in this, I stationed myself boldly at State and Washington Streets and offered my papers to early pedestrians.

Here I got a preliminary taste of competitive life—the same universal competition in which we all move. Nor did it take me long to discover that the person who gets a good thing and holds it must do so by superior sagacity as well as moral and physical courage. So-called monopolies are often monopolies merely because they are wiser and nervier than concerns that would like to be their competitors.

It was this way down at State and Washington Streets. Two big, husky youths held a monopoly of the newspaper trade on the corner, and the minute they saw me —— Well, there were lively times all round. But, though they were trying to catch me, I sold my fifteen newspapers and went back for more.

I saw a good thing on that corner and I refused to recognize any sacred vested rights on the part of my competitors. They caught me a few times and pummeled me, but I always went back with more papers. I believe the chief cause of failure, in business and out, is due to the fact that men don't go back often enough. Their courage dwindles and they look for an easier corner.

In a week or two, however, those big boys came to take me as a necessary evil. They forgot that they'd had a cinch on the market and devoted themselves to selling newspapers instead of preventing me from selling. In reality there was trade enough for all of us—though the big chaps didn't make quite as large profits as formerly.

Meanwhile I lived in a newsboys' home on Wabash Avenue. One day, several months later, I was corralled by a Juvenile Court officer and charged with the heinous crime of having no home. I was forced by the judge to tell my history. He didn't know Trueblood so well as I did, so he decided it meet and proper to send me back where I came from.

Ten minutes later I made another quick decision as I was being led back to the Harrison Street Police Station. I slipped into an alley, dodged through to another street, and lost the Juvenile Court officer in a minute.

That night I went to Kansas City—I had money enough to pay my way and quite a bit more. Here I applied again for a job as train butcher, and got it, despite my youth, which I did not conceal. I looked like a boy who could sell stuff on a train.

My first run was from Kansas City to Omaha; then from Kansas City to Dallas; then from New Orleans to El Paso. On these three runs, with a few temporary shiftings to other routes, I spent five years. My earnings averaged from ten to fifteen dollars a week and my savings grew steadily. Nor did I deteriorate into a common tough; for during all these years I had a steady ambition—to become a railroad man. To gain this end, I perceived, I must maintain a certain standard of character and ability. The railroads were not hiring drunks and hoboes.

When I was eighteen years old an unexpected chance bobbed up—one of those opportunities that are not opportunities at all unless one seizes them with lightning-like decision and judgment. My train, westbound transcontinental express, number one, had been laid out one afternoon by a freight wreck west of San Antonio. As night came on everybody grew impatient and the conductor said harsh things about the wrecking crew. He had made two or three trips ahead to a little telegraph station two miles up the line, and he didn't feel like walking it again; nevertheless he wanted to kick to headquarters about the inadequacy of the wrecking equipment. I volunteered to act as messenger.

An Unexpected Opportunity

IT WAS dark when I reached the shanty that did duty as a telegraph office—for the place was little more than a water stop. It was called at that time Saw Switch, because the siding was short and freight trains frequently had to "saw" by each other when they met there. Aside from the shanties of the section men and a few other railroad structures, Saw Switch was not worth mentioning.

As I came abreast of the telegraph shanty I noticed a light engine standing on the sidetrack. She was alive, but there was nobody visible round her. I paused a moment to look her over; then I went into the depot, so called, and delivered the conductor's written message for the wire.

I was waiting there for the answer to come from division headquarters when suddenly the operator jumped to his feet. For a minute he stood bending over his instrument, listening with rapt attention to the rapid clicking; then with an exclamation of excitement he tore out of the door and up the track.

Of course I ran after him to see what was doing. A hundred yards to the west was a switch, and as I caught up with the operator I saw him seize the handle-bar and throw over the target.

"There's a wild engine tearing down here from Miller's," he panted. "She'll be here in less than five minutes if she

The Engine Gave a Lurch Toward the Onrushing Destroyer

keeps the track that long. I've headed her into this switch." A second later he exclaimed, half incoherently: "Great guns! I forgot about Jim Dudley's engine down there on the siding. Jim and his fireman are getting supper over in one of those shanties!"

"Get the engine out as quick as you can!" I advised. "There's no use making junk of both engines."

The operator was off to get the engineer almost before I had spoken. While I waited I walked back toward the light engine, speculating on what would happen when the runaway arrived. My heart was going pretty fast. But a minute later I heard a rumbling noise on the rails, and turning quickly I saw the gleam of the wild engine's headlight on the steel.

Now there wasn't much time to think things over. I knew the crazy monster would tear into that siding within a minute and destroy herself. She might tumble off the track before she hit the other engine; she might not. At all events I resolved to save this great machine if I could. In a twinkling I was up in the cab. I had fooled round locomotives more or less, but I really knew almost nothing about their mechanism. However I had sense enough to seize the throttle and yank it open.

To my horror, the engine gave a lurch toward the onrushing destroyer. I shut her off quickly and threw over the reverse lever; then I opened the throttle again and we backed toward the main track.

Of course I knew I could not get out of the siding without dismounting and throwing another switch, and for this there was no time.

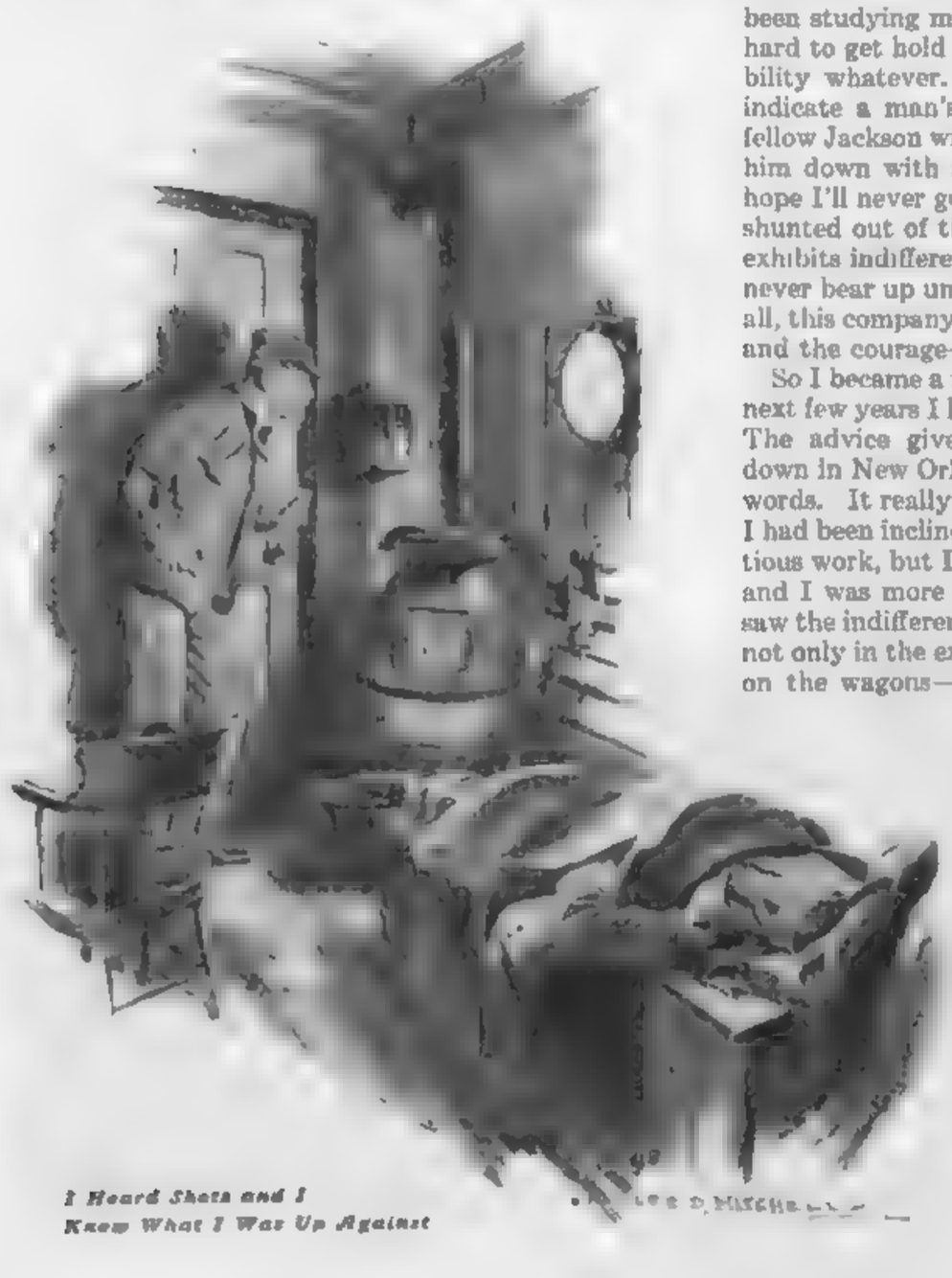
All I could do was to back her down as far as I could, stop her, and get ready to jump. I did jump a moment later as I saw the wild engine careen toward the siding and plunge into the air, it seemed to me, like a ball of fire.

Two Quick Promotions

WELL, I had saved the light engine—by deciding quickly and assuming the initiative in a time of emergency. That's the point I think I ought to emphasize here. The men who are most in demand are the ones who can stand up under responsibility and be counted on to do the right thing without depending on somebody else.

I am very sure, I say, that my own advancement from time to time has been due to this faculty of doing things without being told. The operator down at Saw Switch might have run the engine back himself instead of going after Dudley to do it, when the available time was so short. But he lacked the nerve and decision—and I got the promotion.

The railroad company gave me a job as baggageman on a branch run; it was one of those combination runs where the express messenger and baggageman are combined. The express company paid part of my wages. Thus I stood at the forks of the road, one branch leading into railroad work proper and the other into the semi-railroad express field. Either offered me opportunities, but it happened to be the latter path I traveled.



I Heard Shots and I Knew What I Was Up Against

One day, two years later, I was routed out of bed in New Orleans after a night run and ordered to go out on the Texas express, taking the place of a baggageman who was sick. We carried a very heavy load of express and baggage, including a lot of theatrical trunks, so that two cars were needed to hold the stuff. Out near the Texas border I smelled a box running hot under my car and notified the conductor. He stopped the train at a little station, where some defect in the journal made it necessary to cut out the car and leave it on a siding.

This, of course, necessitated the transfer of as much stuff as we could jam into the forward car. The head brakeman was called on to help, but he and the other messenger were free with their growls and complaints—and quite as free with the liberties they took in handling the stuff.

Now these trunks, satchels and packages in my car were in my personal charge, and I felt responsible, no matter who handled them.

"Look out for that grip, Jim!" I shouted to the forward messenger as he hurled a valise out of the car and let it tumble off the truck to the ground. "Don't handle my stuff that way!" I protested. "Go easy there, fellows; this isn't rubber you're tossing!"

"Who cares what it is!" he retorted as he let a trunk drop with a crash. "It ain't mine, is it?"

"Well, it's mine for the time being," I told him, "and I won't stand for having it smashed." I was getting mad, you see. If Jim Jackson wanted to smash his own stuff I had no authority to prevent it, but I didn't mean to let him do it to mine.

The next moment, however, he hurled out a fat carpetbag with some profane remarks I'll not repeat. The bag missed the truck altogether and landed in the ditch, in which the water was kneedeep. It sank out of sight.

Just at that moment I chanced to see the division superintendent of the express company watching us from the platform near by. When he saw the carpetbag go into the ditch he came over and expressed himself in a forcible way. Jackson got down and fished out the bag, all covered with slime; but the superintendent sent him back to his own car and told him to sit down. Then he took off his coat—the superintendent did—and helped transfer the rest of the load.

A day or two later I was called to the express company's office in New Orleans. Up to that time I had been on the railroad company's payroll and subject to its orders. The express company settled with the railroad for its share of my wages on combination runs.

"I'd like to have you work for us exclusively," the division superintendent now told me. "I like your get-up and I believe you have the moral courage to stand up for the right way of doing things, even among a lot of reckless devils who never feel any sense of responsibility. I've been studying men a good many years, and I've found it hard to get hold of chaps who have any sense of responsibility whatever. It's the little things, Trueblood, that indicate a man's character and capabilities. Now that fellow Jackson will never amount to anything. I've swung him down with a red flag already—fired him bodily. I hope I'll never get a glimpse of his tail-lights again. He's shunted out of the express service for good. A man who exhibits indifference to the little duties of a small job will never bear up under the larger duties of a big job. Above all, this company wants men with a sense of responsibility, and the courage—physical and moral—to back it up."

So I became a regular express messenger, and during the next few years I had some of the heaviest runs in the West. The advice given me by that division superintendent down in New Orleans helped me more than I can put into words. It really blazed the way for me to advancement. I had been inclined naturally toward earnest and conscientious work, but I realized now the vital importance of it—and I was more ambitious than ever to rise. Yet I still saw the indifferent, reckless men all round me. They were not only in the express cars but in the various local offices, on the wagons—everywhere. The man who is weak in his sense of responsibility shows up plainly enough, whether he runs on a train or is a billing clerk at home.

I ran out of New Orleans for a time, and then was shifted back to Kansas City, to take the route of a messenger who had been wounded by train robbers down in the Indian Territory. This man was a little chap named Graham, who afterward rose very rapidly in the express service and was sent to Europe by one of the big companies as a continental agent. He was not over five feet seven, but he had the courage of a lion; and it was his nerve that sent him up from the ranks. Like the rest of us, he was under bond; but he was one of those

He Tore Out of the Door and Up the Track

men with whom a bond is superfluous. Even in the days when he and I were messengers together he stood out from the common lot like a red bull's-eye alongside the track on a dark night. It was easy for any man with perception to see that Graham was destined to be an executive.

I remember one night in particular when Graham's character asserted itself. He was only my helper at that time and he hadn't been in the service long.

We had pulled out of La Junta with two bodies aboard. One was that of a poor chap who had got his final signal call up in a mine somewhere above; the other was that of a laborer, killed in some drunken fracas. Well, the head brakeman of our train was a husky brute whom we called Red, for his hair. He carried two hundred pounds, but had mighty little ethical sensibility. There were few stops between La Junta and Trinidad and Red was in the habit of sleeping, on and off, in the express car.

He came in on this particular night, and, seeing the burial boxes, promptly dragged one alongside the other, tossed some blankets on them, and stretched himself out for a snooze, meanwhile voicing unorthodox views concerning the dead.

I was about to order him off myself when little Graham got the start of me.

"You sacrilegious dog—get off those coffins!" he commanded. "You'll be dead yourself some day."

Red grunted and pretended to snore, but Graham buried both hands in his great mop of brick-colored hair and dragged him to the floor, big as he was. Red was furious and said he'd make a grease-spot of Graham, but when he got a stove poker across the head he changed his mind.

Graham knew what was right and wasn't afraid to fight for it. He was a companionable fellow, but he was deeply in earnest so far as his job was concerned.

I could tell you many, many incidents illuminating the rise of Phil Graham; but I set out to tell my own story, not his. One winter I was running on a long route between Kansas City and Albuquerque when an event took place that gave me a big boost. In a way Graham's example inspired me in this occurrence. The influence of a brave and capable man reaches farther than he dreams oftentimes.

It was a bitter night in January and I had an extra-hot fire in my stove. Even then the express car was cold and drafty; express cars, you know, are not noted for luxury. In those long-ago days they were scarcely more comfortable than freight cars.

We were out in Kansas, westbound. I had a helper, Pins Haven—we called him that because of his length—and we were busy checking up our run until two o'clock in the morning. When we finished I told Pins to turn in.

"Fix up a bunk as close to the stove as possible," I advised—"only don't get too close, for she's red-hot. Better put my ulster over you, too, on top of your blanket."

Pins drew some boxes alongside the glowing heater and rigged up a cot that was anything but luxurious. Just before he dropped off to sleep he remarked with a laugh:

"Call me if the road-agents get after you, Trueblood."

There had been several train robberies about the country within a year or two, but I wasn't much worried. You know one never looks for lightning to hit him. I lighted my pipe, put more coal in the stove, and sat down to look over my waybills again. The train was pounding along pretty fast and there wasn't another stop scheduled for fifty minutes.

(Concluded on Page 34)

HOLIDAYS—By Irvin S. Cobb

COMPLAINT is constantly being made that, as a nation, we do not celebrate our holidays in a rational manner. This is undoubtedly true. If we celebrated them rationally they would not be holidays. Things of a rational nature are rarely of a festive nature. Take common-sense shoes, now, or health foods, or sanitary underwear; take those reforms in woman's dress that spring up from time to time and make some women look like men and some men look like thunder—all these things are rational in the extreme, but they do not partake of a holidaying aspect.

In regard to our holidays, also, some persons insist that we already have too many; they, as a rule, are the ones who pay out salaries. Others think we have not nearly enough, and they are frequently those who draw salaries. But to one standing at the end of the year, looking back on the holidays of the past twelve months or else looking forward to the holidays of the ensuing twelve, it seems as though we have just exactly enough holidays to suit every taste. To be sure, we haven't so many as Robinson Crusoe had on his desert island. Except on Friday's Thursdays out, I judge every day was Sunday to Crusoe. Nor do we have so many as our friends the Mexicans, to the south of us. According to what I hear, there's hardly a day in the year that isn't a saint's day down there; and here lately all the vacant dates practically have been filled in with the other national pastime of revoluting, thus providing constant entertainment for the humble peon and his wife, the dusky peonola, and all his little peanuteitas. In parts of Mexico, so they tell me, almost the only thing a native won't put off until tomorrow is a holiday. One gathers that among those people holy men have occurred almost as numerously as a certain other class among us—one being born every minute and sometimes twins, as the late P. T. Barnum once remarked.

Beginning at the beginning, we find in the way of holidays in our own country New Year's to start with—New Year's, the day of good resolutions. They are good resolutions too. Most of us do not keep them long enough for them to begin to spoil on us. The idea of keeping a resolution hanging round the home until it gets rancid and moldy is abhorrent to many of our best people.

In the smaller cities on New Year's Eve watch services are held in the churches. In the larger cities, too, notably in New York and Chicago, great numbers of people annually watch the old year out and the new year in, but they go to the cafés and restaurants to do so. It is necessary also to watch the waiters, who have a happy little way of adding the date into the sum total of one's bill. The task of trying to watch the old year out and the waiter at the same time has been known to bring on attacks of a peculiar goggle-eyed complaint, causing thickness of speech, and followed the next morning by headaches and aversion to solid food.

Colonel Corbett's Meadow Lark

IN MANY places, so I hear, the old fashion of having New Year's Day receptions still prevails. This was one of the quaint customs of our forefathers—not rational exactly, but exhilarating up to a certain point. In the best of health and spirits a man would start out to pay a round of New Year's calls. At each stopping-point there would be a large bowl of punch brewed according to a family recipe and each visitor was supposed to sample the product. Unless he had the carrying capacity of a tank steamer this would eventually wear down his powers of resistance. He would leave his good resolutions at one house, his umbrella at another and a series of hiccups at another, and so on, until often he would lose the power of coherent utterance altogether. Then he would load himself into a hack, which immediately became a merry-go-round, and he would travel several hundred miles in a circular manner while going home.

I remember distinctly one brand of New Year's Day punch that was famous all over our part of Kentucky, and had even been heard of favorably across the Tennessee line. The secret of its composition was held sacred by a gentleman belonging to an old Virginia family. It had been handed down from one generation to another since away back before the Revolutionary War; in fact, there was a belief that it had something to do with bringing on the Revolution. So far as I recall, it was never known by any other name than Colonel Corbett's Punch; but it should have been called the Meadow Lark. One cup of it would make a strong man sit down on the damp ground and sing by the hour, and after the second cup a person has been known to climb upon a roof and try to fly off. The colonel only served this punch once a year on New Year's Day. So among us January first was, as the saying goes, a red-letter day; but January second frequently had a mourning border round it.

Skipping over Saint Valentine's Day—a movement in which the postman would gladly join us but, owing to the postal regulations, can't—we come to Washington's Birthday, which is generally observed by the banks closing, so that if you have a note coming due February twenty-second you pay it February twenty-third. I presume we will always celebrate Washington's Birthday, because Washington was the Father of His Country—and that is certainly something worthy to be remembered, even though fathers do not stand quite so high in the community as they did before woman's suffrage began to get such a hold. Sometimes it seems to me that fathers are rapidly going out of style in this country. The thought is very discouraging to one whose sex is against his being anything else.

Easter, originally a movable religious feast, is now shared in extensively by the dressmakers, the milliners and the florists. The Easter parade on Fifth Avenue is a very notable event. For many years the New York papers have been trying to think up something new to print about the Fifth Avenue Easter parade, but a hasty perusal of the back files will show that they have had very poor luck along this line.

Spring is expected to come along about Easter, but in this climate it is frequently delayed by ice on the rails. Poets used to welcome spring, but among us that job is now intrusted to the official weather bureau, whose outburst on this subject, beginning, "Hail, gentle spring—and also rain and snow!" is well known to all.

Thus by easy stages we come to May Day, in connection with which one of Lord Tennyson's most touching and tiresome poems was written, but which is not otherwise conspicuous; and after that the next holiday is the glorious Fourth!

Thanks to recent crusades, the celebration of the Fourth has been put on a safe and sane basis; but, like most of the things that become safe and sane, it is not so exciting as it once was. Until very lately the youth of our nation was encouraged to believe that the Fourth could be properly celebrated only through the medium of loud sounds, the original Fourth having made considerable noise in the world at the time. It was customary for small boys to sacrifice as much of their cuticles as could be spared conveniently in commemoration of the nation's natal day, and even grown men were accustomed to fire off cannon crackers and a few casual fingers and thumbs and things, to celebrate the fact that all of us have been freed from the British yoke with the exception of the misguided persons who insist on wearing London-made clothes. And in the evening—oh, say, you could see by the rocket's red glare that only a few of little William's eyelashes were still there! You could also see this by the light of somebody's house burning up.

Except in certain isolated cases, all this has been reformed. On the Fourth we have patriotic parades and picnics and the thermometer generally registers up to about one hundred and one in the shade. It is also customary for the people to gather in public places and listen to the reading of the Declaration of Independence by a candidate for county attorney. This I regard as a good thing. If kept up long enough the annual reading of that immortal document will serve to correct the impression, so prevalent among a lot of people who are learning to use the typewriter, that the opening line of the Declaration of Independence is: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party!"

Vacation Days by Purling Brooks

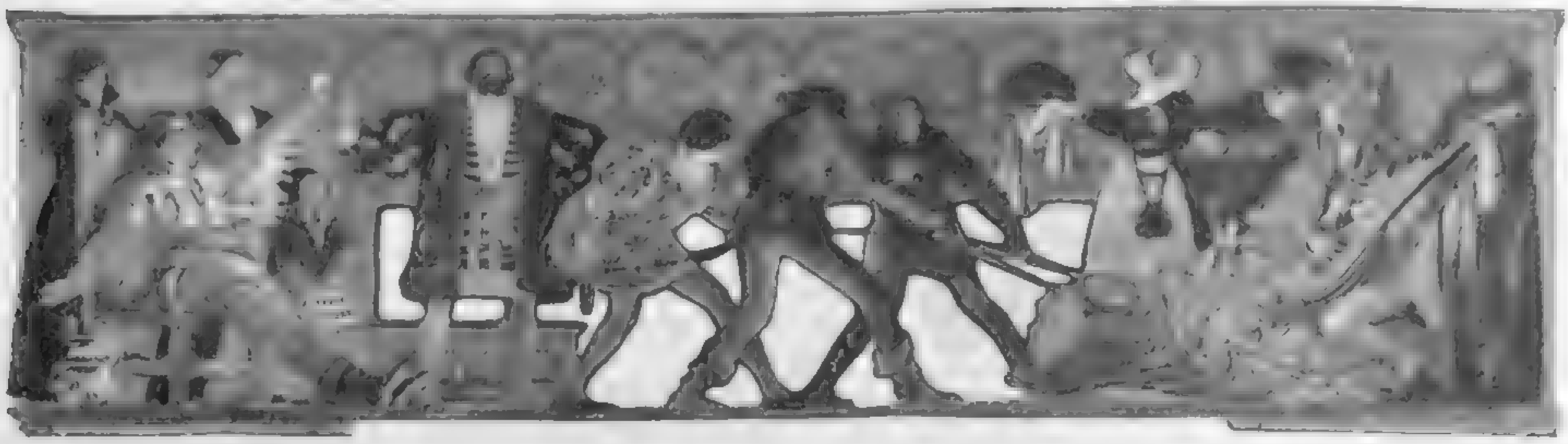
FIREWORKS displays on the evening of the Fourth now follow a given program and are intrusted to the hands of experts. This plan, which was also inaugurated lately, has been found conducive to a larger juvenile population, but does not appeal particularly to the very young among us. The prospect of becoming one of the set pieces himself is what makes a fireworks show particularly attractive to a small boy. He doesn't seem to care so much for seeing a skyrocket touched off unless there is a chance of his accompanying it part of the way. But in other respects the revised Fourth appears to be giving general satisfaction, except possibly among the manufacturers of artificial limbs and those persons who make a specialty of training terriers to lead blind persons round.

Some of the leading authorities on this subject would not, I know, list vacation among our national holidays, but personally I think that is where it belongs. Vacation is undoubtedly the most nationally observed holiday we have. The great majority of us spend weeks in the early part of the summer getting ready for vacation and weeks in the latter part of the summer getting over it. It generally happens, also, that if we go to the seashore we long for the mountains; and if we go to sojourn a season among the purling brooks and bosky dells we get tired of paying out our good money for mountain scenery—each purl a dime, each bosk two bits, as the poet says—and wish that we had pitched our figurative tents within harkening distance of the sounding sea. Taking a vacation is the act of going to a place you do not like and then getting yourself all tired out while resting up.

Nevertheless, speaking personally, I wish to say that vacation has been worth a great deal to me. Merely going about from one summer hotel to another has taught me things about human nature I never knew before. I'm very fond of studying types. Studying types amounts to a fad with me, and there are certain types that my experience has taught me are to be found only at summer hotels. I don't know where they keep them the rest of the year—perhaps at the Smithsonian Institution, among the private collection of curios. But, beginning early in July and continuing on through August, I am reasonably sure of finding excellent specimens at almost any properly conducted summer resort.

There is the romantically inclined lady of, one would say, about thirty-eight summers and about half that many shampoos, who has the high-water mark of 1884 on her front teeth and does up her back hair with an eggbeater, and who craves to find a soul sympathetically attuned to her own, when what she really needs most is a trip to the dentist's. There is the lady enjoying poor health, who

(Continued on Page 45)



THE LITTLE EOHIPPUS

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

Jeff Waved His Hand and Was Gone

other side know him either? By jinks, you hike out o' this after breakfast and send for some grown-up men. I want part of that reward—and I'm going to have it! Look here!" He turned blackly to Gurdon. "Are you sure that Bransford, or any one else, came in here at all yesterday, or did you dream it? Or was it all a damfool kid joke? Look here! I worked like a dog yesterday. If you had me and don't shoot your pardner when he comes back." Gurdon brought back the sorrel horse and the saddle, thereby allaying Mr. Long's wrathful mistrust that the whole affair was a practical joke.

"'I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!'" said Rex triumphantly, and watched the working of his test with a jealous eye.

Long knew his Alice. "'But it was the best butter,'" he said. He surveyed the sorrel horse; his eye brightened. "We'll whack up that blood-money yet," he announced confidently. "Now I'm going to walk over to the south side and get one of those fellows to ride sign round the mountain. You boys can sleep, turn and turn about, till I get back. Then I want Steele to go to Escondido and wire up to Arcadia that we've got our bear by the tail and want help to turn him loose, and tell Pappy Saunders to send me out some grub or I'll skin him. Pappy's putting up for the mine, you know. I'll stay here and keep an eye on Griffith." He gave that luckless warrior a jeering look.

"Why don't you ride one of our horses?" said Gurdon.

"Want to keep 'em fresh. Then if Bransford gets out over the cliffs you can run him down like a mad dog," said Tobe. "Besides, if I ride a fresh horse in here he'll maybe shoot me to get the horse; and if he could catch you lads away from shelter maybe so he'd make a dash for it, a-shootin'. See here! If I was dodgin' in here like him—know what I'd do? I'd just shoot a few lines on general principles to draw you away from the gates. Then if you went in to see about it he'd either kill you if he had to or slip out if you give him the chance. You just stay right here, whatever happens. Keep under shelter and keep your horses right by you. We got him bottled up and we won't draw the cork till the sheriff comes. I'll tell 'em to do the same way at the other end. I won't take any gun with me and I'll stick to the big main road. That way Bransford won't feel no call to shoot me. Likely he's 'way up in the cliffs anyhow."

"Ride the sorrel horse then, why don't you? He isn't lame enough to hurt much, but he's lame enough that Bransford won't want him." Thus Mr. Griffith, again dissimulating. Every detail of Mr. Long's plan forestalled suspicion. That these measures were calculated to disarm suspicion now occurred to Griffith's stubborn mind—for he had a stubborn mind; the morning's coffee had cleared it of cobwebs, and it clung more tenaciously than ever to the untenable and thrice-exploded theory that Long and Bransford were one and inseparable, now and forever.

He meditated an ungenerous scheme for vindication and, to that end, wished Mr. Long to ride the sorrel horse; for Mr. Long, if he were indeed the murderer—as, of course, he was—would indubitably, upon some plausible pretext, attempt to pass the guards at the farther end of the trip, where was no clear-eyed Griffith on guard. What more plausible than a modification of the plan already rehearsed—to tell the warders that Griffith had sent him to telegraph to the sheriff? Let him once pass those warders on any pretext! That would be final betrayal, for all his shrewdness! There was no possibility that Long and Bransford

VII

WHEN the sun peeped over Rainbow Range Captain Griffith bent over Tobe Long's bed. His eyes were aching, burned and sunken; the lids twitched; his face was haggard and drawn—but he had arrived at an unalterable decision. This thing could not and should not go on. His brain reeled now—another such night would entitle him to state protection.

He shook Mr. Long roughly.

"See here! I believe you're Bransford himself!"

Thus taken off his guard, Long threw back the bedding, rose to one elbow, still half asleep, and reached for his shoes, laughing and yawning alternately. Then, as he woke up a little more, he saw a better way to dress, dropped the shoes and unfurled his pillow—which by day he wore as overalls. Fumbling behind him, where the pillow had lain, he found a much-soiled handkerchief and tenderly dabbed at his swollen eye.

"Bit of steel in my eye from a drill-head," he explained. "Jiminy, but it's sore!"

Plainly he took the accusation as a pleasantry calling for no answer.

"I mean it! I'm going to keep you under guard!" said Captain Griffith bitingly.

Poor, sleepy Tobe, halfway into his overalls, stared up at Mr. Griffith; his mouth dropped open—he was quite at a loss for words. The captain glared back at him. Tobe kicked the overalls off and cuddled back into bed.

"Bully!" he said. "Then I won't have to get breakfast!"

Gurdon Steele sat up in bed, a happy man. His eye gave Mr. Long a discreetly confidential look, as of one who restrains himself, out of instinctive politeness, from a sympathetic and meaningful tap of one's forehead. A new thought struck Mr. Long. He reached over behind Steele for the rifle at the bed's edge and thrust it into the latter's hands.

"Here, Boy Scout! Watch me!" he whispered. "Don't let me escape while I sleep a few lines! I'm Bransford!"

Gurdie rubbed his eyes and giggled.

"Don't mind Rex. That's the worst of this pipe habit. You never can tell how they'll break out next."

"Yes, laugh, you blind bat!" said Rex bitterly. "I've got him all the same, and I'm going to keep him while you go to Escondido!" His rifle was tucked under his arm; he patted the barrel significantly.

It slowly dawned upon Mr. Long that Captain Griffith was not joking after all, and an angry man was he. He sat up in bed.

"Oh, piffle! Oh, pickled moonshine! If I'm Bransford what the deuce am I doing here? Why, you was both asleep! I could 'a' shot your silly heads off and you'd 'a' never woke up. You make me tired!"

"Don't mind him, Long. He'll feel better when he takes a nap," said Gurd joyfully. "He has poor spells like this and he misses his nurse. We always make allowances for him."

Mr. Long's indignation at last overcame his politeness, and in his wrath he attacked friend and foe indiscriminately.

"Do you mean to tell me you two puling infants are out hunting down a man you never saw? Don't the men at the stand guard three hours, tired as I was, for nothing, there's going to be more to it. What kind of a sack-and-snipe trick is this anyway? You just come one at a time and I'll lick the stuffin' out o' both o' you! I ain't feelin' like any schoolboy pranks just now."

"No, no; that part's all straight. Bransford's in there all right," protested Gurdon. "If you hadn't been working in the tunnel you'd have seen him when he went by. Here's the note he left. And his horse and saddle are up at the spring. We left the horse there because he was lame and about all in. Bransford can't get away on him. Rex is just excited—that's all's the matter with him. Hankering for glory! I told him last night not to make a driveling idiot of himself."

Long glanced at the note contemptuously. "Anybody could 'a' wrote that! How am I to know this thing ain't some more of your funny streaks? You take these horses to water and bring back Bransford's horse and saddle, and then I'll know what to believe. Be dam' sure you bring them, too, or we'll go to producing glory right here—great gobs and chunks of it! You Griffith! put down that gun or I'll knock your fool head off! I'm takin' charge of this outfit now, and don't you forget it! And I don't want no maniac wanderin' round me with a gun. You go to gatherin' up wood as fast as ever God'll let you!"

"Say, I was mistaken," said the deposed leader, thoroughly convinced once more. "But you do look like Bransford, you know."

"Look like your grandmother's left hind foot!" sneered Long. "My eyes is brown and so's Bransford's. Outside o' that ——"

"No, but you do, a little," said his ally, Steele. "I noticed it myself last night. Not much, but still there's a resemblance. Poor Cap Griffith just let his nerves and imagination run away with him—that's all."

Long sniffed. "Funny I never heard of it before," he said. He was somewhat mollified, nevertheless; and while cooking breakfast he received very graciously a stammered and half-hearted apology from young Mr. Griffith, now reduced to the ranks. "Oh, that's all right, kid. But say—you be careful

He Acquired Alice in Wonderland and Thrust It Into the Bosom of His Shirt

could complete their escape on that lame sorrel. He would not be allowed to get much of a start—just enough to betray himself. Then he, Griffith, would bring them back in triumph.

It was a good scheme: all things considered it reflected great credit upon Mr. Griffith's imagination. As in Poe's game of "Odd or Even," where you must outguess your opponent and follow his thought, Mr. Rex Griffith had guessed correctly in every respect. Such, indeed, had been Mr. Long's plan. Only Rex did not guess quite often enough. Mr. Long had guessed just one layer deeper—namely, that Mr. Griffith would follow his thought correctly and also follow him. Therefore Mr. Long switched again. It was a bully game—better than poker. Mr. Long enjoyed it very much.

Just as Rex expected, Tobe allowed himself to be overpersuaded and rode the sorrel horse. He renamed the sorrel horse Goldie on the spot, saddled him awkwardly, mounted in like manner, and rode into the shadowy depths of Double Mountain.

Once he was out of sight Mr. Griffith followed, despite the angry protest of Mr. Steele—alleging falsely that he was going to try for a deer.

Tobe rode slowly up the crooked and brush-lined cañon. Behind him, cautiously hidden, came Griffith, the hawk-eyed avenger—waiting at each bend until Mr. Long had passed the next one, for closer observation of how Mr. Long bore himself in solitude.

Mr. Long bore himself most disappointingly. He rode slowly and awkwardly, scanning with anxious care the hillsides before him—not once did he look back lest he should detect Mr. Griffith. Near the summit the Goldie horse shied and jumped. It was only one little jump, whereunto Goldie had been previously instigated by Mr. Long's thumb "thumbing" a horse, as done by one conversant with equine anatomy, produces surprising results—but it caught Mr. Long unawares and tumbled him in the dust.

Mr. Long sat in the sand and rubbed his shoulder: Goldie turned and looked down at him in unqualified astonishment. Mr. Long then cursed Mr. Bransford's sorrel horse; he cursed Mr. Bransford for bringing the sorrel horse; he cursed himself for riding the sorrel horse; he cursed Mr. Griffith with one last, longest, heartfelt, crackling, hair-raising, comprehensive and masterly curse for having persuaded him to ride the sorrel horse. Then he tied the sorrel horse to a bush and hobbled on afoot, saying it all over backward.

The Horses Were Unwilling to Enter the Circle of Firelight

Poor Griffith experienced the most intense mortification—except one—of his life. This was conclusive. Bransford was reputed the best rider on Rainbow. This was Long. He was convinced positively, finally and irrevocably. He did not even follow Mr. Long to the other side of Double Mountain, but turned back to camp, keeping a sharp eye out for traces of the real Bransford; to no effect. It was only by chance—a real chance—that, clambering on the gatepost cliffs to examine a curious whorl of gneiss, he happened to see Mr. Long as he returned. Mr. Long came afoot, leading the sorrel horse. Just before he came within sight of camp he led the horse up beside a boulder, climbed clumsily into the saddle, clutched the saddlehorn and so rode into camp. The act was so natural a one that Griffith, already convinced, was convinced again—the more so because Long preserved a discreet silence as to the misadventure with the sorrel horse.

Mr. Long reported profanely that the men on the other side had also been disposed to arrest him, and had been dissuaded with difficulty.

"So I guess I must look some like Bransford, though I would never 'a' guessed it. Reckon nobody knows what they really look like. Chances are a feller wouldn't know himself if he met himself in the road. That squares you, kid. No hard feelings?"

"Not a bit. I certainly thought you were, you know, at first," said Griffith.

"Well, the black-eyed one—Stone—he's coming round on the west side now, cutting sign. You be all ready to start for Escondido as soon as he gets here, Gurd. Say, you don't want to wait for the sheriff if he's up on Rainbow. You wire a lot of your friends to come on the train at nine o'clock tonight. Sheriff can come when he gets back. There ain't but a few horses at Escondido. You get Pappy Saunders to send your gang out in a wagon—such as can't find horses."

"Better take in both of ours, Gurd," said Griffith. He knew Long was all right, as has been said, but he also was newly persuaded of his own fallibility. He had been mistaken about Long being Bransford; therefore he might be mistaken about Long being Long. In this spirit of humility he made the suggestion recorded above, and was grieved that Long indorsed it.

"And I want you to do two errands for me, kid. You give this to Pappy Saunders—the little storekeeper, you know"—here he produced the little eohippus from his pocket—"and tell him to send it to a jeweler for me and get a hole bored in it so it'll balance. Want to use it for a watch-charm when I get a watch. And if we pull off this Bransford affair I'll have me a watch. Now don't you lose that! It's turquoise—worth a heap o' money. Besides, he's a lucky little horse."

"I'll put him in my pocketbook," said Gurdon.

"Better give him to Pappy first off, else you're liable to forget about him, he's so small. Then you tell Pappy to send me out some grub. I won't make out no bill. He's grubstakin' the mine; he'll know what to send. You just tell him I'm about out of patience. Tell him I want about everything there is, and want it quick; and a jar for sour dough—I broke mine. And get some newspapers." He hesitated perceptibly. "See here, boys, I hate to mention this; but old Pappy, him and this Jeff Bransford is purty good friends: I reckon Pappy won't much like it to furnish grub for you while you're puttin' the kibosh on Jeff. You better get some of your own. You see how it is, don't you? 'Tain't like it was my chuck."

Stone came while they saddled. He spoke apart with Griffith as to Mr. Long and a certain favor he bore to the escaped bank-robber; but Griffith, admitting his own self-deception in that line, outlined the history of the past unhappy night. Stone, who had suffered only a slight misgiving, was fully satisfied.

As Steele started for the railroad Mr. Stone set out to complete the circuit of Double Mountain, in the which he found no runaway tracks. And Griffith and Long, sleeping alternately—especially Griffith—kept faithful ward over the gloomy gate of Double Mountain.

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Just after dark a horseman with a led horse came jogging round the mountain on the trail from Escondido. On the led horse was a pack bound rather slouchily, not to a packsaddle but to an old riding saddle. The horses were unwilling to enter the circle of firelight, so the rider drew rein just beyond—a slender and boyish rider with a flopping wide-brimmed hat too large for him.

"Oh, look who's here!" said Tobe, as one who greets an unexpected friend.

"Hello, Tobe! Here's your food, grub, chuck and provisions! Got your outlaw yet? Them other fellows will be out along toward midnight." He went on without waiting for an answer: "Put me on your payroll. Pappy said I was to go to work—and if you was going to quit work to hunt down his friend you'd better quit for good. Lead on to your little old mine. I don't know where it is, even."

"I'll go up and unpack, Rex," said Tobe; "but of course I'm not going to lose my part of that five thousand. Pappy's foolin'. He's gettin' old. I'll be back after a while and bring down the papers."

Chatting of the trapped outlaw, the Ophir men climbed the zigzag to the mine. To Griffith, their voices dwindled to an indistinct murmur; a light glowed through the tent on the dump.

The stranger pressed into Jeff's hand something small and hard—the little eohippus. "Here's your little old token. Pappy caught on right away and sent me along. Let's get this pack off and get out of here. Do we have to go down the same trail again?"

"Oh, no," said Jeff. "There's a wood-trail leads round the mountain to the east. Who're you? I don't know you."

"Charley Gibson. Pappy knows me. I'm O. K. Time enough to explain when we've made a clean getaway."

"You're dam'right there," Jeff said. "That boy down yonder is nobody's fool. I'll light a candle in the tent and he'll think I'm reading the newspapers. That'll hold him a while."

"I'll be going on down the trail," said Gibson. "This way, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's the one. All right. Go slow and don't make any more noise than you can help."

Jeff would have liked his own proper clothing and effects, but there was no time for resuscitation. Lighting the candle, he acquired Alice in Wonderland and thrust it into the bosom of his shirt. It had been years since last he read that admirable work; his way now led either to hiding or to jail—and, with Alice to share his fate, he felt equal to either fortune. He left the candle burning.

"If he didn't hear our horses coming down we're a little bit of all right," said Jeff as he rejoined his rescuer on the level. "Even if he does he may think we've gone to hobble 'em—only he'd think we ought to water 'em first. Now for the way of the transgressor—to Old Mexico. This little desert'll be one busy place tomorrow!"

They circled Double Mountain, making a wide détour to avoid rough going, and riding at a hard gallop until, behind and to their right, a red spark of fire came into view from behind a hitherto intervening shoulder, marking where Stone and Harlow held the southward pass.

Jeff drew rein and bore off obliquely toward the road at an easy trot.

"They're there yet. So that's all right!" he said. "They've just put on fresh wood. I saw it flame up just then." He was in high feather. He began to laugh, or, more accurately, he resumed his laughter, for he had been too mirthful for much speech. "That poor devil Griffith will wait and fidget and stew! He'll think I'm in the tent, reading the newspapers—reading about the Arcadian bank robbery likely. He'll wait a while, then he'll yell at me. Then he'll think we've gone to hobble the horses. He won't want to leave the Gap unguarded. He won't know what to think. Finally he'll go up to the mine and see that pack piled off any which way, and no saddles. Then he'll know, but he won't know what to do. He'll think we're for Old Mexico, but he won't know it. And it's too dark to track us. Oh, my stars, but I bet he'll be mad!"

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Which shows that we all make mistakes. Mr. Griffith, though young, was of firm character, as has been lightly intimated. He waited a reasonable time to allow for paper-reading, then he waited a little longer and shouted; but when there was no answer he knew precisely what had happened: he had not been a fool at all, whatever Steele and Bransford had assured him, and he was a bigger fool to have allowed himself to be persuaded that he had been. It is true that he didn't know what was best to do, but he knew exactly what he was going to do—and did it promptly. Seriously annoyed, he spurred through Double Mountain.

gathered up Stone and Harlow, and followed the southward road. Bransford had been on the way to Old Mexico he was on that road still; Griffith put everything on the one bold cast. While the others saddled he threw fresh fuel on the fire, with a rankling memory of the candle in the deserted tent and Hannibal at Saint Jo. For the first time Griffith had the better of the long battle of wits: that armful of fuel slowed Jeff from gallop to trot, turned assured victory into a doubtful contest; when the fugitives regained the El Paso road Griffith's vindictive little band was not five miles behind them.

The night was lightly clouded: not so dark but that the pursuers noticed—or thought they noticed—the fresh tracks in the road when they came to them. They stopped, struck matches and confirmed their hopes: two shod horses going south at a smart gait; the dirt was torn up too much for travelers on their lawful occasions. From that moment Griffith urged the chase unmercifully; the fleeing couple, in fancied security, lost ground with every mile.

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"How on earth did you manage it? Didn't they know you?" demanded Gibson as the pace slackened.

"It wasn't me! It was Tobe Long! 'You may not have lived much under the sea, and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster,'" quoted Jeff. Rocking in the saddle, he gave a mirthful résumé of his little evanishment. "And, oh, just think of that candle burning away in that quiet, empty tent! If I could have seen Griffith's face!" he gloated. "Oh me! Oh my! . . . And he was so sure! . . . Say, Gibson, how do you come in this gallery?" As a lone prospector his speech had been fittingly coarse; now, with every mile, he shook off the debasing influence of Mr. Long. "Kettle-washing makes black hands. Aren't you afraid you'll get into trouble?"

"Nobody knows I'm kettle-washing except Pappy Saunders and you," said Gibson. "I was careful not to let your friend see me at the fire."

"I'll do you a good turn sometime," said Jeff. He rode on in silence for a while and presently was leaning over with his hands folded on his horse's neck. In a low and thoughtful voice he half repeated, half chanted to himself:

"Illilleo Legardi, in the garden there alone,
There came to me no murmur of the fountain's undertone—
So mystically, magically mellow as your own!"

Another silence. Then Jeff roused himself, with a start.

"I'll tell you what, Gibson, you'd better cut loose from me. So far as I can see you are only a kid. You don't want to get mixed up in a murder scrape. This would go pretty hard with you if they can prove it on you. Of course I'm awfully obliged to you and all that; but you'd better quit me while the quitting's good."

"Oh, no; I'll see you through," said Gibson lightly. "Besides, I know you had nothing to do with the murder."

"Oh, the hell you do!" said Jeff. "That's kind of you, I'm sure. See here, who sold you your chips anyway? How'd you get in this game?"

"I got in this game, as you put it, because I jolly well wanted to," replied Charley with becoming spirit. "That ought to be reason enough for anything in this country. Nothing against it in the rules—and I don't use the rules anyhow. If you must know—I knew, or at least I'd heard, that your friends were away from Rainbow; so I judged you wouldn't go up there. Then I knew those four amateur Sherlocks—they're in my set in Arcadia. When two of the deerhunters, after starting at two A. M., came back to Arcadia the same morning they left, looking wise and important, and slipped off on the train to Escondido, saying nothing to anyone—and when the other two didn't come home at all—I began to think; went down to the depot, found they had gone to Escondido, and I came on the next train. I found out Pappy was your friend; and when he got your little hurry-up call I volunteered my services, seeing Pappy was too old and not footloose anyhow—with a wife and property. That's the how of it."

"Oh, yes, that's all right; but what makes you think I'm innocent?"

"I know Mr. White, you see. And Mr. White seems to think that at about the time the bank was robbed you were—in a garden!" Charley's voice was edged with faint mockery.

"Huh!" said Jeff, startled out of his composure. "Who is Mr. White?"

"Mr. White is the devil!" said Charley.

At this unexpected disclosure Jeff lashed his horse to a gallop—his spurs, you remember, being certain feet under the Ophir dump—and strove to bring his thoughts to bear upon this new situation. He slowed down and Charley drew up beside him.

"You seem to have stayed quite a while—in a garden," suggested Charley.

"That tongue of yours is going to get you into trouble yet," said Jeff. "You'll never live to be grayheaded."

Charley was not to be daunted.

"Say, Jeff, she's pretty easy to get acquainted with—what? And those eyes of hers—a little on the see-you-later style, aren't they?"

Jeff turned in his saddle.

"Now you look here, Mr. Charley Gibson! I'm under obligations to you, and so on; but I've heard all of that kind of talk that's good—*sabe?*"

"Oh, I know her," persisted Charley. "Know her by heart—know her like a book. She made a fool of me too. She drives 'em single, double, tandem, random and four abreast!"

"You little beast!" Jeff launched his horse at the traducer, but Gibson spurred aside.

"Stop! Now, Jeffy! Easy does it! I've got a gun!"

"Shut your dam' head then! Gun or no gun, don't you take that girl's name in your mouth again, or—— Hark! What's that?"

It was a clatter far behind—a ringing of swift hoofs on hard ground.

"By George, they're coming! Griffith will be a man yet!" said Jeff approvingly. "Come on, kid; we've got to burn the breeze! I suppose that talk of yours is only your dam' fool idea of fun, but I don't like it. Cut it out now and ride like a drunk Indian!" He laughed loud and long. "Think o' that candle, will you?—burning away with a clear, steady flame, and nobody within ten miles of it!"

They raced side by side; but Gibson, heedless of their perilous situation, or perhaps taking advantage of it, took a malicious delight in goading Jeff to madness; and he refused either to be silent or to talk about candles, notwithstanding Jeff's preference for that topic.

"I'm not joking! I'm telling you for your own good." Here the tormentor prudently fell back half a length and raised his voice so as to be heard above the flying feet. "Hasn't she gone back to New York, I'd like to know, and left you to get out of it the best way you can? She could 'a' stayed if she'd wanted to. Don't tell me! Haven't I seen how she bosses her mother round? No, sir! She's willing to let you hang to save herself a little slander—or, more likely, a little talk!"

Jeff whirled his horse to his haunches, but once more Gibson was too quick for him. Gibson's horse was naturally the nimbler of the two, even without the advantage of spurs.

"That's a lie! She was going to tell—she was bound to tell; I made her keep silent. After I jumped out she couldn't well say anything. That's why I jumped. Was I going to make her a target for such vile tongues as yours—for me? You ought to be shot out of a red-hot cannon, through a barbed-wire fence, into hell! You lie, you coward! You know you lie! I'll cram it down your throat, you coward, if you'll get off and throw that gun down!"

"Yah! It's likely I'll put the gun down!" scoffed Gibson. "Ride on, you fool! Do you want to hang? Ride on and keep ahead! Remember I've got the gun!"

"Hanging's not so bad," snarled Jeff. "I'd rather be hung decently than be such a thing as you! Oh, if I just had a gun!"

The sound of pursuit was clearer now; and of course the pursuers could hear the pursued as well.

Jeff rode on, furious at his helplessness. For several miles his tormentor raced behind in silence, fearing, if he persisted longer in his evil course, that Jeff would actually stop and give himself up. They gained now on their pursuers, who had pressed their horses overhard to make up the five-mile handicap.

As they came to a patch of sandy ground they eased the pace somewhat. Charley drew a little closer to Jeff.

"Now don't get mad. I had no idea you thought so much of the girl——"

"Shut up, will you, Gibson!"

"——or I wouldn't have deviled you so. I'll quit. How was I to know you'd stop to fight for her with the very rope round your neck? It's a pity she'll never know about it. . . . You can't have seen her more than two or three times—and Heaven only knows where that was! On that camping trip, I reckon. What kind of a girl is she, anyhow, to hold clandestine interviews with a stranger? . . . She'll write to you by-and-by—a little scented note, with a little stilted, meaningless word of thanks. No, she won't. It'll be gushy: 'Oh, my hero! How can I ever repay you?' She won't let you out of her clutches—anybody, so long as it's a man! Here! None o' that!"

A noose flew back from the darkness. Jeff's horse darted aside and Gibson was jerked sprawling to the sand at a rope's end; hat flew one way, gun another. Jeff ran swiftly to the six-shooter.

Then Came a Sharp Fusillade, Followed by Scattering Shots

(Continued on Page 41)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 21, 1912

The Franking Abuse

UNCLE SAM maintains the largest printing establishment in the world. By a little openfaced subterfuge any member of Congress, or any friend, associate or follower of a member, can have anything he pleases printed there free of cost; and any matter so printed will be carried through the mails gratis.

Does the Lone Elm Bark insinuate that Congressman Jimsonweed carried that village by promising the postmastership to two persons? Under "leave to print," the honorable member enriches the Record with a forty-thousand-word rejoinder, including a genealogy of the Jimsonweed family and the peerless oration on American Destiny he delivered at Lone Elm, July 4, 1896. This precious contribution to history is mailed under frank to every registered voter in the congressman's district.

This year a thoughtful member put into the Record the entire Democratic campaign book, and some tons of it were hauled free of charge in the mails. Republican members have not been less bashful about dead-heading their own campaign literature.

Sixty-one million pounds of franked matter, comprising nearly four per cent of the total weight of mail, was carried last year, and no inconsiderable part of it represented gross abuse of the Congressional franking privilege. By comparison with previous years the Department estimates that in the pre-convention campaign of last spring four thousand tons of political argumentation was carried as first-class mail free of charge under Congressional franks; and this abuse turned what would have been a surplus on postal operations into a deficit. Postage at regular rates on this stuff would have brought the Government over two million dollars. These figures are up to June thirtieth only. In Congress this winter there will be a lot of speeches about economy. We are waiting to hear what any of the speakers may have to say concerning this printing and franking scandal.

Grounds for Divorce

THERE is only one statutory ground for divorce in England. A distinguished royal commission has been studying the subject for some time and recently presented a majority and a minority report upon it. Both reports seem to us equally plausible.

The majority members recommend five new grounds for divorce—namely, desertion for three years; cruelty; incurable insanity after five years' duration; habitual drunkenness continuing for three years after the first order is entered; imprisonment under commuted death sentence. They argue that where any one of those five causes exists the marriage in any true sense has already been destroyed and the law should take cognizance of the fact. That sounds very reasonable.

The minority members contend that marriage should never be dissolved except on the one ground of infidelity to the marriage vow. Make desertion a ground, they say, and many couples who have grown a bit tired of each other, or whose fancies have wandered elsewhere, will separate by collusion. If you make cruelty a ground you must include mental as well as physical suffering, and the wife whose husband scolds her because breakfast is late will fly to a lawyer. For proof they point to the divorce mills of the United States, with their hundreds of thousands of separations on merely constructive or collusive charges of desertion and cruelty. It is ill to have a drunken or insane spouse; but the vow reads: "For better for worse . . . till death us do part." In view of American experience their argument sounds reasonable too.

This question, like many others, cannot be settled by argument. The division in the commission itself and comments in the English press show that people take one side or the other, according to their temperaments. Marriage is a great institution. The conservative mind would not change it by a hair's breadth. The liberal mind, seeing that great individual wrongs arise under it, would take the chances of a revision.

The Tenant Farmer's Chance

WE HAVE in mind a man near seventy, who crossed the Missouri almost forty years ago. The Government gave him a quarter-section of land as a homestead. Another quarter-section he acquired under the Timber Act by planting a grove on it. For more than twenty years he struggled with grasshoppers, drought, hail and like pioneer calamities—mortgaging himself up to the neck when crops failed. As he paid three per cent a month interest it took two good years to wipe out the debts of one bad one. In 1893 he would have sold out for carfare back to "God's country"; but no one had carfare to offer. Not a few of his neighbors in those bad times lost everything for which they had toiled. It was not until 1899 that this man's family moved out of the pioneer sodhouse into a frame one. Since then Fortune has been increasingly kind to him. Three years ago, finding himself worth some forty thousand dollars, he retired to take his ease in town, and his half-section became one of the two million three hundred thousand farms that are worked by tenants.

The number of tenant-worked farms has increased sixteen per cent in the last decade and now comprises much more than a third of the total number of farms. There is no more free land in the Mississippi Valley. A young farmer with small capital can be only a renter there; but if he knows his trade we suspect his chances of success as a tenant are actually about as good under present conditions as the early settler's chances were when land was free. Certainly the chances of comfortable living for himself and family are much better.

Professor Fisher's Proposal

PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER is quite right in taking exception to our assertion that his plan of making prices stable year after year by varying the weight of the gold dollar would not work. What we should have asserted is that we do not think it would work. Professor Fisher is of the opinion that an increase or a decrease of one per cent in the weight of our gold dollar would be very promptly followed by an increase or a decrease of approximately one per cent in the general level of commodity prices in the United States. Our notion is that the relation between gold and prices is much more roundabout and uncertain than that. We do not actually know—neither does anybody else. This is precisely why Professor Fisher's plan has been discussed with considerable temper. Men never get acrimonious in debating subjects concerning which they have absolute knowledge. It is over a pure speculation like this proposal to set up an automatic regulator of the commodity price level that they grow purple in the face.

The country is really indebted to Professor Fisher for this plan. We do not believe it would hold prices at a comparatively fixed level year after year and decade after decade, as its author thinks it would, or that it would be an important safeguard against panics; but it has provoked a great deal of good discussion, and is a bold effort to cure an injurious condition that most economic thought accepts as inevitable. We do not believe in accepting any injurious condition as inevitable. Any intelligent plan that attacks such a condition is decidedly worth while, whether it would work or not.

Industrial Accidents

AN ACT of the Illinois Legislature passed in 1907 requires a report of every accident happening to a workman while engaged in the regular course of his employment and entailing a loss of thirty days' time or more—or death. In four years and a half nearly three thousand fatal and over fourteen thousand non-fatal accidents have been reported. Last year, out of five hundred and fifty-two workmen killed, three hundred and forty-three were married, with five hundred and twenty-one children. Three hundred and fifty-two of these workmen were under forty years of age at the time of their deaths. Multiply these figures by the number of states in the Union, weighting each state according to its relative industrial importance, and you have the toll of lives and limbs, of orphans and other dependents, that industry regularly takes each twelvemonth. If his wages are only fifty dollars a month a workman under forty should have a prospective earning capacity of at least ten thousand dollars. The industry that took his life owes his dependents their share of the destroyed earning power. Measured by the conditions of ten years ago, we have made a great advance in the way of acknowledging and discharging this debt. Measured by the requirements of strict justice and taking the country as a whole, we still have a very great way to go.

A Foolish Doctrine

THIS country no longer feeds Europe—or even itself. This year less than five per cent of our total exports has consisted of foodstuffs in crude condition and food animals, while we have imported a dollar and fifteen cents' worth of food for every dollar's worth we have exported, whether in a crude or manufactured state. Fifteen years ago two-thirds of our exports were agricultural products. Now over half our exports are manufactures.

Crops were good this year; but according to the computations of the Department of Agriculture only one state east of the Mississippi River produced its own bread, that state being Delaware. Even Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa will import wheat on net balance. For at least four years, indeed, that banner agricultural state—Iowa—has grown less wheat than it has eaten; and, taking the country east of the Mississippi as a whole, there is a deficit this year of more than a quarter of a billion bushels in the staff of life.

Persons who are politicians first and economists a long while afterward preach a foolish doctrine of self-sufficiency, as though almost any state, or the United States as a whole, could get along very well all by itself; but both the several states and the nation literally live by trade. The fewer handicaps upon the trade—whether in the form of excessive tariffs or otherwise—the better.

Liquor and Woman Suffrage

ONE who seeks an explanation of why woman suffrage won in Michigan and lost in Wisconsin, Illinois and Ohio, is usually referred to the fluid that made Milwaukee famous. Women now have the right to vote in ten states, with ten million inhabitants, but woman suffrage has been beaten everywhere east of the Mississippi except in Michigan. Its defeat in states as progressive as Wisconsin and Ohio is especially significant. The usual explanation is that the liquor interest fights equal suffrage and is able to turn the scales against it wherever it is powerful, as true-blue conservatism opposes it everywhere.

This explanation is unfortunate for the liquor interest. The recent prohibition wave that swept many states seems to have spent its force. On the whole, statewide prohibition has scarcely justified itself. We believe there are more effective ways of waging war on alcohol, and certainly that is a cause which needs the highest efficiency it can possibly develop—it cannot afford to waste an ounce of energy. However, if it should become generally understood that the liquor interest is determined upon die-in-the-last-ditch opposition to woman suffrage, very troublous times are in store for that interest. It is not, at the best, an interest that enjoys much public approbation. Let it get itself labeled before the country as the paramount bar between women and the ballot, and the shower of brickbats in its direction will probably exceed anything known in our recent political meteorology. We advise the interest to avoid that label.

What Made Us Rich

IT IS a common opinion that the bounty of Nature—in the form of fertile soil, abundant mineral deposits and good climate—is what made this country the most prosperous of nations; but Prof. F. W. Taussig, one of the most eminent of living economists, has a different view.

"Among the means for promoting progress none is more important than the discovery and stimulation of those who have high abilities," he says. "Freedom of opportunity and diffusion of education are the means for discovering those possessing unusual gifts. . . . Freedom and democracy operate to develop to the full the scanty number of leaders. The abolition of class privileges in modern times thus has been not only of political and social consequence, but has had direct economic effects also. The industrial preëminence of England during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was due largely to her free institutions. The lowborn person's opportunities to rise, even though restricted, were better than on the Continent, and England profited accordingly. In the United States such opportunities have been more free than ever before in any part of the world, and to this factor above all others is due the wonderful material prosperity of the country."

Progressive politics, in short, cashes in at the bank. To prevent the stunting of children by factory labor is better in actual dollars and cents than to discover another Masaba Range. Every law that gives freer opportunity to all men is worth half a dozen corn crops in hard cash.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Man Who is Never Dull

WHEREAS Gilbert K. Chesterton is the most unconventional person in England, all descriptions of him, so far as England goes, are entirely conventional. I venture to set a few of them down:

Item: His appearance—Falstaffian.
Item: His laughter—Rabelaisian.
Item: His appetite—Brobdingnagian.

And so on. The poor chap, according to his writing colleagues, hasn't any Chesterton about him. He is all somebody else. As he might phrase it himself: What is Chesterton isn't Chesterton, and what isn't Chesterton is. Still, I don't suppose he minds. It sounds better to say a man is Falstaffian than to say he weighs about two hundred and seventy pounds and is as big as a bale of hay, for there are heaps of people who do not know to what corpulent extent Falstaff was, and the designation might convey an Adonisy meaning to them. Likewise, our old and paunchy friend Falstaff was a gentleman of shrewd wit. The fat he had didn't infest his head; nor does Chesterton's.

The most amazing thing about Chesterton, viewed personally, is his voice. You'd think, from such bulk, there would issue a deep, orotund voice that would pronounce its owner's paradoxes sonorously. Instead he has a thin, piping, almost falsetto manner of speaking. It is as surprising as it would be if you should hear the piercing notes of a piccolo coming from the monster double-bass horn in a brass band. However, that's another thing that doesn't matter. That piping voice conveys a good many unusual thoughts to those who hear it. It is the medium for the expression of a lot of things worth considering.

Men—and some women—have been putting down their ideas on paper for so many centuries that about everything that can be said about anything has been said—that is, practically all the basic thought for which the human mind is organized has been expressed in one sort of terms or another. Therefore the art of writing now comes in saying old things in a new way; and in order to say old things in a new way one must look at old things in a new way, for looking and saying are the twins of expression.

Is Black Really White?

CHESTERTON found that out long ago—or it may be he didn't have to find it out. Likely as not he was born that way. However, his whole proposition rests on the unusual. I think he sees about twice as much as the rest of us—that is, he has a chunk of mind that discovers attributes, or magnifies attributes, to double the extent of the ordinary mental functions of the ruck. He has a certain bump of impressionable mind where most of us have a depression. Take the case of a man's legs. To the ordinary observer a man's legs are a man's legs—to walk with, to stand upon and to use for various other utilitarian purposes. To Chesterton a man's legs have all of these qualities and many more that make those legs, instead of props or pedestals or perambulatory appendages, glorified human attributes capable of influencing the politics of a nation or changing the course of the stars. He has vision. To be sure it sometimes is incoherent vision, and it is often scrambled and muddled and extravagant, and expressed in what seems jargon; but it is vision. Ninety-nine per cent of the world is blind.

There are tricks in every trade—and quite as many in the writing trade as in any other. One trick is the trick of paradox. This is most easily—and most generally—accomplished by the inversion of a proverb. In its simplest terms the game runs like this: It's a wise child that knows his own father—a trite and true remark. But twist it—It's a wise father that knows his own child—and you have a new slant on the truism. Wilde was a genius at this inversion of truisms. It is good fun. You can get a reputation for being a dreadful cynic by doing it, or for being an original wit—that is, if you can find proverbs that have not already been inverted by others who wanted to be cynics or wits.

Now Chesterton is beyond that. When he makes a paradox he doesn't merely twist a proverb or an axiom roundabout and smugly set it down as a new and illuminating thought. He goes to bat with a real paradox. For example: He began an article not so long ago like this: "Black is white!" And he proved it, at least to his own satisfaction. And, when you come to think of it, black may be white! Who can tell? Must white necessarily be white because, centuries ago, somebody arbitrarily said white is white? How did that person know? Maybe black is white, and we have been fooled all these centuries by the designation of the first person who said white is white.

Heads, He Thinks, Were Made to Hit

Well, Chesterton's faculty of looking at things upside down makes him a mighty interesting person, the most interesting Englishman we have in a writing way. It won't do to say he is clever. The most damning thing that can be said about a man who writes is that he is clever! It means nothing. It is a designation so universally misapplied. A performing dog is clever, and so is Consul, the educated ape, in the talk of the day. It always makes one crawl, like the editorial note wherein the editor remarks, in introducing an article to the attention of the reader "This is perhaps the ablest," and so on. Perhaps! Wow! Cautious and conventional editor! Unwilling to take a chance even on the stuff he himself has bought and is printing!

It won't do to say Chesterton is clever. He is more than that. He is a genius with Chestertonian limitations—a near genius, but a long way nearer to that summit than any of his contemporaries. Moreover, he is the most marvelous producer of good copy this country—meaning England—has. It just bubbles out of him—good copy does. It makes no difference to him what he bubbles about. He bubbles equally good bubbles about patriotism as he does about veal and kidney pie. All's one to him when it comes to writing. He could divert a reading half-hour for any person by arguing that instead of veal and kidney pie, as it has been described for centuries in England, it really should be known as kidney and veal pie, taking the part of the humble but savory kidney the while and exalting it above the veal.

The Swashbuckler of Letters

HE HAS the soul of forty boys and the mind of fifty men. Everything is an adventure to him. Don Quixote was a sickabed when compared with Chesterton. He can find a deed of high emprise in the posting of a letter or in the lighting of a match, and a ride in a penny bus is comparable only to the quest of a knight of the golden fleece. He is as much out of place in conventional London as he would be in a strictly business city in the Middle West. Life is a romance to him—a fairy tale. He is an eighteenth-century troubadour set down in a workaday environment.

At that, he has definite ideas. He hates all customs, cant, canons, formulæ. He despises precedent and loathes conventions. His part in the scheme of things in which he exists, the scheme of things that so amazes and interests him, is to get at the truth, and to strip the husks off and leave the truth bare. Inasmuch as from his viewpoint almost everything is wrong, he spends his entire time stripping off these husks. To be sure, what he often triumphantly displays as truth isn't truth at all—but that is beside the mark. He thinks it is, and no one is harmed. Naturally the most kindly of men, soft-hearted, considerate, complaisant, he assumes to be a crusader and charges valiantly at evils wherever they exist. He poses as a swashbuckler, with a blade ever ready to be drawn and an owner ever ready to draw it; and he is, in fact, a wonderfully versatile pamphleteer and an essayist of uncommon vigor and versatility.

It doesn't concern him what subject he chooses. He whacks away at orthodoxy, politics, policies of government, leaders in literature, the classics, the old masters—anybody and everybody; and he is never dull! What higher praise can be given a writing man? He is never dull, with the world filled with writers who are never anything else. He has a remedy for everything, a theory on everything, a plan for everything, an idea about everything—or, to be more exact, fifteen ideas about everything. He wanders in and out of discussion, argument, criticism, and no head is too sacred for him to take a rap at it. Heads, he thinks, were made to hit. Therefore, hit 'em!

He carries his own world with him, not living in this one that perplexes the rest of us so greatly. You can see him frequently on the Strand or in Fleet Street with his long, tangled hair—and a mass of it he has too—his slouch hat, his rusty cloak hanging over his great paunch, a stick in one hand and a book in another, reading, laughing loudly, thumping the pavement with his cane, utterly oblivious to his surroundings. Then he runs into some one, takes a cab, lumbers in, astonished that a cab should be there waiting for him, and tells the driver to go anywhere he happens to think a cab would look well going.

He has no thought of today or yesterday or tomorrow. If he has enough to hire a cab, get a drink of beer and buy a shilling book he is content. And, with all his apparent irresponsibility, his great, active mind is constantly producing engaging essays, discussions and criticism. He is a good deal of a propagandist, a sturdy patriot, and—to make his own case entirely paradoxical—very much of a Tory, than whom no more conventional people, wedded to the old order, can be found in this world. Most of his stuff is brilliant; all of it is interesting. Liberal-minded people may think it is jargon, and probably it is—to liberal-minded people, but not to all. Chesterton is the most individual figure in English letters today. And he has only to live to be even more remarkable than he is now.

Helpful Hill

JAMES J. HILL was out on an inspection trip over the Great Northern Railroad. While he was going over the tracks in Havre, Montana, with other officials, he came up to a section man working in the yard.

Just then Mr. Hill saw a track spike lying between the rails.

"What's that spike doing there?" he asked the section man gruffly.

"Mr. Hill," replied the section man, "I'm glad you found that. I have been looking for that spike for two weeks!"

Like Keeley

RUDOLPH WOOSLICH once kept a restaurant in Chicago much frequented by the newspaper men. Later he moved out to a suburb and opened a place with a garden attachment. Some Chicago men motoring out that way stopped for luncheon. Wooslich knew some of the party and greeted these effusively.

Then he returned to a man he didn't know and said:

"Why, you look like Keeley, the big man on the Tribune. He once boarded with me in Kansas City—ate my free lunch. He must be an old man now. Are you his son?"

"I'm Keeley!" said Keeley.

Hay by Mail

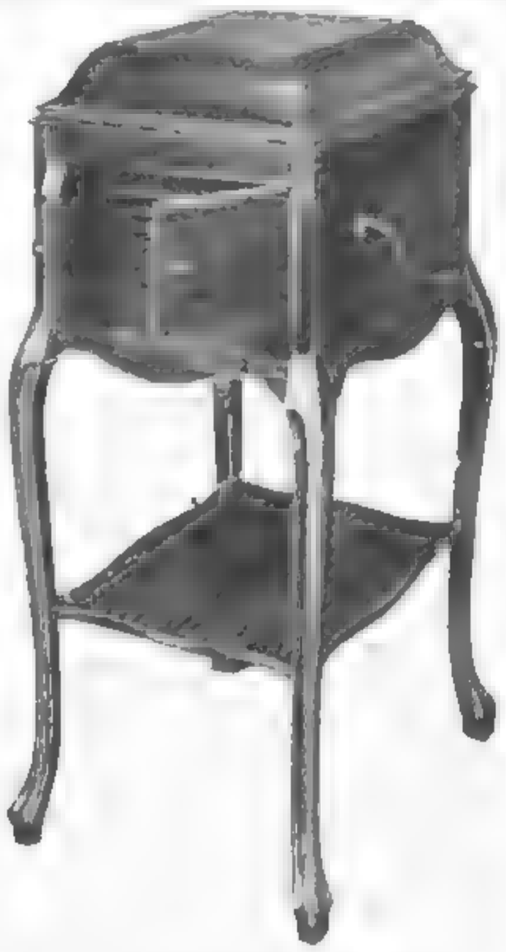
"I'VE been in the tea, coffee and spice business for a long time," said Everett Cruikshank, "and I've seen a lot of fakes; but the one a Cincinnati man put over a time ago hit me harder than any.

"He was in the tea and coffee mail-order business. One day he had an idea. He bought a few bales of hay, chopped the hay up and put it in pound packages. He advertised this as an especially fine brand of Chinese tea and sold much of it.

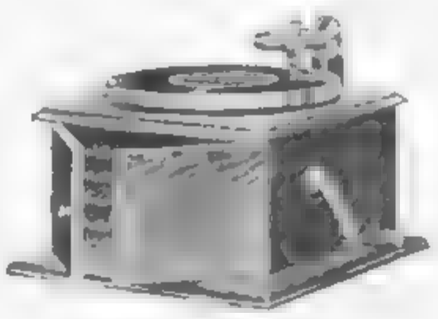
"Of course there were complaints; and one day a United States official came round. He threatened the faker with arrest.

"'I've done nothing,' said the faker. 'I haven't misbranded anything. I sold this stuff as hay—not tea.'

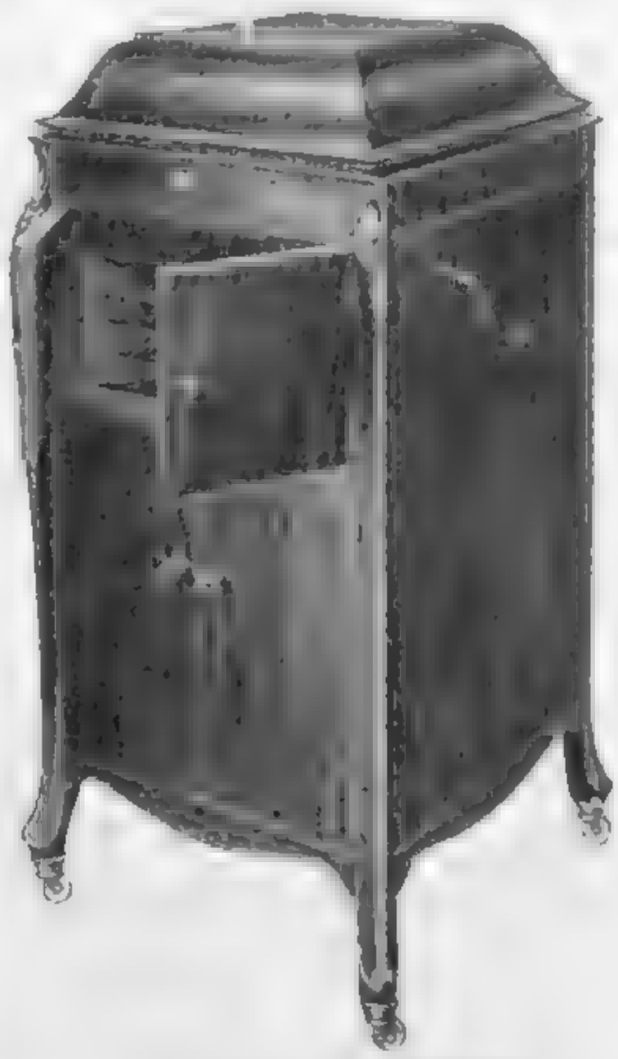
"Then he showed the inspector the labels on the packages. They read: 'Hay-No-Tea!'"



Victor-Victrola X, $75
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola IV, $15
Oak



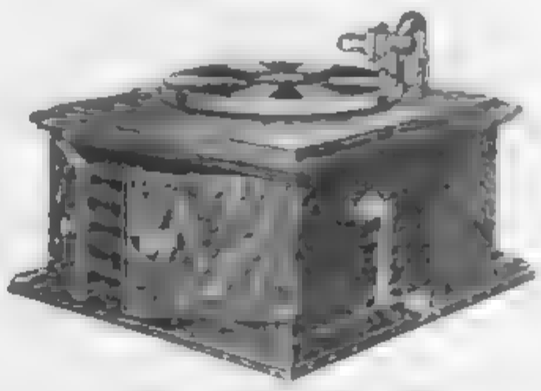
Victor-Victrola XIV, $150
Mahogany or oak

Will there be your home thi

You can search the whole world over and not find another single thing that will bring so much pleasure to every member of the family.

From the Victor-Victrola IV at $15 to the Victor-Victrola XVI at $200 there is certainly one particular instrument exactly suited to every home.

You don't have to wait until you feel you can afford a $100 or $200 Victor-Victrola. Any style Victor-Victrola you choose as the instrument for your home



Victor-Victrola VI, $25
Oak

a Victrola in s Christmas?

will play every record in the Victor catalog; and what is more, it will give you almost as perfect music as the magnificent Victor-Victrola XVI, which is the instrument by which the value of all musical instruments is measured.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victor-Victrola to you and play any music you wish to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

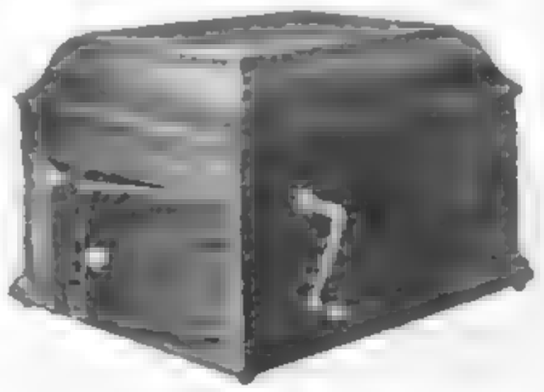
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100.
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and will last a long time).

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

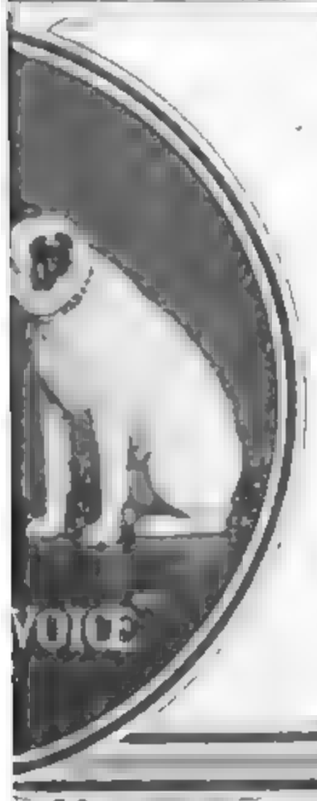
Victor-Victrola XI, $100
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola IX, $50
Mahogany or oak

Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or quartered oak

Victor-Victrola VIII, $40
Oak



Your Sense

demands a table beverage combining excellence of taste and freedom from harmful ingredients.

The new food-drink

Instant Postum

while closely resembling mild, high-grade Java in color and taste is absolutely free from *caffeine*.

Made from choice Northern wheat and the juice of Southern sugar-cane, Instant Postum possesses the good qualities of a breakfast cup—purity and engaging flavour.

No Boiling Required

Stir a level teaspoonful (more or less for strength desired) in a cup of hot water—add sugar to taste, and enough cream to bring the color to a light golden-brown. You have **instantly** a palatable hot cup which child or adult can drink freely with fullest benefit.

Sold by grocers—50-cup tin, 30c; 100-cup tin, 50c.

Send grocer's name and 2c stamp for postage for 5-cup sample tin.

"There's a Reason"

for

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

AMERICA'S GREAT INDUSTRIES

Wool—Changeable Fashions and the Cost of Living

II

By ROGER W. BABSON

TARIFF changes and foreign competition largely determine the success of a firm in the wool trade, but general business conditions can be discounted directly and more largely than they are. The consumer meets hard times in business always by economy in clothes; therefore the secondhand shop gets fewer good bargains when dividends are being passed, and for some time after every panic we enjoy the comfortable and thrifty fashion of wearing our old clothes. Therefore the time for the wool-buyers to slow down is the time when the composite plot of business conditions is high above a country's line of normal growth, and the end of a term of general prosperity is foretold by students of fundamental business conditions. Waiting until after the break simply means piling up old stocks, which will go out of fashion during the coming time of reduced activity in business and have to be sold at a sacrifice in order to sell at all. For the manufacturer of woolens this time comes near the end of the prosperous period and is especially marked by large sales of the higher-priced ready-made and custom-made clothing, and also by the increased importation of the best grades of cloth from foreign mills. Stop worrying so much about tariff schedules and watch the buying power of the consumer, which is based on general business conditions!

Everything is the result of cause and nothing happens by chance. You may be employed in a woolen mill or jobbing house in Philadelphia or St. Louis and wonder how a panic in London, Berlin or New York can affect you. The reason is very simple—namely, the people of one of these latter cities are hurt financially through the loss of money, rents or salaries. They immediately begin to economize; and how can they economize any better than by wearing last year's suit or dress another year? You and I do not have new clothes because the old ones are so worn that they will no longer keep us warm. No—we have new clothes from habit or fashion; and if we should suddenly be forced to economize we would first cut down our clothing bill and make last year's suit go another year. It is the same with the people of London, Berlin and New York.

For this reason there is a most intimate relation between the woolen industry and general business conditions. Therefore all wool-growers, wool merchants, woolen and worsted manufacturers should watch such fundamental subjects as bank clearings, railroad earnings, foreign trade, crops, failures, and so on, noting whether business is above or below the line of normal growth. When business is away above and people are prosperous, then they should curtail and prepare for trouble; but when business is below normal and general trade is depressed, then is the time for the growers, merchants and manufacturers to have good courage and prepare for the period of prosperity that is bound to follow!

The Puritan at Auteuil

In the same way the consumer can take advantage of these changes in conditions and plan his buying accordingly; in fact, he can go much farther by buying out of season. One of the best ways to save money is by buying next summer's suit about August or September of this year, and all the blankets you want for next winter on some hot day in summer!

A short time ago I met a sedate old gentleman from New Bedford who had just returned from Paris, where, much to my surprise, he had been to attend the Auteuil races. Knowing that these races are a great social event of a class that is almost repugnant to the old gentleman, I begged that he explain himself; and he stated: "The display of gowns at these races furnishes material for the designers of New York as well as for tailors and dressmakers all over America. By attending these races myself I obtain an advanced idea of what my mills will be called upon to make during the coming season." Since talking with the old gentleman I have found that, through the agency of style bureaus, designs in woolens are brought to the United States, and that the various converters, commission houses and many mills are regular subscribers to these style bureaus, keeping in constant touch with the latest designs in Paris and other European cities.

In this study of the woolen industry I have been amazed, if not disgusted, with the dependence of the American people on the whims and foolish notions of foreign women. Let some Parisian woman, with whom we would not associate in society, appear in some new-style gown, and a description thereof is cabled to the fashion bureaus in this country to be distributed to their subscribers, while our great woolen mills vie one with the other to copy these styles. This, however, is not all, for sometimes such an event is very serious; in fact, a friend has endeavored to demonstrate that the cause of the suffering and unsatisfactory condition of labor in the woolen mills today is due to a certain woman in Paris! He states: "Some two or three years ago, when our good wives, sisters and mothers were wearing skirts containing four or five yards, this woman suddenly appeared at a prominent social event with a skirt only a yard and a half in width, known as the 'hobble' skirt. She created so much excitement that the event was cabled to the fashion bureaus in America and immediately American manufacturers began to turn out these hobble skirts. This style was especially attractive to these manufacturers as they charged the American women as much money for the skirts with only one and a half yards of cloth as formerly they charged for one with five yards; and the American women were foolish enough to pay the same price!"

How Fashions Cost

My sympathies, however, are not with these American women who purchase the skirts, but rather with the honest millhands who were thrown out of work on account of this change in style. Though the tailors, dressmakers and manufacturers of the skirts charged as much money for their skirts as formerly, yet the demand for woolens greatly slackened. Our great American mills, which theretofore ran on full time, were partly closed down, inflicting real hardship on many of the employees; in fact, today the great woolen-mill cities of Lawrence, Lowell and other points are suffering from this change in style—from the wide-plaited skirt of a few years since to the straight, scant gown of the present.

Our overheated houses and the preference for cotton and silk fabrics are additional factors to be reckoned in the account. Perhaps more important than all others, because of its more lasting effect, is the growing use of the man-designed, man-made, man-sold suit for women. The factories for these suits are driving the small dressmaker out of business because they originate smart, snappy styles and are able to sell really well-made garments at surprisingly low prices. It was the small dressmaker and her customer who bought woolen dress goods in such large quantities at retail prices. The customer was also a large buyer of woolen goods by the yard for home dressmaking, whereas she now buys her own and her children's clothing ready made.

To meet this change many mercantile houses are doing away entirely with piece-goods trade, while mills formerly doing a strictly all-wool business are now mixing the stock used, until it is almost necessary to group them together as textile workers. Cotton, silk, linen and wool mixtures are being used where wool alone was formerly the staple.

When I hear political reformers urging independence and demanding referendums, recalls, initiatives, and so on, I often think the first and most effective declaration of independence which the men and women of America could adopt today would be freedom from aping Europeans. Let us set our own styles! Let our American women themselves determine what they should wear. This is a work in which American women could unite that would materially help to reduce the cost of living, steady labor conditions, and make every one in this country—producer, manufacturer, middleman and laborer happier and in the end more prosperous.

The woolen industry is of necessity subject to uncontrollable and uncertain factors. The weather, for instance, is a distinct factor, not only in the production of the wool but also in the demand for the manufactured goods. Given an exceptionally warm and early spring, and there is an abnormal demand for spring goods, awkwardly disturbing the industry, which by spring is devoting its attention to the manufacture and sale of goods for the following winter. On the other hand, if the mills, manufacturers and stores are loaded up with spring goods and the spring is very late winter hanging on until about the first of June and the weather then suddenly becoming hot, causing an abrupt demand for summer goods—the trade is clogged by overproduction, causing a loss to all along the line. Whether or not these weather conditions can ever be foretold long enough in advance to be of service to such manufacturers, I do not now know. If not, there will always be a distinct loss to all branches of the industry in connection with abnormal weather conditions. The greatest factors of all, however, are the women and the styles; and these can be made less uncertain—first, by teaching American women to dictate their own styles; second, by choosing styles with some regard for the financial, industrial and social welfare of the country.

I purposely explained in the previous article the service performed by the wool-grower on the prairies of the West and the work done by the middlemen. Now I wish to add a word relative to the next stage of the industry—namely, that of scouring and cleaning the wool and manufacturing it into goods. The first work done on the wool after it has been sold by the wool merchants to the mill is "re-sorting" according to the different grades of goods that the mill manufactures. If, for instance, a mill is making woolens of the carded sort, the wool, after being sorted, is scoured and each grade kept separate. On the other hand, if the mill is making all-wool goods the wool is put through a process by itself as it comes from the sheep's back.

The Wool at the Mills

Many of the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have seen their grandmothers work the old-fashioned hand-cards, where the wool is carded together and made into rolls, then twisted down until it is ready for the spinning frames. Now a great woolen mill is simply an improvement, on a large scale, of the work of our grandmothers. In the case of an ordinary woolen mill there are three machines that perform this work. The first machine takes the wool in its natural state, as it comes from the sorting tables, and out of this machine the wool comes in a roll about as large as a man's wrist. These rolls are then automatically fed into a second machine that compresses this same wool from the size of one's wrist to the size of one's finger. Again, these streams of wool, reduced in size, enter a third machine, coming out of it much smaller and ready for the spinning frames, upon which the wool is spun down by frames that go back and forth about fifteen feet. Each time the wool comes back it is spun down a little finer and wound on spools ready to be woven.

Most readers readily understand how the cloth is made—namely, by spinning the warps and inserting the filling. The warps are the long ends that are like the rafters of a roof; the filling is the yarn carried back and forth between the warps by a shuttle. It corresponds to the boards nailed on the rafters. In a worsted mill the wool is combed instead of carded. By combed I mean there are circular machines that pull out the long fibers of the wool and comb out the short ends, which are called "noils." The long end is called the "top," and this is worked down through various machines until it reaches the spinning frames, which do the weaving through the warps and filling, as in the case of the woolen goods. Worsted is practically the same as woolen, except that the noils—that is, the short ends—have been removed.

Speaking of by-products reminds me of an important part of the industry known as "shoddy" manufacturing. Some of you wonder why one clothing dealer can sell a blue serge suit, "guaranteed all wool," for fifteen dollars, though another dealer asks twenty-five dollars for another suit made up in the same way and apparently from the same piece of goods. One naturally thinks that either the first dealer is lying when he guarantees the suit to be all wool, or else that the second dealer is making an abnormal profit. Neither of these assumptions need necessarily be true. Did it ever occur to you to wonder what becomes of the tremendous waste of cuttings connected with all mills, factories, tailor shops, and so on, devoted to the manufacture of woolen goods, clothing, dresses and similar products? Well, these are all gathered and sold to shoddy manufacturers to be remade into suits. If you buy a twenty-five-dollar suit you will probably have an all-wool suit, made from wool directly from the backs of sheep; but if you buy a fifteen-dollar suit, though likewise all wool, it may be partly or wholly made from the cuttings of other fellows' suits or from the sweepings of a blanket factory, or possibly from some of your own clothes that you sold when in college to get money to buy football tickets.

Now, of course, there is another kind of shoddy goods, formed by mixing cotton with wool, or even worse things than cotton; and it is very poor economy for readers to buy goods made from any such shoddy. On the other hand, an honest manufacturer may produce honest shoddy made from all-wool cuttings, remnants and sweepings. Of course, whether or not any piece of woolen goods contains cotton can easily be detected by the acid test, as acid will destroy the cotton and not harm the wool. It is, however, very difficult to detect shoddy made from woolen cuttings and other materials. Therefore I feel about woolen goods as I do about buying bonds—I advise people who wish good goods to buy only of reputable dealers, remembering that the highest-priced goods are usually cheapest in the end.

The Basis of Prices

In considering the prices affecting the woolen industry there are three stages.

First, the cost of the wool a pound on a scoured basis delivered in New York.

Second, one must consider the prices of standard grades of manufactured goods in pieces, as, for instance, the standard grade of serge such as so many readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are wearing while reading this article. A most interesting but sad fact is that the cost of clothes goes up when the price of goods advances, but the reverse does not seem to be true. Possibly the advance in the cost of labor sometimes uses up any slack that would otherwise come to the consumer; but it should not always be so.

Third, one must consider the cost of a standard ready-made suit of said serge as just suggested. In this latter case it is difficult to put the figures in tabular form, but the prices have ranged somewhat as follows: In the last ten years a suit selling at ten dollars has advanced in price to fifteen dollars, and higher grades in about the same proportion. This is the story of the manufacturer of considerable quantities of ready-made clothing, where the factory plan of work is carried out and large numbers of workers employed. At certain times the demand for serge has declined for one cause or another, and at those times prices have been cut a little; but, on the whole, the movement has been upward.

When studying demand we find a most intimate relation between styles and weather conditions. Though style is dependent upon business conditions only to a certain extent, yet a constant relation exists between the demand for woolens and the general prosperity of the country. Therefore there is a direct connection between the country's prosperity and the prices at which woolen goods sell, and the following laws are more or less self-evident:

Periods of general business prosperity are accompanied by rising prices in wool and manufactures of wool.

The approach of a general depression is accompanied by a decline in prices. Inasmuch as prices of certain standard grades of woolens tend to remain fixed for months at a time, the direction of midsummer or other seasonal changes can be roughly determined in advance by the course general business is taking.

Prices of both raw wool and woolens begin to decline somewhat earlier than the line for other business, and continue a more steady movement downward well to the end of the period of depression. This movement is very largely due to labor conditions. When, after a depression, industrial improvement begins and a prosperity area begins to develop, immigration increases and labor becomes plentiful. Prices of woolen goods may decline, because of easy costs, even before other factors of general business decline; after which the entire level of the industry falls.

It is needless to go into further details as to production and prices, for any reader may obtain from his congressman the Tariff Board's report on the woolen industry which treats this question of prices most carefully and, I believe, impartially. There is, however, one fact the reader should know—namely, that if he walks into a store on Broadway, New York, in the early spring, when new goods are first displayed, and pays thirty-five dollars for a spring suit, he is probably paying the Broadway merchant a gross profit of at least seventeen dollars and a half—possibly more. Moreover, the Broadway merchant has purchased the suit from a jobber, who has also made a few dollars' profit and who in turn has purchased the suit from a manufacturer of clothing. The manufacturer probably sold the suit for about ten dollars, and the distribution of this ten dollars might be divided roughly as follows: About three dollars is required for the woolen goods; about three dollars for labor; and about three dollars for selling, advertising and other overhead charges—leaving about one dollar for net profit. In other words, when you purchase a spring suit of clothes for thirty-five dollars the manufacturer's woolen goods in this suit represents only about three dollars, while, of course, the wool itself represents very much less than this

The future course of prices very largely depends upon you and me and our good wives, mothers and sisters. The price of raw wool is more apt to advance than to decline, unless some radical movement is inaugurated to use more scientific methods in its production. If we continue, radically and without notice, to change each year from one style to another; if we continue to refuse to purchase spring goods until the spring has come, and wait before making our winter purchases until the winter comes; if we insist on disregarding the convenience, welfare and profits of every one connected with the industry—then we must expect to pay the price for our independence and selfishness, and the cost of clothing will continue to advance. On the other hand, when we consumers are willing to consider in the selection of our styles and goods the welfare of the industry—especially the men and women employed therein—and when the great designers and manufacturers begin to study business conditions and shape their policy in accordance therewith, there is no reason why American people cannot have better goods for less money than is possible today. We hear a lot about the control of the trusts, about Government ownership of railroads, and various other forms of Government endeavor. Whether these things are to come I do not know; but I do know that, heretical as it may seem, the first thing our Government should control or dissolve is the Parisian Style Trust which today is one of the greatest factors underlying the financial, industrial, labor and social uncertainty. If we are to have styles let them be determined by Americans and for Americans, with some regard for America's conditions and needs.

The Extent of the Industry

To illustrate the great extent of the woolen industry in America today, it may be noted that there are about one hundred and eighty thousand operatives engaged in the mills and as many more indirectly connected with the manufacture of the goods. About sixty per cent of the woolen industry is centered in New England—about fifty per cent in Massachusetts. There are nearly five hundred separate woolen factories in New England; they range from the small concerns, with twenty-five to fifty operatives, to the American Woolen Company, with its great Wood Worsted Mills at Lawrence, which are said to consume the product of about twenty-five thousand sheep each day. Though Massachusetts plays a most important part in the industry, yet the largest woolen-manufacturing city in America is said to be Philadelphia.

Though I am not familiar enough with the securities of the American Woolen Company to pass upon them as an investment—especially in view of the reported dependence of this corporation upon a protective tariff—yet the following statistics concerning the company may be of interest: The par value of the stock of the American Woolen Company is one hundred dollars a share. There is twenty million dollars of common stock outstanding, and forty million dollars of seven per cent cumulative preferred stock, which is preferred as to assets. It is the largest concern in the industry, with its securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Dividends on the preferred are payable on the fifteenth of January, April, July and October—though the stock sold, ex-dividend, in 1911 on March twenty-seventh, June twenty-third, September twenty-second and December twentieth.

The American Woolen Company was incorporated on March 29, 1899, under the laws of New Jersey, and acquired in fee simple a large number of woolen and worsted plants, mostly located in the states of New England.

The Leading Woolen Stock

The mills owned and operated by the company occupy over seven hundred acres of land, and contain more than ten million square feet of floor space. They have extensive warehouses and railroad facilities—especially those located in Lawrence and Maynard, Massachusetts, and in Providence, Rhode Island. Valuable tenements and dwellings are connected with most of the plants. These mills included in their equipment when the last official statement was given out 775 sets of cards, 325 combs, 8495 looms and 6,000,000 spindles.

The American Woolen Company is controlled by Boston capitalists. Its main office is in the Shawmut Bank Building, Boston, Massachusetts; the selling agency is at Eighteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, New York. The common and preferred stock is listed on the New York and Boston exchanges, and the following is the range of prices and dividends since 1901:

YEAR	RANGE OF PRICES		DIVIDENDS—PERCENTAGE	
	COMMON	PREFERRED	COMMON	PFD.
1902	12 – 17	73 – 81	0	7
1903	7 – 15	65 – 82	0	7
1904	9 – 25	66 – 95	0	7
1905	20 – 47	93 – 109	0	7
1906	28 – 48	101 – 110	0	7
1907	11 – 37	68 – 103	0	7
1908	15½ – 42½	78 – 97	0	7
1909	26 – 40½	93½ – 107½	0	7
1910	25½ – 39½	90½ – 104	0	7
1911	25½ – 36½	85½ – 100½	0	7

Briefly, my summing up of the woolen industry is as follows:

1. Sheep-raising, as a profitable enterprise, has usually been associated with the lowest-priced lands. A survey of the world will show sheep in greatest numbers and popularity where land is cheapest. In Argentina and Australia sheep husbandry is a great industry. In Europe, generally, the size of the flocks has been gradually growing smaller. In America each year sees, relatively speaking, a decrease in the number of sheep. High-priced lands and tariff changes have been partly responsible for this decrease.

2. There is a great opportunity for reducing the cost of raw wool or preventing an advance in price.

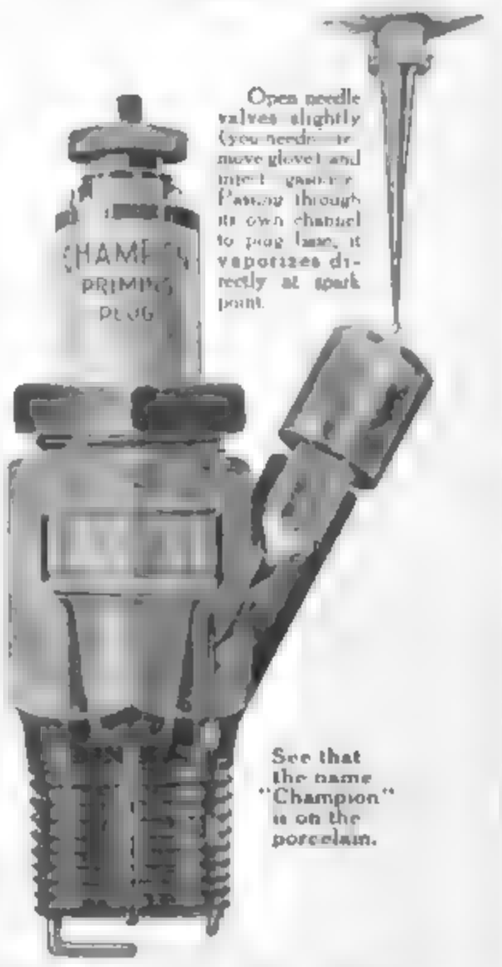
3. There is a most intimate relation between the prosperity of the woolen industry and general business conditions that careful consideration can anticipate.

4. The manufacturing end is in a highly advanced stage, and the increased cost of clothing is due mostly to the increased rent, old customs and useless labor costs of the small stores that distribute the goods to the ultimate consumers, and is not due to any abnormal profits of the mills.

5. The industry is very dependent upon changes in style and weather. Only as each of us aids in eliminating these uncertainties—by encouraging standard styles and by buying out of season—can the prices of clothing be much reduced.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Babson on the woolen industry.

Champion
Priming Plugs


Open needle valves slightly (you needn't remove glove) and intake gasoline. Passing through its own channel to plug base, it vaporizes directly at spark point.
See that the name "Champion" is on the porcelain.

Put the Gasoline Where You Need It

They start any motor on the first quarter turn.

You can't run your car in the winter without priming.

When the cylinders are chilled, gasoline won't vaporize upward—toward the spark.

Cranking won't help you—you must prime.

And with present low test gasoline, priming is more necessary than ever before.

Even if your car has priming cups, they can't put the gasoline right at the firing points.

Champion Priming Plugs can—and do.

Study the illustration and see how simply—and properly—it is done.

They are perfect **spark plugs** as well as **prime-rs.**

Champion Spark Plugs are regular equipment on nearly 70% of all cars made in America today—Fords, Overlands, Michigans, etc., etc.

That proves you run no risk in ordering a set of **Champion Priming Plugs**—now—before you have any more annoying, expensive, winter trouble.

We guarantee their workmanship and your satisfaction—or money back.

Price, $1.25 each—for any car—at all auto supply dealers

If your dealer is not yet supplied, send us $5 in any convenient form and we will send you a set of four Champion Priming Plugs, prepaid.

Be sure to give name and year of your car, and name of your dealer

Champion Spark Plug Company
103 Avondale Ave., Toledo, Ohio

This Guarantee Certificate in Every Insures Freshness No Matter When

Read the certificate on the right-hand page. It means that we want you to return any box of Huyler's that in freshness or any other way fails to make you willing to pronounce it the best candy in the world.

Huyler's

Huyler's Bonbons and Chocolates are made to the highest standards of quality. In Huyler's we aim to give the words "Purity" and "Flavor" their true expression. We do not want such bonbons and chocolates as these eaten in any condition short of perfection. That is the reason for the Huyler's guarantee. That is the sentiment behind the Guarantee Certificate that you will find packed in every box of Huyler's.

The way Huyler's business is organized, the fact that we maintain 14 candy-making establishments in different cities, the high character of the more than 4000 druggists all over the country who are Huyler's sales agents, our own 56 retail stores and the fine spirit of co-operation that exists throughout this organization make possible this guarantee.

We instruct all Huyler's sales agents to order from us frequently and to return for full credit any box of Huyler's not in perfect condition.

Satin Glove Box
One of our large line of imported satin covered, hand-painted novelties, filled as you desire.
"Beverly" Chocolates
Our newest creation. A choice variety of centers with thick, bitter-sweet chocolate coating.
80c lb.
Huyler's
DELICIOUS CHOCOLATES
Santa Claus Boxes
An appropriate Christmas package filled with assorted Chocolates or Bonbons and Chocolates.
$1.00 a lb.

Box of Huyler's or Where You Buy

Look for the Guarantee Certificate in the next box of Huyler's you buy. It proves that it is worth your while always to ask for Huyler's.

BONBONS CHOCOLATES

Write for Interesting Booklet

It tells how purity and quality and freshness are insured in Huyler's products, no matter where purchased. When we send the book we will also tell you where you can buy Huyler's most conveniently.

Huyler's

Frank DeK. Huyler
President

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Sales Agents Everywhere

Blending and roasting of cocoa beans make a big difference in cocoa. Try Huyler's Cocoa next time and see. Huyler's Chocolate for Baking and Cooking has rare quality

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OUR GUARANTEE
Every box of Huyler's is fully guaranteed without reservation or restriction. Should the contents of this box, FOR ANY REASON not meet with the approval of the purchaser, it may be returned at our expense, stating where purchased, and we will replace same free of charge
No. X319771
Assorted Chocolates
A variety of nut and cream Chocolates. In ½ lb. 1-lb. and 2 lb. boxes, larger on order.
80c lb.
ASSORTED CHOCOLATES
Huyler's
Bonbons and Chocolates
An assortment of Bonbons, dipped Chocolates and other popular confections. ½ lb. to 5 lb. boxes.
80c lb.
BONBONS AND CHOCOLATES
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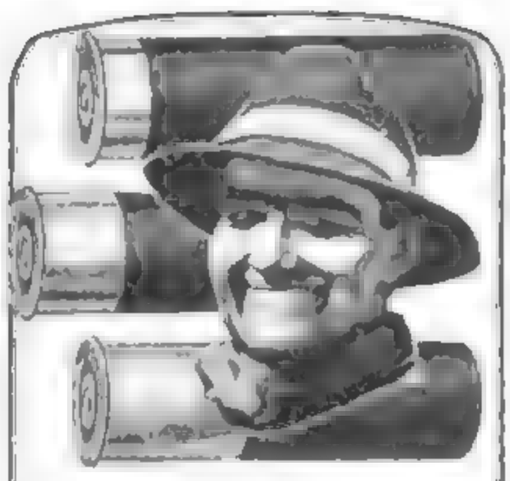
"My Favorites"
A large variety of nut Chocolates. Boxes containing more than ¼ lb., 25c ½ lb. 50c; 1 lb., $1.00.
Huyler Boxes
Assorted Chocolates or Chocolates and Bonbons in round or square boxes decorated by famous artists.
$1.00 a lb.
Bandeau Box
Assorted Chocolates or Bonbons and Chocolates in round box, girl's head with real ribbon bow. 2 lb., 3-lb. and 5-lb.
$1.00 a lb.
Special Packages
To Order
$1.50 to $25.00 each
Exclusive fancy boxes and baskets suitable for any occasion, created by our special department.



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THE BLACK SHELLS

Instead of the customary ground glass in the primer to absorb 20% of the heat and cool the flame, the materials in our Non-Mercuric Primer actually increase the heat and so hasten the ignition of the main charge. Moreover, this hot flame is also a *large* flame, because our 100% larger flash-passage permits practically all of it to rush straight into the main charge.

Hence, the explosion is so instantaneous, and its completeness gives such maximum driving power, that you need allow hardly any "lead" on your bird, and absolutely no time at all between pulling the trigger and the discharge.

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WITH RAJAH UNWILLING

(Concluded from Page 10)

and passionate! D'you know, sweetie, you gimme creeps along the marrer when you put things like that so beautiful! You make me know I've gotta soul, even if I was a freak once! You ——"

But Rosie did not continue. Her eyes widened. Her arms relaxed. Her undulatory body stiffened against the side of the coal-wagon; for, descending on them through the twilight village street, could be discerned a huge and shadowy form, emitting inarticulate cries as it came.

"Why, if there ain't old Rajah!" said Turk a little weakly, as a great wrinkled trunk was thrust across the tailboard of the wagon and adroitly wormed between him and the rigid Rosie.

This trunk lightly but firmly inclosed Turk's body and lightly but firmly lifted him to the ground; after which it hoisted him gleefully to the hair-covered back where he had so often ridden, and as gleefully lifted him down—and again elevated him, and again planted him on terra firma.

"You leave him alone, you jealous-minded ol' brute!" Rosie screamed. "Leave him alone! Don't you dare to take him away from me! Don't you dare! Oh, Turk, he'll kill you! I can see he's goin' to do sumpin dretful!"

Rajah's great trunk was still feverishly and affectionately nuzzling about Turk's body. Turk made an effort or two to repulse Rajah, but it was useless.

"We gotta go back, Rosie! We gotta!" protested Turk with all the hopelessness of a blighted life. "We daren't even let 'im know. We'd better git 'im a bag o' peanuts somewheres and make 'im think we was only jokin'!

"We'll fool 'im yet, dolling," he confidentially whispered into Rosie's ear. "We'll fool 'im yet!" But back they went to the sawdust ring, and the red and yellow signs, and the faded cage-wagons, and the blue watertubs, and the cook-tent, and the razorbacks, and the flats, and the gasoline chandeliers, and the night jumps.

If Turk repeatedly and mournfully complained that it would always be just that way—that Rajah would always be putting a stop to every move they made—Rosie herself was strangely studious and abstracted. She held secret conferences with Major Cooney. She no longer wept in the midst of her sister freaks when Turk cautiously whispered to her some fresh tidings of Rajah's insane jealousies. Hour by hour and day by day she remained stoically busy with her needle, no longer marshaling futile pansies and supererogative sweet peas across an arena of linen, but fashioning filmy if voluminous garments of white and pink and pale blue, with coastal lines of lace and runs of baby ribbon.

"It's all up, Rajah, old boy!" gasped Turk. "She's sewin' for it! She's gittin' busy on a trousseau!"

Turk, as he stood there, became pensively aware that there was nothing more soothing than the placid and unprotesting affection of a not overemotional pachyderm. He dreamily watched the adroit "one-fingered hand" as it continued to toss hay-wisps up to the broad and bulbous back. He ran a meditative palm along the prickly and sweaty folds of the trunk as it nuzzled about him with mute friendliness. And he was still moodily cogitating on the waywardness of mortal life when Major Cooney himself joined him under the shadow of Rajah's gently unfurling ear.

"Well, Turk, we've fixed ev'rything up," valiantly announced the G. M.

"We're goin' to pull off that weddin' as soon as we strike the county-seat," announced the Major. "We've got the soft stuff all worded up and we'll sure paper that town till the last zob ambles out. And we're goin' to put up a special platform, something nifty—all done up in skyblue buntin' and white-and-silver Cupids!"

Turk, leaning against the pillaring limb of Rajah, groaned aloud.

"Rosie'll look great in them new rags o' hers!" went on the Major, ignoring the bull man's gaze of silent misery. "And it'll just make her over—gettin' quieted down and settled again. She's been losin' somethin' awful these last few weeks—droppin' away somethin' scandalous!"

"S'posin' she should keep on droppin'?" weakly yet hopefully suggested Turk.

"If that woman loses another hundred weight she's out o' the freak class for life—for life! 'Bout all she can do t'keep her clothes on now! If she starts goin' down again she's finished! Why, she jus' might as well go out and climb the blues with the butchers, do the slum-stuff, get busy on the whips and balloons with the ginks, sell canes and popcorn to the rube crowds! If I'm goin' to have a Fat Woman in my freaks she's gotta be fat!"

Turk stood deep in thought.

"She sure has been losin'!" he finally assented.

The Major put a large and urbane hand on the bull man's shoulder.

"My boy, that weddin' 'll be the makin' of her!" the G. M. vigorously asserted.

A cloud of trouble still weighed on Turk however.

"If Rajah here'd only learn to take to her," he wanly suggested. "If we could only bring 'em together—make 'em more friendly!"

"Turk, that's a good idee! We'll get 'em together. We'll make 'em let bygones be bygones!"

When the Major made his way to the freak tent, to talk things over with Rosie, Turk lingered to extract from the inner recesses of his "keister" a handful of candy-coated paprika lozenges. His face was sorrowful but resigned as Rosie, in pursuance of the new policy of conciliation, was led tremblingly into the presence of Rajah. There she was utterly and ignominiously ignored by her blinking-eyed enemy.

"It ain't no use, Turk! He jus' hates me!" quavered the despondent Rosie.

"Try him with a candy or two," wheedled Turk, handing her a couple of the sugar-coated lozenges.

Rosie timidly held forth a rounded and dimpled hand in which nested two of those innocent titbits. The ever-explorative and snakelike trunk reached out, investigated and appropriated the proffered sweets.

The effect of those sweets on Rajah was both sudden and cyclonic. The great trunk lashed with rage, the tail stiffened and flailed, the huge limbs tugged at their chains.

"*Tutt*, Rajah, *tutt!*" called the indignant Turk; but Rajah would not *tutt*. He continued to storm. Rosie had to be engineered back out of reach of the lashing trunk. All efforts to compose Rajah seemed futile.

"It's queer; but they never forget!" ominously commented Turk as he led the palpitating and round-eyed Rosie out of the tent.

And on the next jump, oddly enough, when the boss canvasman dilated on the episode of a fieldmouse once stampeding a herd of circus "bulls," Turk secretly purchased a wicker cage of white mice, of which he seemed to become inordinately fond as he carried them along with him from town to town.

Yet Rosie, in spite of every fear and every obstacle, in spite of her vanishing obesity, in spite of Turk's sorrowing glances, showed an obduracy as great as that of Rajah. The preparations for the wedding went on. Turk could hear the G. M. and the layer-out and the show carpenters at work on the platform. The hammer-blows of the latter seemed as dolorous as though they were building a brand-new gallows—a gallows for his own personal and especial benefit. It roused in Turk a sickening appreciation of his impending doom. It even drove him, when the fated day arrived, to the frenzied extremity of giving the misanthropic Dog-faced Boy a ten-dollar bill if the latter would do nothing more than toss a wicker cage of white mice into Rajah's feed-hay at the moment the band struck up the Wedding March from Lohengrin.

This the Dogfaced Boy, little dreaming what it might involve, promptly and casually did at the moment the band brayed forth and the cheering crowds acclaimed Rosie, a figure in vestal white on a wide platform draped with skyblue bunting.

Rajah beheld those white mice; and his ancestral pachydermous terror was such that neither iron links nor canvas sidewalls could hold him!

He fled for the open, scattering the crowd as he went. And once there, high on her bunting-draped platform he beheld Rosie. At the same moment Rosie beheld him. And Rajah, with the unerring instinct of the one-time denizen of the wild, atavistically knew that he was face to face with his one enemy in life.

Thrice he trumpeted defiance to a repudiated civilization. Then he advanced, with trunk extended, with tail bristling, shouldering and tearing his way through the pine boards of Rosie's nuptial platform, as he had once shouldered his way through the underbrush of the Chittagong hills.

But Rosie was too quick for him. She knew it was a moment of desperate issues, of final reckonings. And Rosie, sliding nimbly over the edge of the Cupid-strewn platform, made discretion the better part of valor. She fled—fled incontinently in through the dressing tent, and under a flapping wall-canvas to the open again.

Rosie did not stop. She knew now that Rajah was intent on finalities; that he had gone berserker; that he would never give up. And Rosie, on her part, betrayed no desire to give up.

There was something Homeric, something epic, about that chase. It settled down into a coursing match strangely elemental and antediluvian. It took Rosie and Rajah across suburban lots, through back fences, over the orderly beds of kitchen gardens, along railroad tracks, between a double string of cattle cars, through a gravel pit, up a quarter-mile slope of ragweed and burdocks, and into an idyllic meadowland, where a flock of feeding sheep suddenly scattered like chaff before the wind. Rosie no longer called for help. Breath was too precious. Her gasps became stentorian, but fear still winged her flight.

Once she stumbled and rolled down an incline of thimbleberry bushes.

This did not deter her. Yet she became dimly aware of the fact that she always lost ground in the open. So she edged off toward the more devious route, the more impeded course. She even made for the woods, much as the fear of garter snakes had always meant to her.

To climb a tree was plainly out of the question. There was nothing arboreal about Rosie. But when she came to the overflow pipe of a suburban reservoir she dove into that cemented circle of safety. She wriggled deeper and deeper into that neatly fitting haven, at the mouth of which a minute later Rajah arrived.

"You jealous-minded ol' brute!" sobbed the immured and breathless Rosie, as the outstretched and ever-explorative trunk wavered impotently before her.

And Rajah was still there, maliciously and laboriously squirting reservoir water into that cemented orifice, when the G. M. and Turk and the rescuing party came panting up.

"I always said there was no knowin' what ends he'd go to!" proclaimed the sorrowing Turk. But the bull man was briefly and curtly instructed to get Rajah away before a pump-gun should make him into a four-legged colander; for the Major had at last decided to take things in his own hands.

And it was this same Major who wheedlingly and endearingly coaxed Rosie to come forth. So alternately tender and passionate did these solicitations become, indeed, that when Rosie finally emerged she sank promptly and conclusively into the Major's stalwart arms.

"Dolling!" she meaningly and raptly murmured, with gentle tremors tingling under the mud and briers and red paint that could not quench her ardent spirit. "Dolling!"

What further words passed between her and the Major no one in Cooney's Mammoth could tell; but when the G. M returned to the lot that afternoon he magnificently announced that thereafter Cooney's Mammoth was to be a three-ring circus. "And no more kid shows for mine!" he sternly asserted.

"How about Rosie?" asked the troubled Turk.

It was then the Major planted his heels a little wider apart and pinioned Turk's coat lapel with a forceful and significant fingerpoint.

"Say, Turk, since that woman's got trained down this way she's put Lillian Russell in the also-rans. Got her stung t'death f'r looks! 'S nifty a dame as you'd lamp in a thousand years!"

"But you're not keepin' her on?" Turk quaveringly inquired.

"Sure I'm keepin' her on!"

"Keepin' Rosie on as a Fat Woman?" asked the crestfallen bull man.

"No, siree!" was the Major's prompt retort. "As Mrs. Cooney, sir—and a half partner in the Newly Amalgamated and Enlarged Cooney's Mammoth!"

THE LOVE LETTERS OF A SCIENTIST

(Concluded from Page 15)

Seriously, however, Mrs. Dawes is right. Against my will and for reasons I do not clearly apprehend, I have been slow. The period of reflection and discussion has been, from every point of view, sufficiently extended. You could not have allowed me to continue thus far had you not felt some favorable inclination toward my proposition. You have, in fact, admitted as much. Do you not owe me an answer no longer deferred? May I not return as your affianced husband? The step is to be taken; why not take it now, and make me, if such a thing be possible, even more than at present,

Devotedly yours,

JOHN K. HERRINTON.

OAKHOLM UNIVERSITY, July 9, 1912.

MY Dear Mabel: Your letter has profoundly depressed me.

It is true I have no reason to reproach you. I have, as you say, always taken the ground that the matter between us was one to be discussed fully, calmly, and without emotional prepossession, and to be brought, without prejudice to either party, to the conclusion which should appear most rational to us both.

That I have not been able to show you the rationality of the issue I de ire has hitherto seemed to me inexplicable. Now, at length, the probable explanation has occurred to me—you will think Mrs. Dawes quite correct in terming me "slow." It seems evident that you have become, consciously or subconsciously, aware of some defect in me, unapparent to myself, which renders me unfit.

That I am in many ways inferior to you I have increasingly perceived. I have, of course, suspected from time to time that your reluctance had its base in some consciousness of my inferiority; but the general trend of your behavior has led me to dismiss the suspicion as untenable. Now, however, other possible sources of hesitation having been eliminated, such a conclusion appears inevitable.

May I not know my fault? This is no time for your kindness to spare my vanity. If my defect be one susceptible to correction I will spare no endeavor to amend it. If it be one unalterable in its nature I shall, I trust, find resolution to face that contingency.

I could not renounce you without pain of the severest description; but that, of course, is no proper consideration to influence your action. The proper considerations are —— But I have not the heart to urge them again.

My head aches tonight. Physically and mentally I am suffering an appalling depression; but I will not afflict you with an account of my wretchedness.

I remain, with unchanged admiration and devotion, JOHN K. HERRINTON.

OAKHOLM UNIVERSITY, July 12, 1912.

MY Dear Mabel: Frankly, I am bewildered by the tone of your letter. The headache is quite gone, thank you, and was of no consequence anyway. You completely ignore my main query, but I am getting used to that. What wholly perplexes me is this: although I cannot believe your instinct other than wholesome and normal, my very temporary ailment apparently elicited a response from you more favorable than any I have previously received. This is incomprehensible.

I cannot understand women. If I were not a scientist I should say caprice—irresponsible, feminine caprice. Being a scientist I know that caprice is but another name for the observer's ignorance.

I rejoice to state that I shall be with you at Ivy Cottage before an answer to this could reach me here. Doctor Brooks wires of his immediate return and Professor Haskell is greatly improved.

I am now confident that we shall have no difficulty in arriving at a thoroughly rational and satisfactory conclusion—in a very brief time, I trust. Until which time, I remain,

Yours, with sincerest regards,

JOHN K. HERRINTON.

IVY COTTAGE, July 23—10 P. M.

I APOLOGIZE! I had no right! Your evident anger is not unreasonable. And yet—was I only to blame? You tantalized me unbearably!

I have a difficulty in recalling the exact circumstances. Whenever I think of them intently—and my mind is never absent from them—I seem to lose the faculty of reflection. I become helpless in the clutch of emotional reactions of unparalleled and unanticipated intensity!

You will remember that I earnestly and repeatedly warned you against the imprudence of walking in the wet grass. Knowing your physical constitution as I do I could not countenance such a wanton exposure of your health. And your manner of doing so —— You are, of course, not aware of it, but your behavior for the past several days has been provocative past endurance. I can only say that, at the moment, I felt justified in using force for your immediate removal from contact with the rain-soaked earth.

If Arthur saw us from the veranda—which I think unlikely—it was, of course, not my fault. If you had not struggled I should not have done further—what I did!

My own present condition is indescribable. I have seriously underestimated the force of these emotions. Though aware, in a general way, that osculatory contacts in courtship were of not infrequent occurrence, I did not imagine they produced neural reactions of such extent.

I shall slip this note under your door, where a moment ago I observed a light. Will you not reply at once that I am forgiven. I shall not sleep until I hear from you.

J. K. H.

IVY COTTAGE, Midnight.

YOUR cruel little note is received. I leave Ivy Cottage at daybreak. As I have no reason to think you would care to say goodby, I shall slip out and take the early morning train at Riverdell without arousing the family. Later, when I am calmer, I shall attempt to answer the unjust and injurious accusations you heap upon me.

J. K. H.

OAKHOLM UNIVERSITY, July 25, 1912.

MY Dear Mabel: In the merest justice to myself, and in a spirit of the calmest rationality, I will now take up some of the outrageous charges made against me in your note written on the night of the twenty-third.

You say I am making you ridiculous. On the contrary it is you who have made me ridiculous. You have treated me like a slave! You have made me subservient to your slightest whim. You have not permitted me to talk on the subject that occupies all my thoughts. You have tied my tongue; you have tied my hands; you have made me an ignominious and ludicrous captive; and, to crown all, you load me with unmerited and ridiculous reproaches.

Specifically you ask me not to look at you like a lovesick calf. It suffices to point out the absurdity of the comparison. A calf could not be lovesick; it has neither the age nor the psychical constitution requisite. Neither am I aware of bovine characteristics in myself.

What tenable ground of offense have you? It is true that I kissed you. I did, and I am glad of it! I don't care if Arthur did see us!

You say your feet are your own. They are not. They are mine.

You are mine! You cannot fail to be aware of it. It is idle to try to evade or elude me any longer. I have been patient, but I have ceased to be patient. I must and will have you!

For the present I say no more. You belong irrevocably to me—and you know it! In imagination—a faculty extraordinarily stimulated in me just now—I crush you in my arms again; I kiss you over and over. You are mine! Mine! Mine!

Your future husband,

JOHN K. HERRINTON.

OAKHOLM UNIVERSITY, September 12, 1912.

MISS MABEL AMORY,

236 Eagle Street, Lakewood, Iowa.

MY Dear Miss Amory: I shall be very glad to meet Mrs. Dawes at the Union Station next Friday, as you suggest, and see her safely on board the train for West Bend. I quite understand that an elderly lady should feel nervous in traveling alone. The university term has opened as prosperously as usual.

The more personal queries in your letter, in view of the sentiments expressed in your last previous communication, can only spring from casual politeness. As I do not care for casual politeness from you, I trust you will excuse me from answering them.

With kindest regard to your family, I remain Yours, etc.,

JOHN K. HERRINTON.

OAKHOLM UNIVERSITY, September 16, 1912.

MY Dear Mabel: I am deeply concerned to learn from Mrs. Dawes that your health has declined during the late summer and that your natural cheerfulness has consequently suffered. Mrs. Dawes intimated that the agitations and regrets connected with your final rejection of myself had some causal relation to your altered state. If this be so I trust I am not impertinent in expressing my sincere and profound sorrow.

Since my dream of personal happiness ended I have, of course, endeavored to turn the despised remnant of my life to some account in the service of science. Conditions so far have been most discouraging, even to the abominable weather that has prevailed.

The classes I am obliged to lecture to contain an unusually large proportion of hopeless imbeciles.

All this, however, can be of no interest to you. I can never cease to love you, but I shall never knowingly annoy you.

With renewed regret for all the trouble I have caused you, I remain,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN K. HERRINTON.

OAKHOLM UNIVERSITY, September 20, 1912.

MY Dearest Mabel: Of course I said it before! I said it in the first letter I wrote you last spring and in every letter since. I have never said anything else! And I'll say it again as often as you'll let me: I love you! I love you! I love you! I love you with my reason; I love you with my senses; I love you with my soul. If there were any more of me I would love you with that.

I am enormously relieved to find that your Aunt Drusilla's account of your decline in health and spirits was erroneous, and that you never felt better in your life.

I saw Arthur yesterday; in fact I went with him to the jeweler's to choose Anne's ring. Do you like it? The jeweler, by-the-way, had a very fine assortment of solitaire diamonds.

I am coming to Lakewood as soon as I can get away—very soon. May I? Will you be glad to see me?

Devotedly and unchangeably yours,

JOHN K. HERRINTON.

OAKHOLM UNIVERSITY, September 29, 1912.

MY Own Darling: I have secured the house we spoke of. They will give us possession November first; so, you see, we were quite right in deciding upon the earlier date. Can't you arrange to come down for a week before long, so that we can look the house over together and select the furniture intelligently? I feel utterly at a loss without your taste and judgment.

I think your idea about the bridesmaids very attractive.

Now in regard to the question we discussed Friday evening: I feel that I ought not, in candor and fairness, to leave this point possibly obscure. I must state the fact as concisely and emphatically as I am able. When I attempted to do so, Friday evening, you stopped my mouth—you know how!

The point is this: You are making a mistake in taking me. A marriage with one so markedly your inferior in the most essential qualities cannot, strictly from your point of view, produce the best results. And yet I will it with all the strength of my being!

Neither can I feel that I am wrong in so doing. There would seem to be some compensatory principle at work, involved in the fact that I love you to the very unusual degree in which that passion possesses me, and in the extraordinary and highly significant fact that I am, after all, the man you have chosen.

We will throw ourselves upon the bounty of Nature—shall we not, my beloved?—and accept with joy the portion she sends us.

Can you not manage to come down very soon, so that we may plan our housefurnishing together? If you like—though I consider chaperonage preposterous—we can have Aunt Drusilla come up from West Bend. I am all impatience to see you; and I am forever Your adoring JOHN.

A Short Talk on Short Smokes

by

W. H. O'BRIEN

WHEN the American Tobacco Co. found itself without a short smoke of *distinctive* cigar character—as a result of the United States Supreme Court decision which brought about a division of its business among fourteen other Companies—I was given *carte blanche* to create a little cigar of such unquestioned superiority that it would stand apart from *all others* in smoking qualities.

I *experimented*—with *every kind* of tobacco. I made hundreds of different blends. I used all the "*know how*" that 15 years' experience and the making of thousands of millions of short smokes had taught me.

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—is the result.

I have put into Piccadilly all the aroma, mildness and sweetness of the most *popular Havana cigars*.

Because in creating this superlatively *good* smoke, I abandoned all the old leaf formulas and took as my ideal, the blends of *the BEST cigars* in Havana.

Hundreds of thousands of men will welcome Piccadilly.

One of my friends took a carton of Piccadilly to his golf club recently and distributed them to his friends. All of them were skeptical, and all of them were converted. Four of them are now regular smokers of Piccadilly. One of them is the President of a steel company; another is a prominent downtown lawyer in New York; the third is another New York lawyer (Cedar St.); and the fourth is a steel manufacturer of Youngstown, Ohio.

Wherever Piccadilly Little Cigars are on sale, we get just this kind of information. It is really a little cigar that appeals to an intelligent man who knows good tobacco when he smokes it.

You will find it the ideal smoke for the many in-between-times when a big cigar is too much.

No matter what little cigars you have tried in the past, I know the exquisite flavor of Piccadilly will appeal to you.

The price is 10 cents for ten in a tin box.

If your dealer can't supply you send me 10 cents in stamps and I'll promptly mail you a box.

W. H. O'Brien

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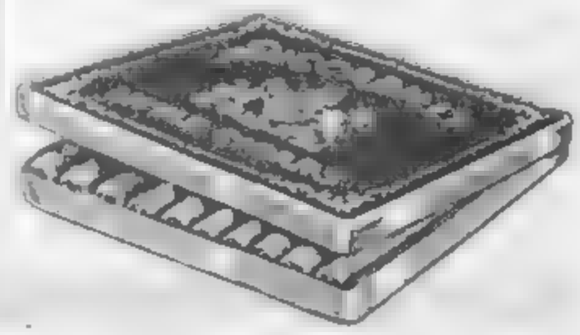

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Judge this Speedometer by its celebrated connections

THE majority of large manufacturers of high priced automobiles are equipping their 1913 products with the famous Warner Speedometer. In the literature, catalogues, newspapers and magazine advertising matter of the majority of high priced American automobiles you find the Warner Speedometer *prominently and proudly specified. Over sixty per cent.* of the high priced cars are now Warner equipped.

We show here a variety of automobile literature. These bring out an interesting point. *The Warner is listed in every single one.* These cars are celebrated the world over—known in every civilized country under the sun. Each one of these famous makers specifies the Warner Speedometer. And they not only conspicuously mention it, but of their own accord proceed to tell you what a *high grade and accurate instrument it is.*

One maker says: "The Warner Speedometer (which is a part of our equipment) is conceded by practically every automobile manufacturer in the world, to be the best made. It is the speedometer you find on practically all the $5000 cars. We could have put on a speedometer that cost just half that of the Warner *but we wanted the best.*"

In another catalogue you find: "All of our 1913 models are equipped with the famous Warner speedometer—the most accurate speed and mileage indicator made."

Another catalogue states: "Equipped with the accurate Warner—How far and how fast."

In still another you find: "Instead of the usual Hub-Odometer or low priced Speedometer, our cars are all equipped with the *standard Warner Auto-Meter* showing the speed as well as trip and season mileage."

Another catalogue states: "Our 1913 cars are equipped with *the most expensive speed and mileage indicator made*—the well known Warner."

There are many others—too many to give here.

We quote these few extracts to show you the standing the Warner has with each manufacturer. These men, from long, hard experience know just exactly what is expected of a speedometer and desire and select the superior one.

The interesting point is that each automobile manufacturer has an unusually high regard for Warner quality and does not hesitate to say so.

These famous cars are now equipped with Warners

Ahrens-Fox	*Church-Field Electric*	*Garford*	*Jenkins*	*Matheson*	*Packard* (in combination)	*Republic*	*Stevens-Duryea*
American	*Cino*	*Grand Rapids Truck*	*King Electric*	*McFarlan*	*S. G. V.*	*Stoddard-Dayton*	
Armleder	*Columbia*	*Grant*	*Knickerbocker*	*Midland*	*Patterson*	*Simplex*	*Vera Six*
Austin	*Cunningham*	*Grinnell Electric*	*Lozier*	*Ohio Electric*	*Pierce-Arrow*	*Stafford*	
Cadillac	*De Launey Belleville*	*Haynes*	*Marion*	*Oldsmobile*	*Pilot*	*Staver*	
Chalmers	*Flanders*	*Hupp-Yeats*	*Marmon*	*Overland*	*R-C-H*	*Stearns*	

Now let's take the other side of the question. Picking up the catalogues of the manufacturers who are *not* equipping with Warners, *you find no speedometer names mentioned at all.* What is the matter? They have either forgotten to include them or probably the names slipped their memory. Possibly they were not good enough to be talked about. But in any event the important and interesting fact remains *that they are not mentioned at all.* Why this is, it does not become us to say.

A majority of the leading automobile manufacturers are equipping with Warners. Every one of these manufacturers is advertising the fact for he knows it has a clear meaning to the public, *and gives you confidence in his product.*

The Warner is the speedometer *mentioned, advertised, referred to* and *catalogued* by the most prominent automobile manufacturers.

The Warner speedometer is the most highly developed speed and mileage indicator made. Each instrument is thoroughly jeweled—the same as the very high priced watches. The first Warner was made eight years ago and is still giving perfect service.

For sale by leading dealers all over the world and at our branches listed below. The prices are never changed—never cut. They never vary. You pay the same price in one state as you would in another. Priced from $50 to $145 according to size and style.

Handsome catalogue on request.

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ON THE UPGRADE

(Concluded from Page 17)

Not long afterward, however, I heard the explosion of a "boomer" on the track as the locomotive went over it, and the engineer applied the air so quickly that I was nearly thrown out of my chair. Pins slept on in peace. I tell you, we fellows slept when we got a chance!

The train stopped abruptly and I heard voices. Now the express company had issued a strict rule that the doors of express cars must never be opened during any of these emergency stops. This was a good rule, too, though I had seen it violated a thousand times by messengers who lacked that peculiar sense of responsibility I've been talking about.

Despite the rule these curious-minded messengers would roll back a door and look out to see what was going on.

In the Hands of Hold-Up Men

As for me, I believed in abiding by the rules unless I had an extraordinary and valid excuse for breaking them. There are times, true enough, when only a doughhead will stick to orders—as a fool watchman did when he refused to open a factory gate for the fire-engines; he'd had orders not to admit anybody through that passageway without instructions from the office. The firemen had to batter the gate down in order to save the plant. But on this occasion out in Kansas I stuck to the rules, as usual. If I hadn't I probably shouldn't be in the express service today.

The train hadn't been stopped more than a minute when I heard shots, and of course I knew what I was up against. From the sounds round us I learned that the express car, which was next to the engine, was being cut off from the rest of the train. Then I heard somebody shout, with an imprecation:

"Move along now! You're not running on a flimsy either!"

We started with a lurch, and by the way we wheeled 'em up I knew we had only the engine and my car. Express cars at that period were considerably lighter than the cars of today, and this one was not much over forty feet long.

The first thing I did was to put out the two oil lamps. Then I shook Pins awake.

"Confound that stove!" I muttered as he stood looking at me with a white face. "See if you can't cool her off, Pins. She gives as much light as the lamps did."

He and I tried together to deaden the red-hot metal, but we found it aggravatingly difficult. The plates were still glowing when we stopped abruptly, after running perhaps six or eight miles at fast speed.

Then came a thumping on one of the side doors and a rough voice commanded:

"Open up or we'll blow you in!"

"In a minute!" I returned. "Give me a chance."

I wanted to gain a little time, for that red-hot stove had given me a sudden idea.

Now, I tell you, I thought pretty fast. I thought first of Graham and the nerve he displayed when his train was held up. Then I thought of the through safe in the car. I did not possess the combination to it, nor was I supposed to know what it held.

Back in the office, however, I had heard that one consignment alone contained more than sixty thousand dollars in money. And I was sure the robbers would blow the safe open with dynamite if they got to it.

Then I reached under the stove, got the ash shovel, and scooped a bushel of fiery coals out on to the floor. Almost at the same moment there was an explosion against the door that partly shattered it.

The car was ablaze in a few seconds. I never realized before how fast fire could gain headway. The smoke almost suffocated Pins and me before we got the little door open next to the tender and made our escape.

In the darkness we ran a short distance and crouched back of a fence.

So unexpected was my coup that the bandits were dazed for a few minutes, and meanwhile the express car became a furnace. Then, routed by the glare that lit up the country, they fled; we saw them ride away on horses they had secreted in the vicinity.

The car was burned to ashes and twisted metal, and the tender was ruined, as well as the cab of the engine; but all the damage, including the ordinary express matter, did not amount to a quarter of the sum in the through and way safes. Even if the robbers had stayed it would have taken them a long time to handle those blistering-hot steel boxes.

For this piece of work I was made a route agent. It was one of the great milestones in my career. Such things, of course, happen rarely. Even in the hazardous life of an express messenger or railroad man the incidents are largely trivial and laboriously grinding. But, I repeat, the man who cultivates courage and a sense of responsibility in the little things of his daily life is the man who will be ready to handle the big things when they come along and capable of standing up under the weight of authority.

To have the faculty of acting quickly on one's own initiative, and to act with trained judgment, is the requisite every executive of consequence must have. It is this power that makes men worth two, three or five thousand dollars a year, while the ordinary man must raise his family on fifteen or twenty dollars a week.

The ordinary man, you know, never trains himself to make a move unless somebody tells him to do it—he never shows any capacity for independent action.

The Men Who Get Ahead

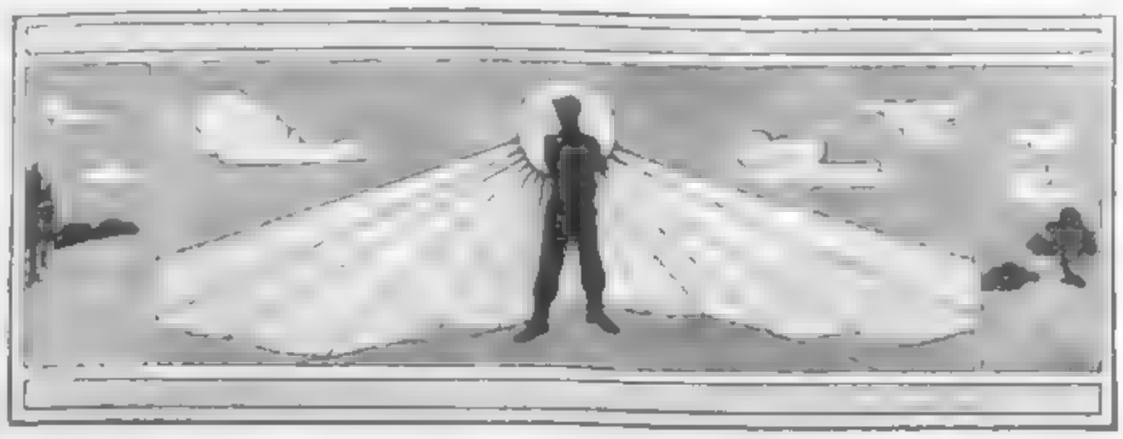
I had plenty of occasion after that to cultivate authority and decision—those twin attributes of courage. I always remembered what my former division superintendent told me down at New Orleans about the company's need for men who realized the meaning of duty and responsibility; and, during all the years that have followed, my work has always been devoted as largely as possible to the cultivation of men.

As a route agent, local agent, division superintendent, and as a still higher official in the Eastern and Middle states I have ridden in express cars over nearly every line of railroad in the country. I have studied thousands of men in my search for material to be advanced, and in many hundreds of them I have been utterly disappointed. Yet my companies have been scrupulous in their selection of employees, as a rule, and have watched them carefully.

What, then, has been the trouble? I'll tell you. The man who is thoroughly in earnest is a scarce proposition. The man who can be trusted absolutely, without being watched, is the one I look for every day. And the man who goes even further than this, and can be depended upon to display courage and sound judgment on occasion, is the man I want as close to me in authority as I can get him.

It's largely up to the men whether they move altogether on orders, or crawl along, with a flag ahead—or get control of the line and do the dispatching themselves.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The third will appear in an early issue.



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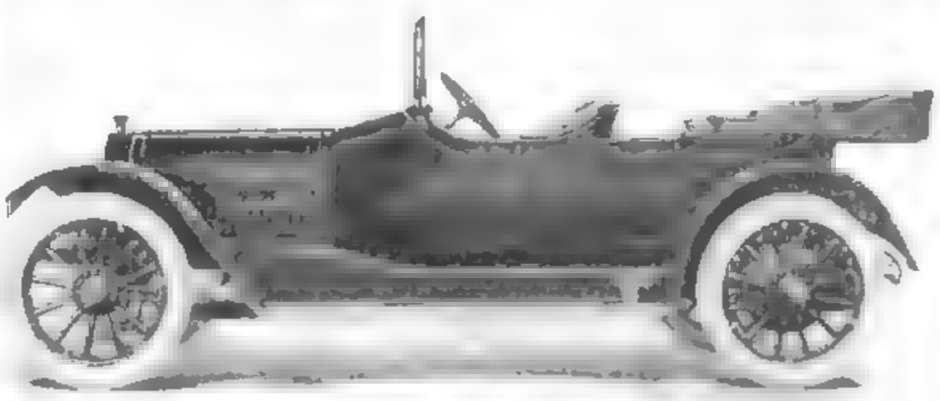
Mitchell



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THE FLIRT

(Continued from Page 5)

"Well, Sarah'll have to get cross," said the boy grimly; "and I'll have to plug out and go for a quart of brick ice cream and carry it home in all this heat; and Laura and you'll have to stand over the stove with Sarah; and father'll have to change his shirt; and we'll all have to toil and moil and sweat and suffer while Coralee sits out on the front porch and talks toodle-do-dums to her new duke. And then she'll have you go out and kid him along while ——"

"Hedrick!"

"Yes, you will!—— while she gets herself all dressed and powdered up again. After that she'll do her share of the work; she'll strain her poor back carryin' Dick Lindley's flowers down the back stairs and stickin' 'em in a vase over a hole in the tablecloth that Laura hasn't had time to sew up. You wait and see!"

The gloomy realism of this prophecy was not without effect upon the seer's mother.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed protestingly. "We really can't manage it. I'm sure Cora won't want to ask him ——"

"You'll see!"

"No; I'm sure she wouldn't think of it—but if she does I'll tell her we can't. We really can't today."

Her son looked pityingly upon her.

"She ought to be my daughter," he said, the sinister implication all too plain—"just about five minutes!"

With that he effectively closed the interview and left the room.

He returned to his abandoned art labors in the conservatory, and meditatively perpetrated monstrosities upon the tiles for the next half-hour; at the end of which he concealed his box of chalks, with an anxiety possibly not unwarranted, beneath the sideboard, and made his way toward the front door, first glancing, unseen, into the kitchen, where his mother still pursued the silver. He walked through the hall on tiptoe, taking care to step upon the much-stained and worn strip of "Turkish" carpet, and not upon the more resonant wooden floor. The music had ceased.

The open doorway was like a brilliantly painted picture hung upon the darkness of the hall, though its human center of interest was no startling bit of work, consisting of Mr. Madison pottering aimlessly about the sun-flooded, unkempt lawn, fanning himself, and now and then stooping to pull up one of the thousands of plantain weeds that beset the grass. With him the little spy had no concern, but from a part of the porch out of sight from the hall came Cora's exquisite voice and the light and pleasant barytone of the visitor. Hedrick flattened himself in a corner just inside the door.

"I should break any engagement whatsoever if I had one," Mr. Corliss was saying with what the eavesdropper considered an offensively foreign accent and an equally unjustifiable gallantry; "but, of course, I haven't—I am so utterly a stranger here. Your mother is immensely hospitable to wish you to ask me, and I'll be only too glad to stay. Perhaps after dinner you'll be very, very kind and play again? Of course you know how remarkable such ——"

"Oh, just improvising," Cora tossed off carelessly with a deprecatory ripple of laughter. "It's purely with the mood, you see. I can't make myself do things. No; I fancy I shall not play again today."

There was a moment's silence.

"Shan't I fasten that in your buttonhole for you?" said Cora.

"You see how patiently I've been awaiting the offer!"

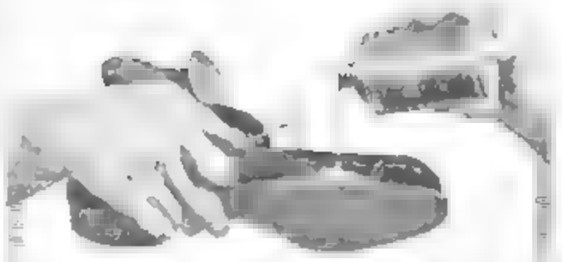
There was another little silence, and the listener was able to construct a picture—possibly in part from an active memory—of Cora's delicate hands uplifted to the gentleman's lapel and Cora's eyes for a moment likewise uplifted.

"Yes; one has moods," she said dreamily. "I am all moods. I think you are, too, Mr. Corliss. You look moody. Aren't you?"

A horrible grin might have been seen to disfigure the shadow in the corner just within the doorway.

III

IT WAS cooler outdoors after dinner, in the dusk of that evening; nevertheless three members of the Madison family denied themselves the breeze and, as if



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by a tacitly recognized and habitual house rule, so disposed themselves as to afford the most agreeable isolation for the younger daughter and the guest, who occupied wicker chairs upon the porch. The mother and father sat beneath a hot, gas droplight in the small library—Mrs. Madison with an evening newspaper, her husband with King Solomon's Mines; and Laura, after crisply declining an urgent request from Hedrick to play, had disappeared upstairs. The inimical lad alone was inspired for the rôle of duenna.

He sat upon the topmost of the porch steps, with the air of being permanently implanted, leaning forward, elbows on knees, cheeks on palms, in a treacherous affectation of profound reverie, and his back—all of him that was plainly visible in the hall light—tauntingly close to a delicate foot which would—God wot!—willingly have launched him into the darkness beyond. It was his dreadful pleasure to understand wholly the itching of that shapely silk-and-satin foot.

The gaslight from the hall laid a broad orange path to the steps—Cora and her companion sat just beyond it, his whiteness gray, and she a pale ethereality in the shadow. She wore an evening gown that revealed a vague lilac through white and shimmered upon her like a vapor. She was very quiet; and there was a wan sweetness about her, an exhalation of wistfulness. Cora, in the evening, was more like a rose than ever. She was fragrant in the dusk. The spell she cast was an Undine's; it was not to be thought so exquisite a thing as she could last. And who may know how she managed to say what she did in the silence and darkness? For it was said—without words, without touch, even without a look—as plainly as if she had spoken or written the message: "If I am a rose I am one to be worn and borne away. Are you the man?"

With the fall of night the street they faced had become still, save for an infrequent squawk of irritation on the part of one of the passing automobiles, gadding for the most part silently, like fireflies. But after a time a strolling trio of negroes came singing along the sidewalk:

"*In the evening, by the moonlight, you could hear those banjos ringing;*
In the evening, by the moonlight, you could hear those darkies singing."

"Ah, that takes me back!" exclaimed Corliss. "That's as it used to be. I might be a boy again."

"And I suppose this old house has many memories for you," said Cora softly.

"Not very many. My old-maid aunt didn't like me overmuch, I believe, and I wasn't here often. My mother and I lived far down the street. A big apartment house stands there now. I noticed as I was walking out here this afternoon—the Verema, it is called, absurdly enough!"

"Ray Vilas lives there," volunteered Hedrick, not altering his position.

"Vilas?" said the visitor politely with a casual recollection that the name had been once or twice emphasized by the youth at dinner. "I don't remember Vilas among the old names here."

"It wasn't, I guess," said Hedrick. "Ray Vilas has only been here about two years. He came from Kentucky."

"A great friend of yours, I suppose."

"He ain't a boy," said Hedrick, and returned to silence without further explanation.

"How cool and kind the stars are to-night," said Cora very gently.

She leaned forward from her chair, extending a white arm along the iron railing of the porch; bending toward Corliss, and speaking toward him and away from Hedrick in as low a voice as possible; probably entertaining a reasonable hope of not being overheard.

"I love things that are cool and kind," she said. "I love things that are cool and strong. I love iron." She moved her arm caressingly upon the railing. "I love its cool, smooth touch. Any strong life must have iron in it. I like iron in men."

She leaned a very little closer to him.

"Have you iron in you, Mr. Corliss?" she asked.

At these words the frayed edge of Hedrick's broad white collar was lifted perceptibly from his coat as if by a shudder passing over the back and shoulders beneath.

"If I have not," answered Corliss in a low voice, "I will have—now!"

"Tell me about yourself," she said.

"Dear lady," he began—and it was an effective beginning, for a sigh of pleasure

"Just look at its tempting color!"

"Yes. And get the fragrance of it. You know it is good even before you taste it."

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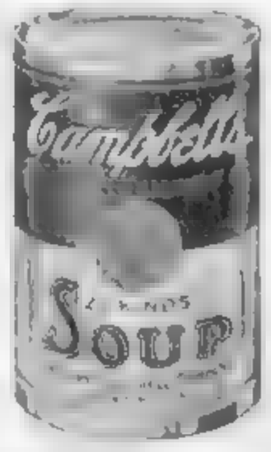

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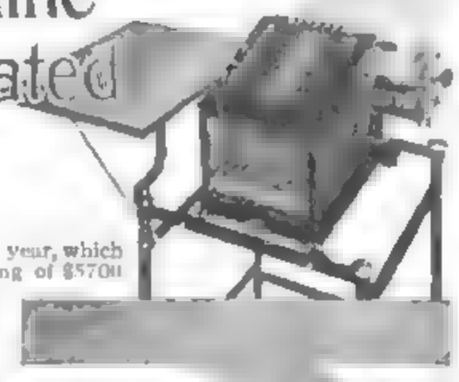

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parted her lips as he spoke—"there is nothing interesting to tell. I have spent a very commonplace life."

"I think not. You shouldn't call any life commonplace that has escaped this!" The lovely voice was all the richer for the pain that shook it now. "This monotony!—this unending desert of ashes."

"This town, you mean?"

"This prison, I mean! Everything! Tell me what lies outside of it. You can!"

"What makes you think I can?"

"I don't need to answer that. You understand perfectly."

Valentine Corliss drew in his breath with a sound murmurous of delight, and for a time they did not speak.

"Yes," he said finally; "I think I do."

"There are meetings in the desert," he went on slowly. "A lonely traveler finds another at a spring sometimes."

"And sometimes they find that they speak the same language?"

His answer came almost in a whisper:

"Even as you and I."

"'Even as you and I,'" she echoed even more faintly.

"Yes."

Cora breathed rapidly in the silence that followed; she had every appearance of a woman deeply and mysteriously stirred. Her companion watched her keenly in the dusk; and, whatever the reciprocal symptoms of emotion he may have exhibited, they were far from tumultuous, bearing more likeness to the quiet satisfaction of a good card-player taking in what may prove to be a decisive trick.

After a time she leaned back in her chair again and began to fan herself slowly.

"You have lived in the Orient—haven't you, Mr. Corliss?" she asked.

"Not lived. I've been East once or twice. I spend a greater part of the year at Posilipo."

"Where is that?"

"On the fringe of Naples."

"Do you live in a hotel?"

"No." A slight surprise sounded in his voice. "I have a villa there."

"Do you know what that seems to me?" Cora asked gravely after a pause; then answered herself after another—"Like magic. Like a strange, beautiful dream."

"Yes; it is beautiful," he said.

"Then tell me: What do you do there?"

"I spend a lot of time on the water."

"Sailing?"

"On a sea of sapphires and emeralds and turquoises and rubies, melted and blown into waves."

"And you go yachting over that glory?"

"Fishing with my crew—and loafing."

"Your boat is really a yacht—isn't it?"

"Oh, it might be called anything."

"And your sailors are Italian fishermen?"

Hedrick slew a mosquito upon his temple, smiting himself hard. "No; they're Chinese!" he muttered hoarsely.

"They're Neapolitans," said Corliss.

"Do they wear red sashes and earrings?" asked Cora.

"One of them wears earrings and a Derby hat!"

"Ah!" she protested, turning to him again. "You don't tell me! You let me cross-question you, but you don't tell me things! Don't you see? I want to know what life is! I want to know of strange seas, of strange people, of pain and of danger, of great music, of curious thoughts! What are the Neapolitan women like?"

"They fade early."

She leaned closer to him. "Before the fading, have you—have you loved—many?"

"All the pretty ones I ever saw," he answered gaily, but with something in his tone—as there was in hers—which implied that all the time they were really talking of things other than those spoken. Yet here this secret subject seemed to come near the surface. She let him hear a genuine little snap of her teeth.

"I thought you were like that!"

He laughed.

"Ah, but you were sure to see it!"

"You could 'a' seen a Neapolitan woman yesterday, Cora," said Hedrick obligingly, "if you'd looked out the front window. She was working a hurdy-gurdy up and down this neighborhood all afternoon." He turned genially to face his sister and added: "Ray Vilas used to say there were lots of pretty girls in Lexington."

Cora sprang to her feet.

"You're not smoking!" she said to Corliss hurriedly as if upon a sudden discovery. "Let me get you some matches."

She had entered the house before he could protest, and Hedrick, looking down

Laying by a nest egg

At one time or another nearly all of us have determined to lay aside that coveted "nest egg."

But somehow it seems so hard to really start. That weekly allowance seems only just what is necessary to buy the things which we "really need," or somehow that increase in salary last year faded away just as the old one did, or the scheme for saving which we planned didn't work out because of "an unexpected expense." Whatever the reason, the result is the same and we usually say to ourselves, "If I only had some outside way of earning money I could do it."

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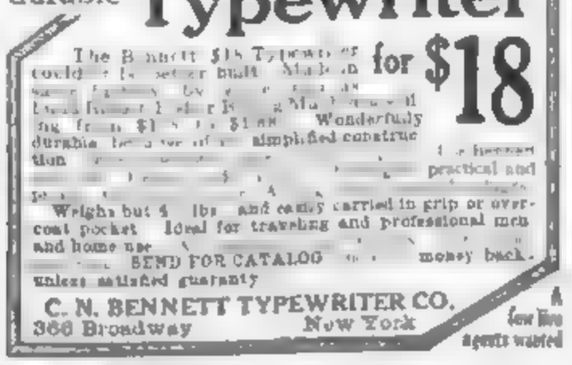

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the hall, was acutely aware that she dived desperately into the library. But, however tragic the cry for justice she uttered there, it certainly was not prolonged; and the almost instantaneous quickness of her reappearance upon the porch, with matches in her hand, made this one of the occasions when her brother had to admit that in her own line Cora was a miracle.

"So thoughtless of me!" she said cheerfully, resuming her seat.

A voice called from within, commanding in no uncertain tones:

"Hedrick! I should like to see you!"

Hedrick rose and, looking neither to the right nor to the left, went stonily into the house and appeared before the powers.

"Call me?" he inquired with the air of cheerful readiness to proceed upon any errand, no matter how difficult.

Mr. Madison countered diplomacy with gloom.

"I don't know what to do with you. Why can't you let your sister alone?"

"Has Laura been complaining of me?"

"Oh, Hedrick!" said Mrs. Madison.

Hedrick himself felt the justice of her reproof; his reference to Laura was poor work, he knew. He hung his head and began to scrape the carpet with the side of his shoe.

"Well, what'd Cora say I been doing to her?"

"You know perfectly well what you've been doing," said Mr. Madison sharply.

"Nothing at all, just sitting on the steps. What'd she say?"

"You know what you did!" Mr. Madison said heavily.

"Oho!" Hedrick's eyes became severe, and his sire's evasively shifted from them.

"You keep away from the porch!" said the father uneasily.

"You mean what I said about Ray Vilas?" asked the boy.

Both parents looked uncomfortable.

"That's what you mean," said the boy accusingly—"Ray Vilas!"

"Just you keep away from that porch!"

"Because I happened to mention Ray Vilas?" demanded Hedrick.

"You let your sister alone!"

"I got a right to know what she said, haven't I?"

There was no response, which appeared to satisfy Hedrick perfectly. Neither parent met his glance; the mother troubled and the father dogged, while the boy rejoiced sternly in some occult triumph. He inflated his scant chest in pomp and hurled at the defeated pair the well-known words:

"I wish she was my daughter—about five minutes!"

New sounds from without—men's voices in greeting, and a ripple of response from Cora, somewhat lacking in enthusiasm—afforded Mr. Madison unmistakable relief and an errand upon which to send his deadly offspring.

Hedrick, after a reconnaissance in the hall, obeyed at leisure. Closing the library door nonchalantly behind him, he found himself at the foot of a flight of unillumined back stairs, where his manner underwent a swift alteration, for here was an adventure to be gone about with ceremony. *"Ventre Saint Gris!"* he muttered hoarsely, and loosened the long rapier in the shabby sheath at his side. For, with the closing of the door, he had become a Huguenot gentleman, over forty and a little grizzled, perhaps, but modest and unassuming; wiry, alert, lightning-quick, with a wrist of steel and a heart of gold; and he was about to ascend the stairs of an unknown house at Blois in total darkness. He went up, crouching, ready for anything, without a footfall, not even causing a hideous creak, and gained the top in safety. Here he turned into an obscure passage, and at the end of it beheld, through an open door, a little room in which a dark-eyed lady sat, writing in a book by the light of an oil lamp.

The wary Huguenot remained in the shadow and observed her.

Laura was writing in an old ledger she had found in the attic, blank and unused. She had rebound it herself in heavy gray leather and fitted it with a tiny padlock and key. She wore the key under her dress upon a very thin silver chain round her neck. Upon the first page of the book was written a date, now more than a year past; the month was June, and beneath it:

"Love came to me today."

Nothing more was written upon that page.

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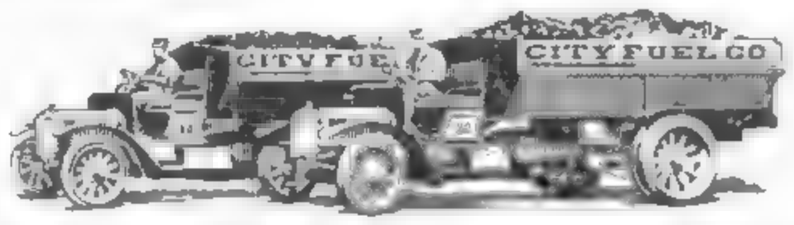

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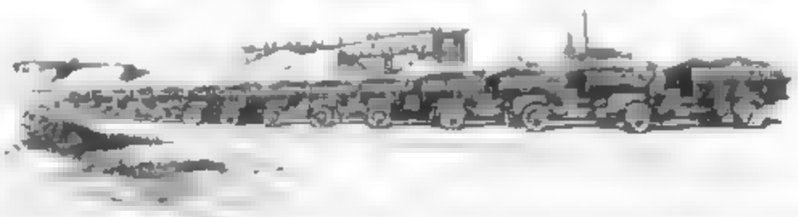

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HOW THE WORLD CONTRIBUTES TO THE AMERICAN STAGE

Concluded from Page 7

imported Japanese kimonos, sandals and cloaks, the originals made on the native pattern and by the native people. From these we're making copies, with, however, a stronger selection of color and with some exaggeration of form over what is in daily use there. For anklets, bracelets and clasps we used designs in the Chinese enamel taken from an incense burner over 300 years old that I bought in China, sent to Paris and had reproduced in the same colors and tints.

We visited Ceylon to pick up atmosphere. I got costumes and some dances there. The scenery of this island lends itself peculiarly to comic opera. Their artificial lakes are delightful, and there is an avenue some seventy miles long, running back from Colombo, with broad, running water on each side and royal palms overhead. Ceylon is to India what France is to Europe. Its people are lighter and brighter, their dresses delicate and pretty, as compared with the somberness of the people and costumes of the Peninsula. As a matter of fact, the stage pictures of our fictitious island will be made up of the most striking bits from Ceylon.

The costumes for our first act will be modified Japanese, and Cingalese for another. Though we use the costumes and properties of the Far East, we find their music unavailable. Hawaiian music, on the contrary, lends itself quite readily to our taste. In those islands the performances are almost entirely musical. Little children coming home from school are constantly singing part-songs with perfect harmony. Their music, however, is all plaintive.

At Rangoon we secured weapons, costume designs, silver ornaments, and so on. These are all sold by weight. The thing you buy is put on to one side of the scales, and you throw annas on to the other side until you have balanced it—then double the amount. They are worth twice their weight in money.

Speaking of Rangoon, I went to a theater there to see a musical piece. I thought things looked familiar when the curtain went up—and, sure enough, they were playing the old extravaganza, Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves—playing it in Parsee, of all things! All the parts were taken by males—even the chorus. There were boys of fourteen or fifteen in tights for the march; and they were not a bad-looking lot, either, but had no figures. The whole thing was very funny.

The Theaters of the Orient

This trip afforded many chances personally to observe the theater of the Orient. We saw many excellent things, though we picked up only a few ideas about stage management adaptable to our theaters.

Of all theaters in the Orient the Japanese are far and away in the lead. The New National in Tokio, with its European seats, revolving stage, and handsome, well-equipped building, would be a credit to Broadway. The boxes are practically the same size as our own, but only such seats are sold as have a satisfactory view of the stage. For instance, there are only two seats for sale in some boxes that hold six. Here, too, more attention is paid to stage management than in any other country in the East. The people are principally interested in pantomime; and their pantomime is, I think, more wonderful than that of the Italians or the French. I saw an audience moved to tears by the silent expression of grief by an animal trainer over the death of one of his creatures. A marked peculiarity in Japanese stage management is the use of noises as an adjunct or an indication of a dramatic situation. As the dramatic moment approaches the noise increases. When the star enters an extra stage is laid down, with a small space between the two, so that when he walks a sound like drumming follows. During great scenes everything is punctuated by stamping, as well as by dramatic action and gesture. At times they make sounds in the wings to promote the general effect. Curiously all entrances are made from the front, and it is a marked test of the dramatic strength of an actor to make his exit or entrance through the house and still hold his audience.

Performances in the Japanese theaters are very long, beginning at ten in the morning and running all day. The floors of the auditoriums are laid out in small squares, defined by low railings, and designed each for the use of a number of persons. Parents come in the morning and squat on the floor in their respective squares, surrounded by their children. Sometimes they buy luncheon from venders who come round with it, or they may bring a little cooking stove and prepare their midday meal very comfortably while the continuous performance goes on. Prices of admission are very reasonable.

Nor is the Japanese manager lacking in methods that allure. In the principal theaters of the cities the back of the stage is on the street, covered only by a curtain. Every now and then a man stationed outside lifts the curtain for a few seconds to give the passers-by a peep in and whet their appetites for more. The government subsidizes the theaters of Japan, the National, I am sure, receiving an annual grant like many theaters in Germany or Austria, whose subsidies come from both the city and the emperor.

The Japanese actor carries a bigger train than a prima donna—always six or seven persons. Each has his specific duties. One looks after his master's weapons; another, his wigs; another attends to his dresses; another, his music—and so on. But he does not carry much scenery with him, the different houses where he plays being very well equipped. Here is where the Japanese differ from the Chinese in matters of the stage. The latter leave a great deal to convention—a mountain, for instance, is always represented by a table, and the like. In a Chinese theater, when the character is seen climbing on a chair that means he is ascending a mountain; if he lifts his leg over he is mounting a horse—and all the rest of it.

A Success That Went Begging

The producer of plays is like a prospecting miner—he may find a nugget or a diamond in the most unexpected place. It is this that lends charm to the business makes it worth while in the face even of disastrous failures. An instance of an unexpected find is the case of Everywoman. Everywoman was offered for two years among the managers of New York, and it lay for nearly six months in the safe of one producer, who had paid a small deposit on it. But, curiously, one rainy February night just at the close of business the author brought the manuscript to me. He sketched out the play and read extracts to me with the idea of having the most simple production made, after the fashion of the old morality plays—little or no scenery and simple costumes. When I finally offered to produce the play, and with an unusual production and cast, it was almost beyond his belief, and at rehearsal, as the successive heavily mounted scenes and scores of people were revealed, he was like a child on Christmas morning.

The measure of successes cannot be entirely attributed to luck. In my own case it is due more to care and method. In rehearsing and mounting a piece I endeavor to put myself in the position of the man in the orchestra who has paid for his seat, and who never for an instant forgets that he has paid for it—and expects his money's worth. I am not very different from the average musical theatergoer, and I have a hope he will like the goods I like. In any event I try to keep faith with him.

My custom in rehearsing a play is, after having outlined the general treatment and selected the cast, not to go near it until the producing stage manager notifies me that an act is complete. Then I sit down in front, shade my eyes with my oldest hat, light a cigar, and endeavor to anticipate every possible objection on the part of the public. My policy is: If a play does not prove its worth in four weeks—off it comes! But first eliminate every possible chance of failure, so far as can be foreseen; then, when you find you have guessed wrongly, pocket your loss and don't stop to put up even a headstone—but plant something new that may blossom into a profitable success.

THE LITTLE EOHIPPUS

Continued from Page 21

"Who's got the gun now?" he jeered as he loosened the rope. "I only wish we had two of 'em!"

"You harebrained idiot!" Charley grabbed up his hat, spitting sand from his mouth. "Get your horse and ride, you unthinkable donkey!"

"Pleasure first, business afterward!" Jeff unbuckled Gibson's gunbelt and transferred it to his own waist, jerking Gibson to his feet in the violent process. "Now, you little blackguard, you either take back all that or you'll get the lickin' o' your life! You're too small; but all the same ——"

"Oh, I'll take it back, you big bully—all I said and a lot more I didn't say!" said Charley spitefully. He was almost crying with rage as he limped to his horse. "She's an angel on earth! Sure she is! Ride, you maniac—ride! Oh, you ought to be hung! I hope you do hang—you miserable ruffian!"

The following hoofs no longer rang sharply; they took on a muffled beat—they were in the sand's edge not a mile behind.

"Ride ahead, you! I've got the gun, remember!" observed Jeff significantly; "but if you slur that girl again I'll not shoot you—I'll naturally wear you out with this belt."

"I'm not speaking of her and I'm not going to," protested Gibson in a changed tone. "I'll promise! My horse is failing, Jeff. I rode hard and fast from Escondido. Your horse carried nothing much but a saddle—that pack was mostly bluff, you know. And those fellows' horses have come twenty miles less than either of ours." No answer. "I don't believe we're going to make it, Jeff!" There was a forlorn little quaver in Charley's voice.

Jeff grunted. "Uh! Maybe not. Griffith'll be real pleased."

Gibson rode closer. "Can't we turn off the road and hide?"

"Till daylight," said Jeff. "Then they'll get us. No way out of this desert except across the edges somewhere. You go if you want to. They won't bother to hunt for you, maybe, if they get me."

"No. It's my fault. . . . I'll see it out. . . . I'm sorry, Jeff—but it was so funny!" Here, rather to Jeff's surprise, Charley's dejection gave place to laughter.

They rode up a sandy slope where mesquits grew black along the road. Blown sand had lodged to hummocks in their thick and matted growth; the road was a sunken way.

"How far is it from here, Jeff?"

"Ten miles—maybe only eight—to the river."

"Think we can make it?"

"*Quién sabe?*"

Gibson drew rein. "You go on. Your horse isn't so tired."

"Oh, I guess not!" said Jeff. "Come on."

The sound of pursuit came clear through the quiet night. There was silence for a little.

"What'll you do, Jeff? Fight?"

"I can't!" said Jeff. "Hurt those boys? I couldn't fight, the way it is hardly, even if 'twas the sheriff. I'll just hang, I reckon."

They reached the top of the little slope and turned down the other side.

"I don't altogether like that hanging idea," said Gibson. "I got you into this, Jeff; so I'll just get you out again—like the man in our town who was so wondrous wise. Going to use brambie bushes too." Volatile Gibson, in the stress of danger, had forgotten his wrath. He was light-hearted and happy, frivolously gay. "Give me your rope and your gun, Jeff. Quick now! No, I won't mention your girl—not once! Hurry!"

"What you going to do?" asked Jeff, thoroughly mystified.

"Ever read the Fool's Errand?" Gibson chuckled. "No? Well, I have. Jump off and tie the end of your rope to that mesquit root. Quick!"

He sprang down, snatched one end of the coil from Jeff's hand and stretched it taut across the road, a foot from the ground. "Now your gun! Quick!"

He snatched the gun; tied an end of his own saddle-rope to the stretched one, near the middle; plunged through the mesquit, over a hummock, paying out his rope as he went; wedged the gun firmly in the springing crotch of a mesquit tree, cocked it and tied the loose end of the trailing rope to the trigger. He ran back and sprang on his horse.

"Now ride! It's our last chance!"

"Kid, you're a wonder!" said Jeff. "They'll lope up when they turn down that slope, hit that rope and pile in a heap!"

"And my rope will fire the gun off!" shrilled joyous Charley. "They'll think it's us—an ambuscade ——"

"They'll take to the brushes!" Jeff broke in. "They'll shoot into the bushes—they'll think it's us firing back, half the time. . . . They'll scatter out and surround that lonesome, harmless motte and watch it till daylight. You bet they won't go projecting round it any till daylight either!" He looked up at the sky. "There's the morning star. See it? 'They have ridden the low moon out of the sky'—only there isn't any moon—'their hoofs drum up the dawn.' Then they'll find our tracks and if I only could see the captain's face! 'Oh, my threshings, and the corn of my floor!' . . . And by then we'll be in Mexico and asleep. . . . When Griffith finds that gun—oh, he'll never show his head in Arcadia again! . . . Say, Charley, I hope none of 'em get hurt when they strike your skip-rope."

"Huh! It's sandy! A heap you cared about me getting hurt when you dragged me from my horse!" said Gibson rather snappishly. "You did hurt me too. You nearly broke my neck and you cut my arms. And I got full of mesquit thorns when I set that gun. You don't care! I'm only the man that came to save your neck. That's the thanks I get! But the men that are trying to hang you—that's different! You'd better go back. They might get hurt. You'll be sorry sometime for the way you've treated me. There—it's too late now!"

A shot rang behind them. There was a brief silence. Then came a sharp fusillade, followed by scattering shots, dwindling to longer intervals.

Jeff clung to his saddlehorn.

"I guess they ain't hurt much," he laughed. "Wish I could see 'em when they find out! Slow down, kid. We've got lots of time now."

"We haven't," protested Charley. "Keep moving. It's hard on the horses, but they'll have a lifetime to rest in. They've telegraphed all over the country. You want to cross the river before daylight. It will be too bad for you to be caught now! Is there any ford, do you know?"

"Not this time of year. River's up."

"Cross in a boat then!"

"Guess we'd better. That horse of yours is pretty well used up. Don't believe he could swim it."

"Oh, I'm not going over. I'll get up to El Paso. I've got friends there."

"You'll get caught."

"No, I won't. I'm not going across, I tell you, and that's all there is to it! I guess I'll have something to say about things. I'm going to see you safely over, and that's the last you'll see of Charley Gibson."

"Oh, well!" Jeff reflected a little. "If you're sure you won't come along I'd rather swim. My horse is strong yet. You see, it takes time to find a boat, and a boat means a house and dogs; and I'll need my horse on the other side. How'll you get to El Paso? Griffith'll likely come down here about an hour by sun, 'cross lots, a-cryin'."

"I'll manage that," said Gibson curtly enough. "You tend to your own affair."

"Oh, all right!" Jeff rode ahead. He whistled; then he chanted his war song:

"*Said the little Eohippus:*
'I'm going to be a horse!
And on my middle finger nails
To run my earthly course!'
The Coryphodon was horrified;
The Dinoceras was shocked;
And they chased young Eohippus,
But he skipped away and mocked.

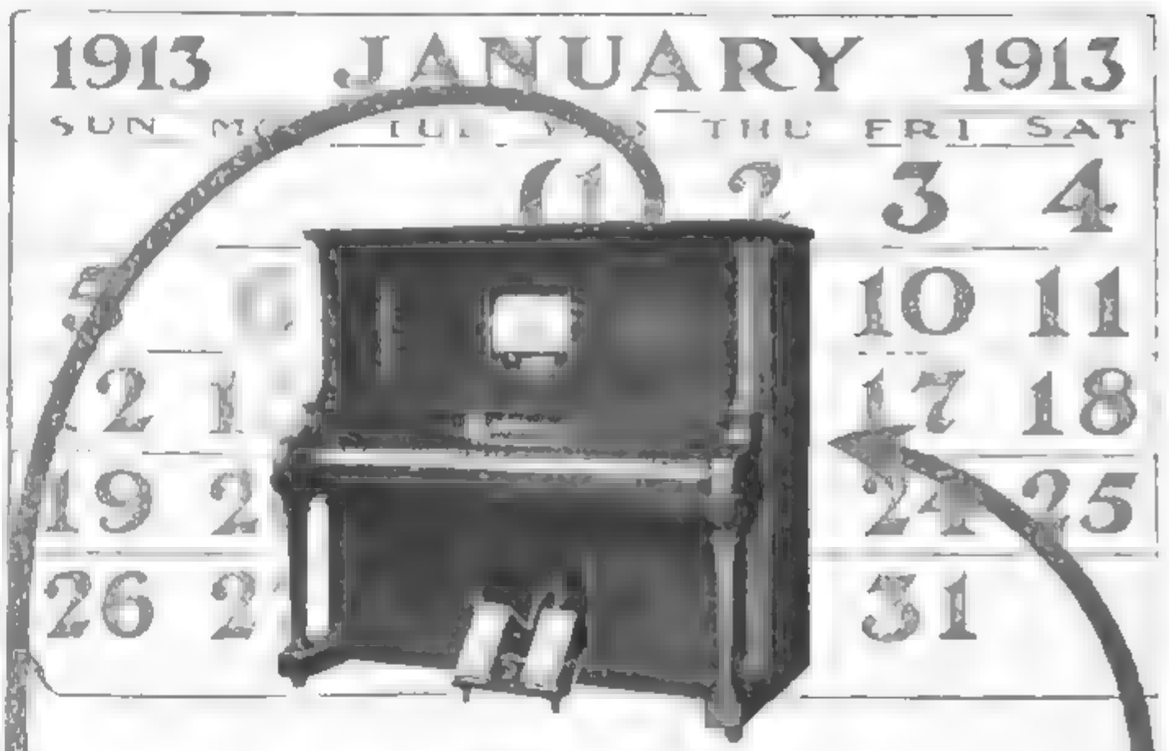
"*Said they: 'You always were as small*
And mean as now we see,
And that's conclusive evidence
That you're always going to be.'
'What! Be a great, tall, handsome beast,
With hoofs to gallop on?
Why! You'd have to change your nature!'
Said the Laxolophodon."

"Jeff!"

"Well?" Jeff turned his head. Charley was drooping visibly.

"Stop that foolish song!"

Jeff rode on in silence. This was a variable person, Gibson. They were dropping



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down from the mesa into the valley of the Rio Grande.

"Oh, Je[illegible]" called Gibson.

Jeff fell back beside Charley. "Tired, pardner?"

"Jeff, I'm terribly tired! I'm not used to riding so far; and I'm sleepy—so sleepy!"

"All right, pardner; we'll go slower. We'll walk. Most there now. There's the railroad."

"Keep on trotting. I can stand it. We must get to the river before daylight. Is it far?" Charley's voice was weary. The broad sombrero drooped sympathetically.

"Two miles to the river. El Paso's seven or eight miles up the line. Brace up, old man. You've done fine and dandy! It's just because the excitement is all over. Why should you go any farther anyhow? There's a station up the track a mile. Follow the road up there and flag the first train. That'll be best."

"No, no. I'll go all the way. I'll make out." Charley straightened himself with an effort.

They crossed the Espee tracks and came to a lane between cultivated fields.

"Jeff! I'd like to say something. It won't be breaking my promise really. . . . I didn't mean what I said about—you know. I was only teasing. She's a good enough girl, I guess—as girls go."

Jeff nodded. "I did not need to be told that."

"And you left her in a cruel position when you jumped out of the window. She can't tell now, so long as there's any other way. What a foolish thing to do! If you'd just said at first that you were in the garden —— Oh, why didn't you? But after the chances you took rather than to tell—why, Jeff, it would be terrible for her now."

"I know that too," said Jeff. "I suppose I was a fool; but I didn't want her to get mixed up with it, and at the same time I cared less about hanging than any time I can remember. You see, I didn't know till the last minute that the gurden was going to cut any figure. And do you suppose I'd have that courthouseful of fools buzzing and whispering at her? Not much! Maybe it was foolish—but I'm glad I did it!"

"I'm glad of it too. If you had to be a fool," said Charley, "I'm glad you were that kind of a fool; but aren't you ever coming back?"

"Sure I'll come back—if only to see Griffith again. I'll write to John Wesley Pringle—he's my mainest side pardner—and sick him on to find out who robbed that bank—to prove it rather. I just about almost nearly know who it was. Old Wes'll straighten things out a-flying. I'll be back in no time. I got to come back, Charley!"

The river was in sight. The stars were fading; there was a flush in the east, a smell of dawn in the air.

"Jeff, I wish you'd do something for me."

"Sure, Charley. What is it?"

"I wish you'd give me that little turquoise horse to remember you by."

Jeff was silent for a little. He had another plan for the little eohippus—namely, to give him to Miss Ellinor. He sighed; but he owed a good deal to Charley.

"All right, Charley. Take good care of him—he's a lucky little horse. I think a heap of him. Here we are!"

The trees were distinct in the growing light. Jeff rode into the river; the muddy water swirled about his horse's knees. He halted; Gibson rode in beside him.

"Better change your mind, Charley. Come along. We'll rout somebody out and order a dish of stewed eggs."

"No, I won't!"

"Here's the little eohippus horse then." As Charley took it Jeff wrung his hand. "By George, I've got to change my notion of Arcadia people. If there's many like you and Griffith, Arcadia's going to crowd the map! . . . Well—so long!"

"It looks awful wide, Jeff!"

"Oh, I'll be all right—swim it myself if the horse plays out—and if I don't have no cramps, as I might, of course, after this ride. Well—here goes nothin'! Take care of the little horse. I hope he brings you good luck!"

"Well—so long then!"

Bransford rode into the muddy waters. They came to the horse's breast, his neck; he plunged in, sank, rose, and was borne away down the swift current, breasting the flood stoutly—and so went quartering across to the farther bank. Gibson swung his sombrero. Jeff waved his hand, rode to the fringing bushes and was gone.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHIEF OF POLICE

(Continued from Page 12)

bawled: "What shall I say, lieutenant, if Gourlay's friends ask where he is?"

"You have my consent to say anything you like," I answered, escorting the other half of me toward the curbstone where a cab awaited our coming.

Half an hour later that vehicle came to a halt in the heart of the business section. Dismounting, I walked my prisoner several blocks, jumped into another cab with him and drove far north toward a station located in what I shall call Hampden Terrace, one of the most aristocratic suburbs of the city. Even the crimes of Hampden Terrace were exclusive and infrequent. Once in a while a butler or a maid would be jugged for stealing a householder's silver; otherwise nobody was inconsiderate enough to interrupt the card and checker games at the station.

Fortunately for my reputation for veracity I was asked no questions at Hampden Station concerning Gourlay's identity or my intentions. Gourlay himself was the sole exception. Breaking a dogged, sullen silence, he queried when I unlocked the slangs and canned him for the night: "Lieut, now that yer thrung the hooks inter me maybe yer'll wise me ter yer game. I ain't hep yet ef it's phony craps er solitaire."

"I told you before, Gourlay," I answered, "that my only game is to put you and your like out of business in Devil's Center."

"Ye're in der wrong job den," he burst forth. "Yer job is ter be one of dem crockery eaters or knife swallowers in a first-class dime museum."

Much to his disgust and regret I was awake on the following morning long before Gourlay. "Say," he growled when I lifted him into the patrol of Hampden Station, "in how many more boobs is yer goin' ter can me afore we rounds de Horn? I hates ter travel on a empty stomach."

He was unnecessarily disturbed, for our next trip, which took us to the Bureau, was a comparatively short one. There I had him mugged and verified, despite his strenuous kick to the effect that he took a better picture after meals than when hungry.

Gourlay's Friends to the Rescue

"There'll be a nice warm breakfast waiting for you over at the county jail, Gourlay," I comforted him as we galloped along from the Bureau toward the coroner's office, where my trusted friend, Pat Carroll, the patrolman, was in waiting for me with one important witness to the tragedy of the night before. We arrived some five minutes before the time fixed for the inquest over John Crary's body. The coroner, who stood in with the ring, was a politician, and a bad one. Not knowing what Crary's slaughter might signify to the administration, he mistook Gourlay's premeditated crime for the impulsive result of a common street brawl. In fact the coroner was such a poor politician that, recognizing in me a "comer," bound to be popular with the growing reform elements, he thought it would be a clever political stroke to accommodate me by rushing through a verdict. In less than no time his jury held Peter Gourlay to the grand jury for John Crary's murder and remanded him to the county jail without bail. I rejoiced doubly now over the fact that I had reached the coroner's office before any of the gangsters or Gordon R. Ashley, who was probably rushing about like mad with a writ of habeas corpus in his pocket to serve on the undiscoverable keeper of Gourlay.

Just here I thought my game practically won, and I was about to rest on my laurels when a peremptory summons from the state's attorney opened my eyes to the fact that I still had to encounter a master tactician. Bostrom, a square-cut, square-featured man of forty, greeted me with a hard, ironical smile when I stepped into his private office. Then he said like one filled with a sense of his own importance and power:

"Callahan, you're going to learn before this day is off the calendar that you've been too officiously active in this Gourlay case for your own good. But I'll give you a last chance to save your hide by coming across with the testimony."

"Thanks," I returned. "I may presume you want the testimony for the grand jury? Is it in session?"

His dark face showed red and he exclaimed, his square jaw protruding nastily: "It's none of your business whether it's in session or not. You produce the testimony."

"I will," I said, "as soon as you produce an order of court for it, not before. I've been in the police business just long enough to know my rights."

"And that's altogether too long for you. I'm going to break you for this!" he raged, his strong fist landing with a crash on a pile of law books and documents piled in front of him on the table.

"That's old stuff, Mr. Bostrom. Gordon R Ashley, your former partner, got that message to me long ago," I returned, whereupon I bowed myself out and made for my station as fast as I could, to discover what had happened there during my long absence. A host of reporters were in the anteroom, awaiting my arrival to learn, if they could, among other things, what I had come to learn myself. Through Pat Carroll's assistance I managed to let Charlie Van Orsdale, the police reporter for an anti-administration afternoon paper, slip into my office secretly and ahead of the rest. He was one of those long-legged, loose-jointed boys from Indiana who are selected by Nature to cover more ground, mentally and physically, than most of the sons of most of the other states. To my notion, of all the reporters he was the keenest and most gifted—a fancy I liked to indulge, perhaps, because our admiration was mutual. He had praised my work in his columns on several occasions, not, I believe, because I was instrumental in throwing one or two scoops his way, but because the fraternity that exists between men loving truth and justice is as strong as the ties that draw together rascals and thieves. Both classes understand each other intuitively.

"You're a smarter man than I am, Charlie; what shall I do next?" I asked him after giving a hurried synopsis of all that had taken place in the Gourlay case, including my visit to the state's attorney's office.

"Well," he drawled in his misleading lazy way, "since they've got the drop on you and can force you to deliver, you might let me skim the cream off the top of the evidence for your own use, and then, when they come round, you can hand them the skimmed milk. My brother Bob is some lawyer. Supposing I make use of his brains and his typewriter? I'm a fiend at the machine, if I do say so myself."

Skimming the Milk for Bostrom

"To it!" I shouted, handing him Nora's transcript of the evidence to slip under his coat.

Just as Charlie left the station in his slow-quick or quick-slow way, I never could determine which, the telephone tinkled and the voice of the private secretary of Chief of Police Shayne Corigan sounded in my ear when I picked up the receiver: "Lieutenant Callahan, you will report at headquarters at once, and bring with you the testimony in the Gourlay case."

The chief—we shall establish a more intimate acquaintanceship with him later on—was highly incensed when I put in my appearance without the testimony on my person. Stopping me short when I proffered my apologies and excuses, he instructed me with an oath, under penalty of severe discipline, to deliver the stuff to Bostrom before twelve o'clock. Inasmuch as this time-limit would give Charlie Van Orsdale the opportunity to finish his labors leisurely, I promised faithfully to comply with the order.

"You're mighty slow," snarled Bostrom when at high noon I tendered him the coveted document, which he snatched rather than took from my hand.

"But mighty sure," I retorted.

The four hours of perfect calm that followed my surrender of Charlie Van Orsdale's version of the testimony were painful by comparison with the mad whirl of activity that had preceded them. They would have been unbearable, too, for I was keyed up and overwrought, if Charlie hadn't run over to my office to chat with

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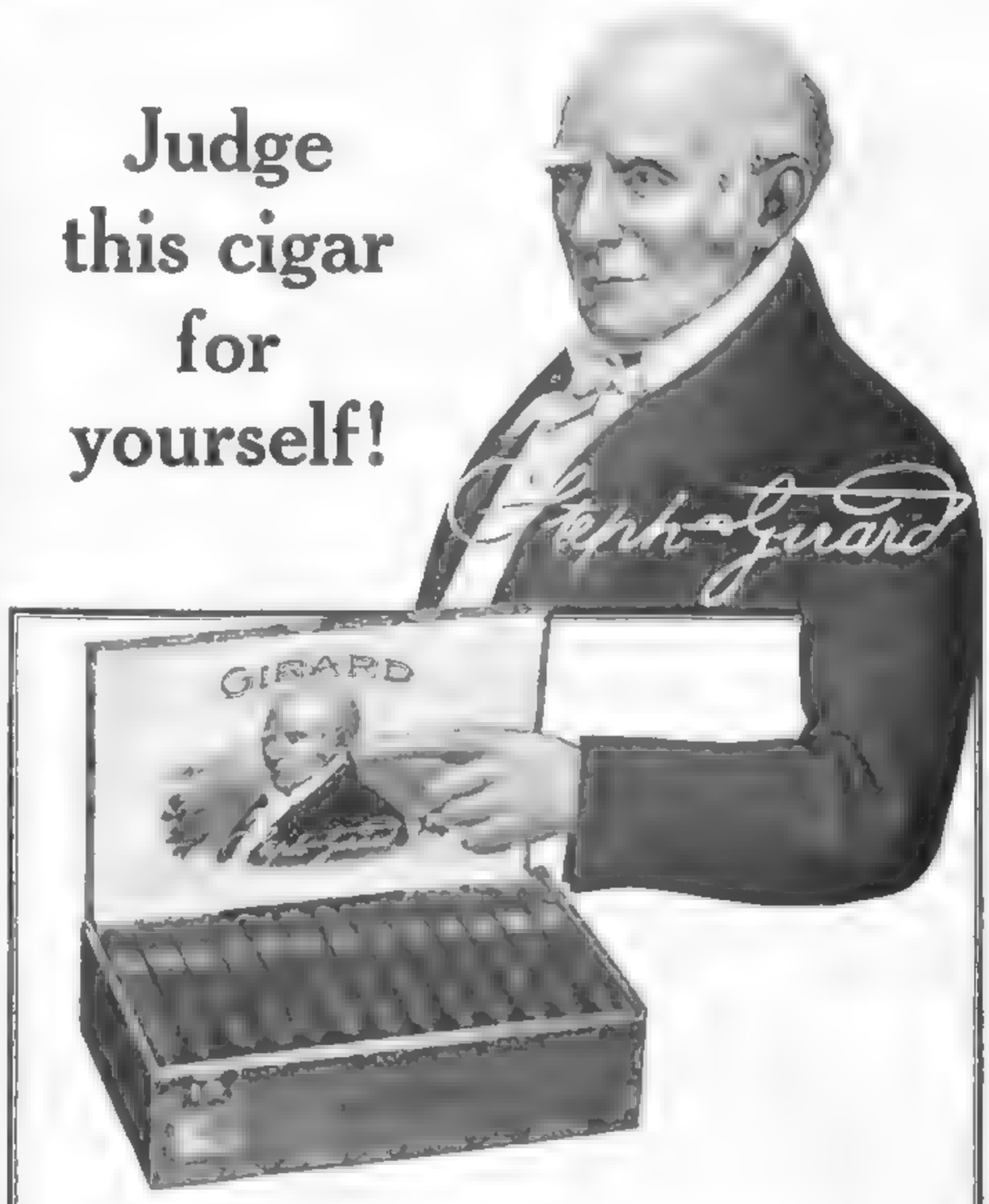

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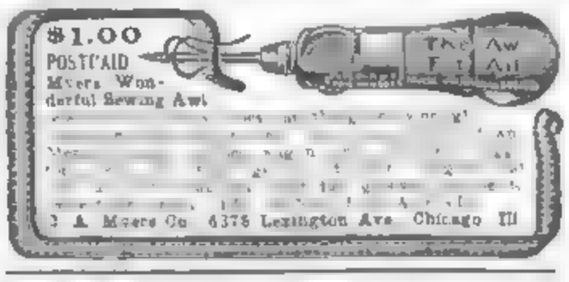

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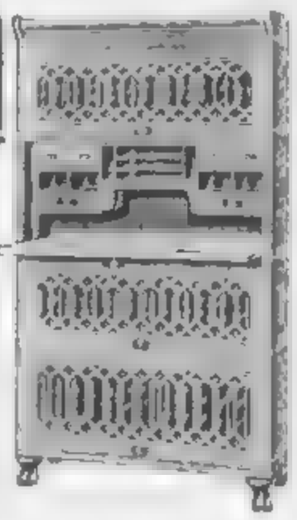

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me on the outlook of affairs and to keep me company. He had a hunch that something big was going to break, he said; and a big thing did break the lull into bits. Luke Keenan's bulky form pushed its way into my sanctum, with the noise of a dozen trumpeting heralds.

"Lieut," he began when I beckoned Charlie to step into the anteroom, "I guess you've got me put straight. I'm Luke Keenan. A bunch of 'em in Devil's Center wishes they didn't know me, and, believe me, that bunch will increase some before long. Smoke?" He drew a fat Havana from the upper pocket of the red-and-white striped vest that adorned his big chest. I shook my head, wondering what the trump was that he intended to shake out of his sleeve.

"I've got to slip it to you, Lieut," he went on, showing his hand at the very start. "I'm stuck on your work. And I want to put you hep to it that there is some guys in this district, like Ben Deurtells, that is doing all they can to put you in bad. Hitch up with me; help to frame 'em and I'll shove you along to ——"

"Stop right there, Keenan," I interrupted. "A reporter is in the next room and he shall hear any proposition you make me."

I threw open the door of the anteroom and Charlie Van Orsdale stepped in.

"I'll get you before night!" shrieked Luke, rushing out just a few seconds before that undesirable person, Ben Deurtells, divekeeper and saloonkeeper, rushed in. He was a mite of a man, of mongrel breed, but physically and morally as tough and hard as they make them. His face, with its malicious, crooked features, usually looked as if it had been cut out of a piece of flint by some humorous Oriental artists. But it was pasty and white now, and I could see at a glance that he had undergone intense nervous excitement and fear.

A Run-In With Deurtells

"Lieut," he snorted, "I just seen that fool of a Luke Keenan leave here. He reached you first, eh? Do you know what he done to me? He takes a shot at me on my way over to your boob. For why? I'll tell you for why! Because I said I was goin' to squawk to you unless him and his double-crossers squares it with me. Only last night Luke shakes me down for another eight hundred to use in his fight agin Crary—them skates is gettin' so bad nowadays that they won't let even cigar money get hot in your pants—and now they're jackin' up the mayor to pull in my license. For why? Because they claims I was a Crary man and framed it to help you get away with it in your work against poor Gourlay. Can you beat it? And, so help me, they shakes me down for another eight hundred only last night!"

"As far as your license is concerned, Deurtells," I put in, "it ought to be canceled. I intend to get it sooner or later anyhow."

"That's all right, Lieut," he returned; "go as far as you like. You has your game to play and I has mine, and neither of us has a kick comin' if the other guy plays square. But it's different with them double-crossers. Keenan said he'd have me heeled to your boob and plugged if I had the nerve to come here. All I'm askin' fer is protection. Do I get it?"

"Certainly you can get it if he threatened to kill you," I declared.

"Threatened? Didn't the fellow already take one crack at me? Do you want me to go out of here alone to have your Dicks fetch back my stiff as full of holes as a dame's pincushion?"

"Get Luke," whispered Charlie Van Orsdale when Deurtells had finished his tirade and just when I myself had determined to take the boldest step of all my career. Halfway, timid measures could only end by giving my enemies the excuse and strength they wanted in order to crush me. There was no turning back; I had gone too far in the Gourlay case. Only a masterpiece in police work could win the day for me now. Immediately I sent for Pat Carroll and another copper, and ordered them to bring in Luke Keenan wherever they found him and as soon as they could lay hands on him.

That was too much even for Pat, and he looked at me inquiringly, almost voiceless with astonishment. Then recovering, he muttered: "Do you know what you're asking, John Callahan? You that is fagged out and was up all last night, and ——"

I cut him short with: "I'll be responsible for what happens, Pat. You go out with Kennedy here and bring back Luke Keenan."

"Very well, sir," he answered. "You're the lieutenant and I'm the patrolman."

No more than half an hour elapsed before Pat and Kennedy returned, dragging Luke Keenan along between them. Raving, cursing and screeching, the boss conducted himself like a man who had gone temporarily insane from anger.

"Well, you shot at me, didn't you?" leered Deurtells triumphantly, elbowing his way into the office before I sent for him.

"I'll get you yet, don't worry," muttered Keenan as I bade the divekeeper hold his tongue. Then turning toward me the boss bellowed at the top of his lungs: "Did they pinch me on your orders?"

I nodded.

He made a vicious kick at me, but missed me.

"Fan him, boys," I ordered.

The atmosphere was black with Luke's curses when the searchers drew a revolver from his hip pocket. I examined it carefully. One chamber was empty.

"Slam him in the can downstairs!" I commanded.

"Your wife will pick up your stiff on the doorstep some night," he shouted back at me as they dragged him off.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of papers giving the experiences of a chief of police. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

Silver Spoon Sons

THE will of the late E. H. Harriman offered a striking example of the financier's wisdom and foresight. Mr. Harriman left a fortune estimated to be worth anywhere from $130,000,000 to $175,000,000, and it is gilt edge. Did he leave any specific inheritances to stifle the ambition of his boys? Not much. No act of his remarkable life was more characteristic of his foresight or financial genius than his simple will of two hundred words which left his entire estate to his wife, thus making her one of the richest women in the world.

Now Mr. Harriman loved his boys dearly. In those rare, restful moods which he snatched from the distracting game he played he always spoke of them tenderly. But he chose to wait until they proved themselves fitted to assume great inheritances. He did not want the knowledge that each of these sons would get, let us say, $50,000,000 to interfere with his training and ideas of life and work. Since he knew he could not live until this time arrived he deputized his wife, who remained behind, to judge.

Happily there are examples of constructive stewardship of rich inheritances. Take the case of Mr. J. P. Morgan. He inherited a big fortune from his father, Mr. Junius Morgan, and he could have chosen a life of leisure and ease. But he elected a career that has dominated American finance for a quarter-century, and though he is past seventy he is still at it.

The Guggenheims afford another good example. Many years ago Meyer Guggenheim came to the United States from Germany and, self-made, built up a far-reaching copper and mining business. Among other ventures he created the great American Smelter and Refining Company. He had seven sons. One day he called them all into his private office. On the table before him were a number of sticks of wood. Taking one of the sticks he broke it, saying:

"You see how easy it is to break one stick." Then he took two sticks and broke them saying that it was a little harder. He continued this performance, adding a stick to the bundle each time and showing that with each additional stick it became more difficult to break the bundle. When he finally held seven in his hand he said:

"Now, my sons, you see that it is impossible for me to break this bundle, because the sticks are held together. That is what I want you to do when I am gone, for it is only by sticking together that you will succeed in business."

Old Meyer Guggenheim is dead, but his seven sons—Daniel, Isaac, Robert, Simon, Morris, Murray and Solomon—have kept the faith of the seven sticks and remained together. They have maintained and developed the great business they inherited, which involves copper, lead, zinc and gold interests from Alaska to Mexico. They have also found leisure to devote time and money to many charities of their own race and others.

HOLIDAYS

(Continued from Page 18

brings her latest symptom downstairs with her in the morning and sits on the veranda all day with it. There is the wealthy family group, consisting of one prematurely old father, one prematurely young mother, one daughter who knows how to play the piano and does so, one daughter who knows how to flirt and does so, and one son who doesn't know anything and is also working at the trade. And finally there is the inspired idiot who gets up the charade parties, and when he isn't getting up charade parties he gets up the straw rides for the hot and dusty evenings. No hotel in the summer-time would be complete without him. There is another place that would not be complete without him either—which also begins with an H and ends with an L. The remaining two letters will be furnished to any subscriber on application to the writer.

Vacation for some of us lasts until Labor Day, which falls on the first Monday in September, when the honest toiler has his day and celebrates it by marching nine miles in a parade while wearing a nice new pair of shoes. When at dusk of this date you see the honest toiler returning homeward, walking on his ankles to favor his feet, and rubbing the tender place where the butt end of a large flagpole has been pressing from 10:30 A. M. to 3:45 P. M. against the pit of his stomach, you may know by these signs that he has thoroughly enjoyed his day of rest.

Election Day, which comes along about two months later, might be classified as a holiday for some but not for others. Here of late it has been more generally celebrated by Democrats than was the case formerly. There was a time when the Democrats always held their big ratification meeting on the night before the election and the Republicans held theirs on the night after; but during the last year or two this process was reversed. As a race we are gradually learning to remain more or less calm during the campaign preceding an election. The old-time campaign parade torch and the old-time campaign cigar, both of which smoked much the same way and smelt very similarly also, have largely gone into the discard. The straw vote, the freak election bet and other popular forms of idiocy still persist, though not so numerously as at a former period of our national development. The straw vote in particular suffered several severe setbacks during our recent presidential campaign. There was the instance of the Northern traveling man who took a straw vote of the passengers in one coach of a train running out of Vicksburg and immediately wired in to the national headquarters that the result of his poll showed Mississippi would go unanimously Republican. It came out later that he was color-blind and stopped after he had gone through the Jim Crow car. These things are misleading. However, they add somewhat to the gayety of one of our chief national holidays and make some people happier for the time being.

In the Doughnut Country

A little farther along toward the shank of the waning year comes Thanksgiving Day. The institution of Thanksgiving Day is one of three products of New England that have lingered longest in the human breast—the other two being the New England conscience and the New England boiled dinner. It comes straight down to us from that ever-to-be-remembered date, which I forget, when the Mayflower, loaded to the water's edge with ancestors and antiques, came creeping along the coast, and those aboard, smelling doughnuts frying while still some miles offshore, knew they had reached their ordained destination. So then, as every schoolchild in the land knows, they landed upon the historic rock that has since been further distinguished by having a hen and a brand of pants named for it. To many the outlook would have seemed sufficiently discouraging. The principal products of the soil at that writing appeared to be hostile natives of a dark roan aspect, with snow on the ground eight months a year. But the Pilgrim Fathers were a hardy race. They observed that the Indians looked like ready money when it came to trading, and they realized that among these surroundings they would be free to practice their own religion in their own way and to prevent anybody else from enjoying the same blessing; both of these were very cheering thoughts. So they brought the last of the genuine antique spinning-wheels and brass doorknockers ashore and ordained a season of thanksgiving and prayer.

They were great hands for prayers in those early Massachusetts days. Their Thanksgiving Day programs were extensively interlarded with prayers, the schedule running somewhat as follows: On rising, prayers; for breakfast, family prayers and three kinds of pie; prayer services in the forenoon; in the afternoon, congenial outdoor sports and pastimes such as burning a witch and possibly an informal five-o'clock Indian massacre, all interspersed with prayers from time to time; supper of cold baked beans, crullers and prayer; prayer at intervals throughout the evening until bedtime. Up that way they still keep up the custom of prayers on Thanksgiving Day—only now they pray for the Harvard team to win.

Thanksgiving comes at just exactly the right time of the year. In November the harvest season is over. The crops are garnered. The corn is all in, the wheat is all in and most of the gentlemen who speculate in those commodities are likewise all in. The raw oyster has ceased to wear that pale, apologetic air which seems to haunt him during a warm Indian summer, and appears more at home in society. The buckwheat cakes of commerce fit well into the scheme of human events, and the man who put on his fuzzy winter flannels too early has at last finished scratching the words and music of the latest popular song hit on himself and can spare one hand, anyhow, for other duties.

So the president issues a proclamation ordaining that all of us have something to be thankful for, whether we have or not; and so, on the last Thursday in the month a few people go to church and everybody else goes to a football game, the day concluding with a large, solid dinner of the variety generally common to the continent of North America.

The Truth About Santa Claus

And that brings us up to the final festival of the year—it brings us up to Christmas. I am ardently and enthusiastically for Christmas, but I am not bigoted on the subject. I am glad, as the poem says, that Christmas comes but once a year. Once is enough! Many of us would regard with disfavor any movement looking to a midsummer revival of Christmas. In this regard I am in accord with a friend of mine who says he can always tell when next Christmas is coming by the fact that he is almost through paying last Christmas' bills. He is heartily fond of Santa Claus, he says, but he dislikes the male chorus of bill collectors who travel just behind him.

This, of course, is the grown-up attitude—and, after all, the grown-up attitude has no place in the real Christmas spirit, I guess. The true Christmas spirit belongs only to the child who still believes in Santa Claus. I can remember with some vividness the person who first undeceived me in this matter. I couldn't have been over six years old at the time, but I remember him as though it were yesterday. He was one of those persons who are able to combine religion and business in such a way as not to interfere with the business. I think he had taken an oath never to be happy until Neal Dow was elected president. I was greatly reminded of him not long ago when in a magazine I came across a group picture of twenty trust magnates who had been indicted for violating the pure-food law. No two of them looked alike, but they all looked like him somehow. He deemed it a sin that parents should deceive their children regarding the identity of Santa Claus, and he also deemed it his sacred duty to spread the truth wherever possible. So he took advantage of the first opportunity that came along to give me the correct facts. This party has been dead a good while now, and I expect at some future date to hear that he is spending his eternity climbing up and down red-hot chimneys, with nothing on except a celluloid collar, and—with his bare hands—stuffing live coals into the asbestos stockings of little sleeping devils.

Of course I don't expect to see this person doing it myself—I only expect to hear of his doing it.

Absolute Comfort for the Motorcyclist!

The *Indian* Motocycle for 1913

includes in addition to the

Cradle Spring Frame,

ten important new features. There are besides no less than twenty-nine new minor features. We call these "refinements"—not improvements.

Another important comfort point of the 1913 Indians is the equipment of Foot Boards in addition to pedals. The latter are in reality fitted only for the purpose of starting the motor, similar to cranking an automobile. Once started, the rider has the choice of two comfortable riding positions, with absolute control of the machine assured in each.

Prices: 4 H. P. Single, $200 / 7 H. P. Twin, $250 F. O. B. Factory

Ask any of our 1500 agents for a demonstration

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Life

"Bygones"

Life

Will send an artist's proof of this picture free with every yearly subscription. It is 9½ by 15 inches in size. What better Christmas gift than a year of LIFE? Obey that impulse!

Fill this out

Enclosed find five dollars (Canadian $5.52, Foreign $6.04). Send LIFE for one year commencing December 1, and include Christmas Number and premium picture "Bygones" to

Awful Number Coming

LIFE 70 West 31, New York

BUY THE GAS MANTLE WITH THIS SHIELD OF QUALITY ON THE BOX

"Welsbach" Settles
The Gas Mantle Question

"Welsbach" is the name, and the Shield of Quality is the trade-mark, of the best gas mantles made.

They are most brilliant, most durable, preserve truest color-value, and use least gas.

The best proof of this is to use Welsbach Mantles exclusively. A discriminating buyer will be satisfied with no other, because no other can give the unequalled

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WELSBACH COMPANY
Gloucester, New Jersey

Sometimes I think nobody over the age of fourteen should be allowed to celebrate Christmas—it seems so utterly illogical when Christmas approaches that I should be bankrupting myself buying unsuitable gifts for people I don't care for merely because they are going to do the same for me. And Christmas to a grown person is so disappointing—you may have noticed that! You long for a set of rare old editions and you get a purple plush bookmark. You figure on a fur overcoat and your second cousin out in Kansas sends you a card showing a view of a snowstorm in a churchyard cemetery at night, with Compliments of the Season printed on it. Cousins seem to run very much to seconds, anyhow, these times. For months past your mind has been set on a mahogany humidor. Do you get it? You do not. Some elderly female of your acquaintance knits you a pair of woolen monstrosities that would do for bedroom slippers if they were a little bit larger or for earmuffs if they were a little smaller. Yet, Christmas morning, when there is murder seething and boiling in your heart, you are expected to go forth with a smile on your face and wish everybody you meet a Merry Christmas! Or maybe you are induced to celebrate Christmas after the quaint old fashion that has come down to us from the Danes or the Siwashes or somebody, which consists of drinking eggnog until both your Plimsolls are awash and the earth becomes void and without form and darkness covers the earth. Or else you eat too much!

But this applies to grown people; with the children it is different. To them Santa Claus isn't a fanciful conception of Mr. Andrew Carnegie in automobile togs. He's a real saint and he behaves as such. And I guess maybe the worldwide chorus of childish joy that goes up and up on Christmas morning, until it sets the joy bells at Heaven's gate ringing in harmony with it, is compensation enough for what the adult population suffers. It squares the whole account. What was it Tiny Tim said?

Before closing this article I wish to speak of the wager the questions-and-answers department of every newspaper is called upon to answer every few days—the one where A bets B there are no legal holidays in this country.

I am glad to be able to state that there are not. What, I ask you, has the legal profession ever done to entitle it to a holiday of its own? When the writing profession is properly recognized with a holiday it will be time then to do something for the legal profession—and not before.

Sam's Legacy

REVEREND Mr. ——, pastor of one of Baltimore's largest churches, returned to his home a short while ago, following a church conference in the city of New York, to learn that an old negro of his acquaintance, one of whose relatives was employed as a domestic in the minister's house, had lost a brother. The pastor was told that the old negro would benefit to some extent in a pecuniary way as a result of the death of his brother who for some years had operated a fair-sized truck farm just outside the city.

Some time after the minister's return the negro came to Baltimore and stopped in to visit his relative. Mr. ——, meeting him, stopped to offer a few words of consolation.

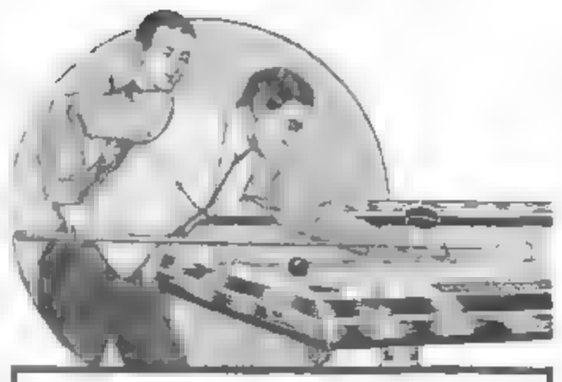
"I am very grieved," said Mr. —— to the old darky, "to hear of the death of your brother. I understand that he was ill but a short time."

"Dat am quite so, Pahson," said Sam with a fair pretense at sorrow—"Dat am quite so. Dat pore nigga' war cut down like de wheat in de fiel', suh. Jes' afore he done pass 'way he says to me: 'Sam, don't yoh forgit to 'member man to de Pahson.' An' Ah say Ah sho would."

"Poor fellow," returned the minister, patting Sam gently on the shoulder. "I should have been glad to have been with him during his last hour. I am sure, Sam, that I am sorry for you in your bereavement."

As Mr. —— finished Sam stepped closer to him, and a moment later his black face broke into a smile a mile wide. Needless to say, Mr. —— was shocked.

"Pahson," said the oldtime negro, "der am sum un been givin' yoh sum misinfo'mation. It war no b'reavement fell to mah, suh; 'twas a farm, wid a couple ob outhousee, a hayrick, one mule, a horse wid a sore back, an' a meadow."



How About a Game of Billiards?

You play, don't you? If not Billiards, perhaps Pool? No games are more fascinating. Everyone enjoys them. But you will never know them at their best until you have your own Table and play with your family and friends in the home atmosphere.

Our Free Catalog of
BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Tables

will show you how easy and inexpensive it is to have a Combination Billiard and Pool Table in your home. No special room is needed. Table can be mounted on dining or library table or on its own legs or stand. Set aside in a moment when not in use. The catalog shows the styles, sizes and prices of Burrowes Tables. You will be impressed with their splendid construction and astonished at the wonderfully easy terms.

$1.00 DOWN

Prices are from $15 up. All tables are sold for a small amount down (in some cases as little as $1), and very easy monthly payments. Necessary playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., free

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the real and only automatic

It has an unlimited number of combination shots. Something new occurs in almost every game. Earning capacity from 75 cents to $1.50 per alley. Receipts nearly all profit, as

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THE PROFIT-AMUSEMENT COMPANY, Dept. 122, Indianapolis, Ind.

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Regular market prices will be paid for acceptable short articles on the following subjects:

Household Economy—Your personal experience with new inventions and new ideas for saving time and labor: Little ideas that mean short cuts to more leisure. Wise economies that, with the same income, have met the higher cost of living. Many housekeepers have discovered that by studying and planning they can get more nourishment from cheaper food. There are many other ways of shaving the dollar. Tell us how you have done it.

Garden Truck, Flowers, Eggs, Poultry—These are some of the ways women have met the higher cost of living. Tell us how you have done it. And tell us of the other ways of making money that your inventive mind has taught you.

New Recipes in Cooking and Preserving—New ideas about your own clothes and the children's.

Send photographs with your articles if possible

Write your actual experiences in your own words. The article should contain not less than fifty words nor more than three hundred words.

Student Farmers Who Took Their Lessons Home

We want the personal experiences of agricultural college men who have applied some of the lessons taught in college to the home farm during the summer vacation.

Write in your own way how you introduced a new crop, or a better method of rotation; how you mixed the feeds for the cows and increased the milk flow; or how you got Father to build a silo; or how you persuaded him to spray the old orchard and get clean fruit; or how you drained a piece of a wet field and made it productive; or how you got him to buy some pure bred cattle; or—any improvement which was a practical application of your education.

Articles should not exceed 1000 words, nor contain less than 100. Send photographs to illustrate the story if they are clear. All available manuscripts will be paid for at current rates.

Address: The Editors

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

All-Year-Around Service

TO GET full value from your motor car, you should select one which is **suitable** for all-the-year-round service.

Abbott-Detroit automobiles are.

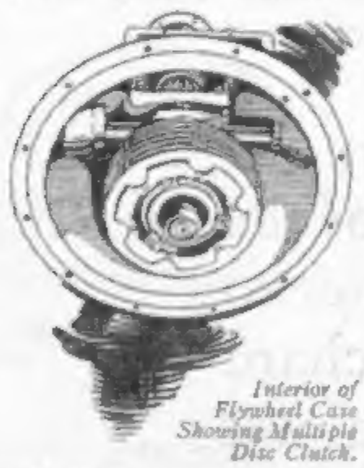
In the first place, they are **driven by powerful Continental motors** which have **sufficient reserve power** to meet all emergencies.

Each unit conveying the power from the fly wheel to the wheels is an equally efficient mechanical device.

Practically no power is lost.

THE CLUTCH

The **clutch**, which is of dry, multiple disc type, is composed of 17 steel discs, each alternate one faced with a combination of copper wire mesh and asbestos which will not burn.



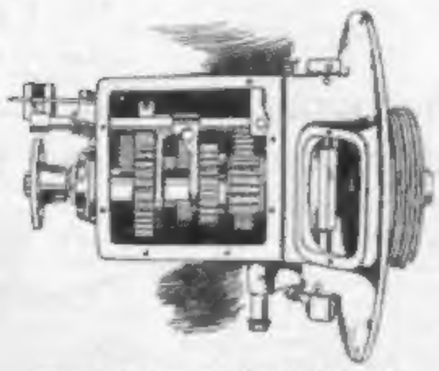
Interior of Flywheel Case Showing Multiple Disc Clutch.

When this clutch is operated there is a **total absence of all gripping, jarring and jumping,** the motor taking hold gradually but firmly.

Owing to the **large amount of friction surface,** this clutch is most efficient and **may be slipped without harm or excessive wear.**

Those who have driven cars through heavy mud and winter snows, know how valuable is this ability.

Another thing, in the cone clutch the revolving part attached to the transmission is so large and heavy that the inertia of such a mass of metal tends to keep the clutch in motion and renders it almost impossible to shift the gears readily without producing that clashing and rasping noise so disagreeable to the occupant of the car and others near by.



Transmission and Clutch Unit with Inspection Covers off.

In the multiple disc clutch, however, this inertia is reduced to a minimum and the gears may be shifted while the speed of the car is being reduced or accelerated, without the attendant disagreeable and deteriorating effects.

It wears very little and seldom requires adjustment.

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 is being printed in serial form. This is the sixth of the series. The seventh will appear in The Saturday Evening Post, January 18, 1913; Collier's Weekly, January 11; Life, January 9; Literary Digest, January 4. Copies of previous advertisements sent on request.

ABBOTT-DETROIT ELECTRIC SELF-STARTER

All 1913 Abbott-Detroit cars are equipped with our own specially designed, self-contained electric self-starter. Connected to crankshaft with independent train of gears. When gasoline motor starts, over-running clutch releases gears and they remain idle while gasoline motor is running.

Not an experiment—not an attempted combination of ignition, lighting and starting, but a real dependable self-starter, built as a part of the engine, included as regular equipment.

Visit our Sales rooms and have its operation explained.

THE TRANSMISSION

The transmission, which is of the three-speed forward and reverse sliding gear type, is situated just behind the clutch and its case is bolted direct to the engine crank case, so that the whole power plant forms one unit.

The main shaft and countershaft gears, the faces of which are 1" in width, ½ of an inch wider than those usually used in other cars of this class, are made of 3½ per cent. nickel steel, very accurately machined, ground and mounted upon Timken roller bearings.

The transmission and clutch case is oil and dust-proof and the gears and shafts run in a specially prepared lubricating compound.

If desired, the interior of the transmission case may be easily inspected, by the removal of the top cover plate.

The Abbott-Detroit transmission is one of the most compact and efficient change speed gears that has ever been placed in a motor car.

It has been **built for severe service** and for that reason will be found to be particularly adapted for hard winter use, when, on account of the changing character of the road, it is necessary to shift gears often.

NOISELESS RUNNING

Hard winter driving will in many cars develop a noisy transmission and rear axle.

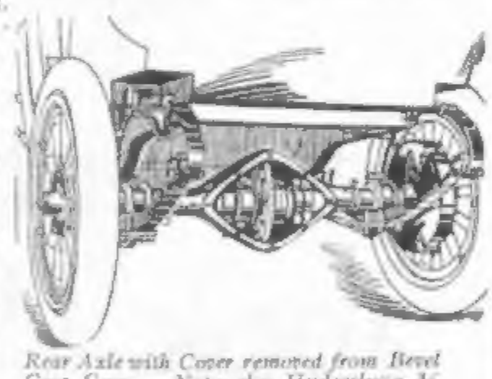
We have tried to save our owners this humiliation by paying **special attention to the manufacture of all the gears used in our power plant and transmission machinery.**

Abbott-Detroit

Built for Permanence and Guaranteed for Life

OTHER DETAILS

Some other things should be mentioned as important for your consideration when buying a car which you expect to drive the year round.



Rear Axle with Cover removed from Bevel Gear Case. Note also Underslung ¾ Elliptic Scroll Springs.

There should be ample road clearance, an absence of projecting parts below the frame, a protected steering gear, wide flaring fenders, snugly fitted to the body so that no water or slush can get through, provision for entirely enclosing all moving parts including brakes, well-finished and upholstered bodies, close fitting windshields and tops equipped with Jiffy Curtains, well fitted doors of clean cut design, free from places in which mud and slush can collect.

If you will examine the new 1913 Abbott-Detroit cars and ask our dealers to explain to you how we have taken care of these various points in the most advantageous manner, you will see why we say Abbott-Detroit cars are admirably suited to give all-the-year-round service.

Remember—

Electric Self-Starter
Electric Lighting
Standard Equipment
on all Models.

"The demand of the day is that an organization shall be judged by its product and not by what is claimed for itself."

This is our slogan. Apply it when inspecting the 1913 Abbott-Detroit Cars.

Models and Prices

34-40	Fore-Door Roadster, 116-inch wheel base	$1700
34-40	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 116-inch wheel base	$1700
44-50	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau, 121-inch wheel base	$1975
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 121-inch wheel base	$2000
44-50	Battleship Roadster, 121-inch wheel base	$2150
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Limousine, 121-inch wheel base	$3050

Advance catalog on request.

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY

601 Waterloo Street **Detroit, Michigan**

The Most Enjoyable Smoke In The World

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

George Randolph Chester, famous author of the "Wallingford" stories, says:

"Why shouldn't a man be willing to recommend a tobacco which gives as cool, sweet, and satisfying a smoke as Tuxedo?"

Geo. Randolph Chester

EVERY man knows that pipe smoking is the *ideal* form in which to use tobacco.

Only by smoking a pipe can you get the *full* benefit and *enjoyment* from tobacco.

And yet—thousands of men reluctantly deny themselves the pleasure of the pipe—because fancy "mixtures" and ordinary tobaccos bite the tongue, dry the throat and upset the nerves.

It is not necessary to longer forego the pleasure a pipe can give you.

HENRY HUTT

Henry Hutt, well-known artist, whose "American Girl" creations have made him famous, says:

"A pipeful of Tuxedo puts new life into me. The mildest and purest tobacco grown."

Henry Hutt

Tuxedo

The Perfect Pipe Tobacco

MORGAN ROBERTSON

Morgan Robertson, famous writer of sea tales, says:

"The able collaborator who has helped me over many a rough place, given me ideas when ideas were scarce, is none other than my old friend, Tuxedo tobacco."

Morgan Robertson

Tuxedo cannot bite the tongue or irritate the throat.

The reason for this is that Tuxedo is made of only the mildest, choicest leaves of the highest grade, perfectly aged, Burley tobacco, by the famous "*Tuxedo process.*"

The "*Tuxedo process*" is a secret, known only to its manufacturers.

It was discovered by Dr. R. A. Patterson, the founder of the R. A. Patterson Tobacco Co., after many years of experiment. Its popularity has never been artificially forced by sensational advertising. The demand has grown *naturally* and *steadily*, until now nearly eighty million packages are sold yearly.

You can smoke Tuxedo in the office, on the street, and at home. Its aroma is delightful.

MALCOLM STRAUSS

Malcolm Strauss, well-known artist, says:

"A pipeful of Tuxedo gives added inspiration and encouragement. Besides, its mild flavor makes it a keenly enjoyable smoke."

Malcolm Strauss

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient pouch, inner-lined with *moisture-proof* paper 5c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

THOS. E. GREEN

Dr. Thos. E. Green, famous lecturer, author and globe-trotter, says:

"Tuxedo is different from other tobacco. A fragrant smoke, pleasant and pure."

Thos. E. Green

Illustrations are about one-half size of real packages.

SAMPLE TUXEDO FREE—

Send us 2c in stamps for postage and we will mail you prepaid a souvenir tin of TUXEDO tobacco.

Address

TUXEDO DEPARTMENT,
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CHAS. D. WILLIAMS

"When designing the composition of a picture, I find it easier to concentrate my attention on the work if I smoke Tuxedo. It is a wonderfully sweet, cool smoke in my meerschaum."

Chas. D. Williams

THERE'S SATISFACTION IN BAKING GOOD BREAD

Results
come
quickly
and
easily
with
GOLD
MEDAL
FLOUR

Housewives take joy in planning new things to bake from GOLD MEDAL FLOUR because of its responsiveness.

Gold Medal Flour "rounds to" better than other brands. It is made "easy to bake" from the very beginning.

We do the work—

You get baking results.

WASHBURN–CROSBY CO.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Eventually

Why Not Now?